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THREE MONTHS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

NOT many weeks ago, a person of some importance, with a punctilious disrelish for generous commendation, said, "The only political capital which Theodore Roosevelt possesses is courage." It is permitted to us to doubt if one who uttered so foundationless an apothegm even suspects the high character of the endowment with which he credited President Roosevelt. There is the courage which all normal men have in actual danger, — the courage which holds them fast under fire; there is also the courage which endures after the imagination has pictured horrors whose images drive many into panic; there is the courage which takes large responsibilities, — the courage essential to commanders in chief; there is, in civic life, the courage of first thoughts as well as the courage of convictions. The soldier or sailor who has merely the lowest kind of courage (which is often, after all, only another kind of fear, fear of contemporaneous opinion) will go forward no faster than his years carry him; the man who has the courage to subdue his imagination and to stay the panic of others is certainly fit to command divisions and squadrons, and may go higher; the man who reasons out his way to an object, and, with the responsibilities of life and death and of the honor and safety of the country upon him, goes directly to his end, possesses the serene soul of a great commander. The political leader who is ready for a fray at the drop of the first word, and has the courage to oppose

without the tact to make gain by persuasion, goes nowhere; but he who contends for a well-reasoned principle, stands by it amid all dangers, wins support for it from whom he may, fighting only when persuasion fails, though then fighting with his fortunes for the stake, has the kind of courage which he must possess who attains to the heights on which a President stands. If Theodore Roosevelt's only capital be courage, it must be this kind of courage, — a courage which is an element of a well-rounded character, in which large intelligence, prudence, forethought, and patience are found in abundance.

Mr. Roosevelt, at this writing, has been three months President, and I shall try to give, as briefly as possible, an outline of his administration during this period. The task is set me at a very early day, — too early for the prediction of results, but not too early to explain the steps taken which are indicative of the character of the administration, of what we may expect of the President. As to what we are to expect from Congress, and especially from the Senate, which asserts and exercises so much power over Presidents, time must determine.

In the first place, when President Roosevelt came into office, the civil service of the country was in a state of demoralization such as had not been known since the days of Grant. The evil influences of war had left their impress everywhere, but here so deeply that the friends of the merit system,

and the officers charged with its administration, had reached the state of depression in which the mind wonders whether absolute ruin can be averted. All effort for advancement had been abandoned; every energy was exerted to save what remained, and to prevent further demoralization and even disintegration. By means of devices — some cunning, and some merely impudent — the law was evaded in many departments of the government. To reveal the conditions prevailing in the civil service three months ago is not a grateful task, but some conception of them is necessary if we are to estimate the burden which has rested upon the shoulders of the new President. This burden will be, perhaps, sufficiently obvious to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, if it be simply added that predatory politicians had again captured many important places in the service; that the federal offices in the Southern states were filled, almost without exception, with social outcasts whose business in politics was not only to enjoy the emoluments of office, but to sell quadrennially to the highest bidder nearly one third of the delegates to the National Convention of their party; that this corrupt organization was in close alliance with the Democratic rings of the Southern states, dividing the plunder between them, keeping down the Republican vote, and preventing decent whites from joining the Republican party. The rôle which the dominant Democrats have played is that of indorsers: they have assured the President, and the other powers at Washington, of the good character of the Republican officeholders in their part of the country. The conspiracy against morality and good government is as broad as the South. The Democratic politicians sustain the wretches who control the Republican organizations of the South, both because by reason of such leadership they retain their own power easily and cheaply, and because the Republican beneficiaries of the pol-

icy share with them the federal employments. No wonder that Mr. Procter, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, told a Boston audience that the South had been treated as a conquered province, and that if the Senators and Representatives of Massachusetts should secure the appointment, in their state, of such men as hold federal offices in every state of the South, there would be a revolution in the Commonwealth. In the capital, one officer, at least, has openly used his government place for party purposes, and in more than one department the rules for promotions for merit have been openly violated. So much for the evil effects of war upon the civil service of the country.

In view of the existence of this state of things, the reason for speaking first of the civil service in an article on Theodore Roosevelt as President must be clear to every one. He entered upon the duties of his office during the recess of Congress. He was not obliged, as most Presidents are, to choose a Cabinet, to frame a policy, to set an administration going. He took up the task which had been dropped by Mr. McKinley, but he took it up at a time when the distracting pressure of exoteric interests had been lightened, and when, therefore, the Executive might turn his attention to such affairs of domestic importance as had gone awry. Moreover, he was, in his place at the head of the nation, absolutely free from obligations to any leader or faction of his party. His enemies had nominated him for Vice President, partly to prevent his reelection as governor of New York, and partly in the hope that in the vice presidency he would find his political grave. A terrible tragedy had wrought their disappointment, and they suddenly found themselves face to face with a man of whom they had thought to rid themselves, against whose natural and characteristic assertions of independence and idealism they had not even the right to protest.

At the very beginning of his term

the President was called upon to apply his principles and his experiences as a civil service reformer. He knew the service from top to bottom. He had been active in the reform movement, and had been a member of the federal Civil Service Commission. Never in the history of the office has the country had a President so well equipped for the tasks of administration; never one with such an intimate knowledge of the civil service, of its virtues and its weaknesses, of the shifts of those who desire to defeat the merit system, of the attitude of Congressmen toward it, of the means by which evasion can be discovered and opposition brought to naught. Knowledge had strengthened his theories, and he was possessed of a deep conviction not only of the value, but of the necessity of the merit system. Therefore, it followed instantly upon his entrance into the presidency that the spirits of civil service reformers began to revive; from one end of the country to the other, the service itself took on a new air; those whose places and fortunes depended upon their own deserts took heart; those who had only political or personal influence to sustain them faced a discouraging future. Very soon the Civil Service Commission itself was strengthened by the appointment of Mr. W. Dudley Foulke, who has been a practical worker in behalf of the merit system for years. When this appointment was made, the administration of the civil service law passed not only into the hands of those who believed in it, but into the hands of two men whose ability and tact are equal to their zeal, — Mr. Procter, the chairman, and Mr. Foulke. With Mr. Roosevelt as President, the war on the merit system ceases for three years, at least; and at the end of that period its professed enemies will hardly have the courage to repeat their farcical assaults upon it in Congress, or their real and insidious raids upon it in the departmental and outside services.

The changes which the President has already made in the rules for the classified service are of the first importance. Among the earliest of them is one modifying the order of May 29, 1900, concerning which there has been much controversy. That order exempted from the operation and protection of the law, among others, certain designated employees and laborers of the War Department, and directed that appointments to such places and employments should be made by regulations and tests to be prescribed by the Secretary of War. This new order had not been put into operation when Mr. Roosevelt became President, and he revoked it, thereby restoring sixteen hundred persons to the classified service, and relieving Secretary Root of a task that had loomed up disagreeably before him.

Another order placed sixty Indian agents in the classified service. The importance of this change can best be illustrated by a quotation from a petition of the Indians of Fort Berthold Agency, directed to the President, and dated October 23, 1900. After reciting their charges against their agent, who was appointed and retained through political influence of the kind which has always injured our unfortunate Indian service, the petitioners say: —

“We are driven to appeal to you to relieve us from our intolerable position. We are tired of having our agency, our substance, our chances for becoming respected and self-supporting citizens, given over to these politicians who use us for political traffic. We are tired of inspectors who win our confidence and sell our interests to the highest political bidder. We are tired of having our agent place the example of drunkenness before our young men and offer them intoxicating liquors. We are tired of the spectacle of our agent’s wife, decked in a blanket, dancing the Indian dances with our Indians, who were four years ago almost entirely weaned from these old and evil customs. We are tired of chasing this political

phantom. We want the fulfillment of promises. We want either the appointment of Mr. Robinson as agent, with Mr. Mattoon as clerk, or the return of Mr. Mattoon as our agent. Not only our agency, but the whole Indian nation is crying out against the evils of the political deals put upon it. We want a thorough course of civil service reform, — agents appointed from the ranks of workers in the Indian service, appointed for good morals and good standing in the Indian Department. Then we will be free from political espionage, — free to grow and become good, self-supporting citizens of the great West. We feel that the sympathy of both our commissioner and the Secretary of the Interior is and has been with us in our struggle for the right, but the Indian service has been politically handicapped.”

Here are set forth, in strong but true colors, the evils which Mr. Roosevelt's new rule will eventually abolish.

Heretofore the commissioners have often met with difficulty in securing evidence to sustain charges of violations of the civil service law, because officers and employees have refused to testify, and the commissioners have lacked the power to compel them. Mr. Roosevelt has issued a new rule, which gives the commissioners power to compel such testimony under penalty of dismissal. Another abuse has been the evasion of the law through transfers. A post office, for example, was about to be raised to the grade which would bring its employees within the classified service. The spoilsmen would rush their friends into its clerkships and other places. When the post office was promoted, the recipients of the spoils would go with it into the classified service, and would then be transferred to postal appointments which had been closed to them before except through competitive examination. The President has issued an order forbidding the transfer of any one who has not served for six months in the office before its inclusion in the

classified service. The commissioners have also been clothed with an important authority for the prevention of the too frequent shifty evasions of the law; in brief, they may stop the pay, through a certification to the proper authority, of one who is in the service through a violation of the law.

These are the accomplishments of the President, during the first three months of his administration, for the purification of the civil service. They certainly augur well for the future, and the country may reasonably expect such an extension of the fundamental principle of the law to the more important branches of the service — to the consular service, for example — that, at the end of the present term, in 1905, the opportunities of the spoils politicians will be fewer than they have ever been in the history of the government.

Among the branches of the public service in which the merit system has not prevailed are those where it is of the most obvious importance. The President's opportunities for giving the country the benefit of the services of the ablest and worthiest officers of the army and navy have been systematically neglected. With rare exceptions, promotions to brigadier and major generalships in the army have been made on political or personal or social influence, and rarely as a recognition of merit or a reward for service. Details to pleasant posts, to agreeable duties, to staff places, which carry temporarily higher rank and better pay, have depended on the same unjust and unworthy principle. The favorites of fortune and of society, and the officers with influential political friends, have worn the stars of the army, and have had the easy, well-paid opportunities of both services. When Mr. Cleveland was President, and Mr. Lamont Secretary of War, some changes for the better were made; but Mr. Roosevelt has decreed an end to the evil, and has announced in his message that all promotions and details in the army shall be

made "solely with regard to the good of the service and to the capacity and merit of the man himself. No pressure, political, social, or personal, of any kind, will be permitted to exercise the least effect in any question of promotion or detail; and if there is reason to believe that such pressure is exercised at the instigation of the officer concerned, it will be held to militate against him." These sentences apply to the navy as well as to the army, and are like fresh, strong northwest breezes stirring up the waters of a neglected and stagnant pool. The President quickly demonstrated the sincerity of his words by appointing as chief of ordnance, with the rank of brigadier general, a captain who was twenty-ninth on the list of the officers of his corps. The old rule not only put age and incompetency at the head of the army, but also told with special force against the graduates of the Military Academy, who have no politics and usually very few friends among the politicians. During Mr. Roosevelt's administration, officers who have accomplished something, and the younger and educated soldiers, will have a chance such as the service has not been blessed with since the necessities of the Civil War brought to the front Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and other graduates of West Point.

The genuineness of the President's attitude toward the army and navy, the strength of his determination to compel discipline, and his fearlessness in the discharge of his duties are shown in the deserved rebuke which he has administered to General Miles. The disastrous controversy in the navy touching Admiral Schley had been aggravated by failure on the part of the Executive to suppress it by quick and decisive action. It had lived mainly because the right thing had not been done at the right time. If the judgment that was rendered by the Court of Inquiry had been rendered by the Executive as soon as the partisan and

sectional campaign in Schley's behalf had broken out, the claims finally made for him could not have lived a moment in the face of the ridicule with which they would have been greeted. But the scandalous talk went on, encouraged by the promotion of Schley; the events of the campaign faded out of the public memory; the real commander in chief, suffering from the injustice of the country to himself and his loyal captains, was forgotten, or, if remembered, was made the victim of the coarsest insults that ingratitude could invent; the whole naval service was in a state of intense exasperation, to the detriment of its discipline and to the threatened injury of the country; finally, the admiral of the navy, who had done so much and received so much, threw oil upon the flames by flying in the face of the law and the facts, by denying the decision of the courts, by doing his best to take from Admiral Sampson the honors that were his, after denying him the right to be heard in his own defense. At such a moment, when the navy was almost in a state of insubordination against the admiral who had been so unjust and so ungrateful, when passion was at its hottest, General Miles, forgetting his duty of subordination, careless of the obligation which rested upon him to set an example of discipline, indifferent to the welfare of the two services and to the necessity of preserving active good will between them, joined in the controversy, and, in an interview which was printed in a daily newspaper, took the side of Admiral Dewey, and therefore excited the wrath of a very large majority of the navy against the commander of the army.

The President acted promptly. General Miles was sent for. He was invited into the Cabinet room, but avoided a private interview, and was publicly reprimanded. Secretary Root, acting under the direction of the President, sent him a reproof, which will be of record for all time, the like of which

no general officer of our army had ever before received. His duty was pointed out to him, his offense explained, and he was informed that the obligation to maintain discipline increased, rather than diminished, with increase of rank. Meanwhile, Secretary Long was permitted a free hand in dealing with the report of the court which found that Schley had shown himself a dilatory and vacillating commander, and, in his indorsement, he indirectly informed Admiral Dewey that his dissenting opinion, which he had not been asked for, in which he gave to Schley the honors of the destruction of Cervera's fleet, was an impropriety. Not only that: the Secretary so pointed out the character of the impropriety as to show that it consisted in the admiral's effort to rob a brother officer of his honors after refusing a hearing. In censuring General Miles and Admiral Dewey, and in indorsing the just verdict against Schley, the President had no thought but to do that which he deemed right, — to do justice, to teach a lesson of discipline to the lieutenant general of the army, to put an end to a disrupting controversy in the navy: and in doing this he invited a storm of criticism, faced an angry mob in and out of Congress, but taught a needed lesson to the two services, and, incidentally, to heroes who abuse their popularity to the injury of the government whose welfare they are bound to put above their own ambitions.

So far, we have considered that part of the public service which will be generally recognized as non-political, and to which almost any business man would at once and without question apply the merit system. There is, also, a numerous and important class of offices known as presidential offices, because the President nominates and the Senate confirms those who perform their duties. No effort has yet been made to include these offices within the merit system, although the time is probably coming when the system will be ex-

tended to first-class post offices, customs and internal revenue collectorships, and to the diplomatic as well as the consular service. Heretofore, however, these important offices have always been regarded as the spoils of the victors. A general change, a universal sweeping out of incumbents, efficient as well as inefficient, good as well as bad, has been expected as a matter of course with every change of administration. The vicious practice is followed whether the change in Presidents be simply of one individual of a party for another, or of one party for the other. In the one case, the personal adherents of the new President used to take the places vacated by the expulsion of the personal adherents of the retiring President; in the other, Republicans have been succeeded by Democrats, or *vice versa*. In either case, the public service suffers, and the country pays the political debts of an individual or a party. Of recent years the power of the Senate has enormously developed, so that the federal patronage in the different states has been bestowed upon their Senators, who, with rare exceptions, have had merely to name their candidate in order to secure his nomination by the President. The meretricious "rule of courtesy," also, by which the Senate is guided, has been so extended that a President denies the application of a Senator at the peril of seeing his own selections rejected by the confirming power; for the Senators stand by one another with the loyalty of pretorian guards. So dominating has the Senate become that a President has been known to ask, in all meekness of spirit, for the privilege of naming one of his own subordinates to an office situated in his own state. It must not be imagined, of course, that such a request from the President would be met churlishly: a Senator can be generous to the Executive, on occasion.

The attitude of President Roosevelt on the subject of his own appointments is interesting and refreshing. He treats Senators as advisers, but not as

controllers of his discretion. The offices for which he makes nominations are to him, as they are to the law, executive and administrative, and therefore he is responsible for the character of the men whom he selects. Senators are now beginning to learn from experience with the new President that they can secure an appointment in each instance only for one who, in the President's judgment, is the best of all who are named for the place. Republican Senators are consulted first, as a matter of course, but they are not the only persons whose advice is sought. The testimony of others is taken. The Representatives in Congress are not neglected, and the investigation into character and capacity does not stop even here. If the case is a difficult one, if the President remains in doubt after all his inquiries of Republican Senators and Representatives and of the leaders of Republican organizations, he does not hesitate to seek advice elsewhere; and occasionally he receives disinterested and valuable counsel from gold Democrats, especially in the Southern states, where the character of the Republican organization is so bad that its testimony as to applicants for office is quite worthless; indeed, it would not be far from the truth to say that a recommendation from a Southern Republican organization is evidence of the bad character of the person in whose favor it is given. That the President will be deceived and misled, and will make mistakes in his selections, goes without saying. Mistakes are inevitable under our system. No human mind is capable of making the right choice between candidates for every federal office in our widespread country. What is important to know is that the President will never appoint any one merely on the recommendation of a Senator or any other party leader, or as a personal favor, or to build up a faction for himself or for another. He will not, if he can help it, permit the employment of the public service for private or

party ends. His attitude in this respect is illustrated by a recent incident. A Senator had named two candidates for an internal revenue collectorship, both of whom proved to be utterly worthless. At last the President asked the Senator if he could not find a good man anywhere in his state. The Senator replied that he had done his best; that he had named the two men who could get the most Roosevelt delegates for 1904. He was reasoning along customary lines from a familiar premise; and so fixed was his habit of thought that it was some time before the President was able to convince him that he was looking, not for delegates, but for a good internal revenue collector. Indeed, the President was forced, finally, to pry open the senatorial mind to the truth by declaring that if a good Republican could not be named, he would himself find a Democrat.

The President makes no war on Senators and their personal power. He has never yet sought to build up a personal organization of his own. His principle in Washington is the same as it was at Albany. He did not war with Senator Platt and Mr. Odell. He contented himself with demanding, in every instance, the best possible man for the place. If the organization named such a man, he was appointed. If the Addicks faction in the state of Delaware, for example, should name a better man for an office than the candidate of the worthier faction, the Addicks man would receive the appointment. If the Kerens man of Missouri or the Burton man of Kansas — an extreme supposition, though not impossible or even unprecedented — is the best offered, he will succeed. The extent of the Senator's or the party leader's privilege is the opportunity to name the best candidate, and priority.

Little by little, Senators are learning that the President is keeping his hands off from faction fights and their own political affairs. He is not look-

ing for delegates; he is not building up or pulling down with an eye to the convention of 1904. If he receives the nomination then, it will be because his administration has been successful, and because the rank and file of his party want him. It will not be because he has a machine to support him; nor will he fail of receiving the nomination by the opposition of the enemies inevitably created by such a machine. The politicians are learning that when the President disapproves of their recommendations it is always in behalf of better men named by others. They are not "turned down," in the ordinary sense of the politician's term, when their advice is rejected; they have not gained a personal triumph when their man is appointed. The decision is not as to them at all, is not intended to affect their political fortunes one way or the other, but is invariably based on the merits or demerits of their recommendations.

The consequence of this attitude is that the President is forcing the recommendation of good men from those who have been in the habit of naming politicians who would advance their patrons' fortunes. This has already had an important influence on the character of the federal bench. In the appointment of judges, the President insists on a most thorough investigation into the characters and capacities of all who are named for a vacancy. This investigation is made by himself and Attorney-General Knox, and the opinion of the bar is often likely to have more weight than that of the politicians. The Republican machine of Virginia, for example, was opposed to both Judge Lewis and Henry Clay McDowell, Jr. The party leaders desired the selection of a lawyer of their own kidney, but, after a long struggle and many cunning efforts to circumvent the President, they learned that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Knox were well informed as to the relative merits of Virginia lawyers, and they assented to Mr. McDow-

ell's appointment. Judge Jones, a Democrat of Alabama, and Mr. Baker, of Indiana, were selected purely because the President believed that they were the best men who could be found for the positions. It has been said that the selection of Judge Baker was a triumph for Senator Beveridge; for while Senators are beginning to realize the truth, the ordinary newsgatherer continues to cling to the idea that, in every appointment, some one must be "turned down," and some one else must "win out." Senator Beveridge was shrewd enough to select the lawyer who of all the bar of Indiana was thought by the President the one best qualified for a judgeship, and Senator Fairbanks opposed Mr. Baker on old-fashioned spoils principles. If both Senators had united in opposition, Judge Baker would nevertheless have been appointed; for the President was satisfied, by an independent investigation, that he was pre-eminently the man for the place. Of all the appointments that he is called upon to make, the President properly regards those to the bench as the most important, and he hopes that hereafter his judicial appointees will be spoken of as examples of what judges should be, and that they will furnish a standard, to attain which future Presidents will be obliged to search as carefully, to investigate as closely, to take as much personal pains as he is taking now.

When Mr. Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency, he promised to continue the policy of his predecessor, and he invited Mr. McKinley's Cabinet to retain their portfolios to the end of his term. The feature of the so-called McKinley policy which was of most importance to the country was that touching its money, its currency, and its commercial interests. Certainly there is no change here. So far as our insular or colonial system can be said to have been determined, it also will evidently undergo no change; but in many of its important features it was and is in an embryonic state. New questions are constantly

arising; new phases of old questions are constantly presenting themselves. For example, the recent decision of the Supreme Court determining the status of the Philippines under the tax clause of the Constitution has made tariff legislation necessary. The bill which, at this writing, has just passed the House of Representatives, having the concurrence of the administration, imposes upon imports into the Philippines the taxes levied under the McKinley administration, and on imports from the Philippines the Dingley rates which were collected by the McKinley administration. The Taft Commission continues the work which it began under Mr. McKinley. There is precisely the same determination to put down the "insurrection." In the policy of justice to the Cubans as regards commercial relations, the new President agrees with Mr. Root, Mr. McKinley's Secretary of War. We find, also, the continuance of opposition to tariff changes except through reciprocity treaties; an advocacy of ship subsidies, but not of the adoption of the Frye bill of the last session of Congress; the same purpose to construct an isthmian canal; a firm adherence to the Monroe Doctrine; and the same view of the Chinese Exclusion Act that Mr. McKinley entertained.

The old policies are not changed, although they are likely to be modified, as they might have been had Mr. McKinley lived. Time as well as man changes policies. New questions present themselves, also, and the mind of the new President has necessarily a different point of view, and a perspective that differs from that of his predecessor. It is not only the combinations of wealth known as trusts which present themselves in larger proportions to the mind of the one than they did to that of the other, but the subjects of forestry and game preservation, of irrigation, of practical army and navy reforms, appeal more strongly to Mr. Roosevelt than they did to Mr.

McKinley. The general policy of the one, however, if it differs in the relative proportions of its details, is substantially that of the other. Commercial and financial interests, at least, have the promise of essentially the same support and encouragement under Mr. Roosevelt that they had under the McKinley administration. How the plans that are in the area of discussion only are to work out is another question: whether expectations entertained by both administrations are to be realized, or abandoned as unworkable, time alone can tell; and time and changing and developing conditions would bring forth the same results to policies whether Roosevelt or McKinley were President. What we know is that the promise to maintain the general policy of the dead President has been kept, and is likely to be kept, by his living successor, and that the material welfare of the country is as safely and wisely guarded as it would have been if the awful tragedy at Buffalo had not been enacted.

It was impossible for the McKinley Cabinet to remain intact as the Roosevelt Cabinet, but the invitation to its members to remain was wisely given. There was in this invitation, however, precisely the guarantee that there is in an original appointment, and no more. A Cabinet remains together just so long as it works well unbroken and with the President. When it ceases to do so, a change is not only wise, but necessary to the welfare of the country. Mr. Roosevelt was no more bound to keep the Cabinet intact to the end of his term than Mr. McKinley would have been. His acceptance of the new President's invitation did not bind any member of the Cabinet to remain any more than he would have been compelled to continue in office by reason of his acceptance of Mr. McKinley's appointment. It is reasonably certain that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor the members of the Cabinet took any other view than this of their mutual relations. The

Cabinet is the President's political family, and there must be that intimacy between the chief and his associates which is inspired by friendship and confidence; and there must be, too, not only a common general purpose, but also an absolute agreement as to the best methods of attaining it. Two men having a common object cannot always, or nearly always, work with the same tools. No two Presidents, however much they might be in agreement, would select the same advisers. Mr. Roosevelt is fortunate in having at least four men in the present Cabinet whom he would now select for the places which they hold. Mr. Arthur was not so fortunate, nor were Tyler and Fillmore. The last two appointed absolutely new Cabinets, and several of them, while Mr. Arthur retained Mr. Robert T. Lincoln alone of the Garfield Cabinet. At this writing, Postmaster-General Smith has resigned, and Mr. Henry C. Payne has succeeded him. This change has been followed by the resignation of Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, and the appointment of Governor Shaw, of Iowa, to succeed him. Mr. Gage's task has been well performed, but, in one form or another, the tariff question is again coming to the front, and in the consideration of its problems the new Secretary will

probably be of more assistance to the President. The country will be glad to learn that Mr. Hay, at the President's earnest request, has consented to remain in the Cabinet to the end of the term. The two men complement each other perfectly.

It is not yet the time to consider the effect of Mr. Roosevelt's system of administration on his relations with the Senate, nor to discuss his policies of state; for the future alone can tell what will happen from the one, or in what direction and with what force and perspective the others are to develop. A marvelous change has already been wrought in the morale of the civil service; much more ought to be done, and much will be done. A like change is promised for the army and navy. It remains to be seen whether or not the politicians will stand in the President's way; but at all events this is true: that the very efforts of the President to elevate the tone and character of the public services, the fine spirit in which he has begun to avail himself of his splendid opportunities, will influence for good the politics of the country, — help the blind to see the value of public chastity, and the deaf to hear the voices of the people greeting unselfish service in their behalf.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

ONLY AN EPISODE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

BIRTH, breeding, and inclination had fitted Larrie Norman for the complex civilization of Eastern cities. Fate, in the shape of a weak lung, had placed him on a cattle ranch in the West. When the doctors had given a verdict of perpetual banishment, he had gone into exile alone, and the woman he loved married another man. Loving her too well to ask her to follow him,

Larrie had never known if she loved him well enough to do so, and he told himself that he lived very well without her, as men who lose a leg or an arm manage to live and be happy without forgetting the loss.

For seven years he lived in the solitude of northern California, with a Chinese cook, an Indian half-breed, and one other, — a man from the East, like

himself, who was called John; and though Larrie wrote home amusing letters concerning his life as a ranchman, the idiosyncrasies of the Chinese cook and the half-breed, he never mentioned John.

One spring, at the end of seven years, his sister Nora wrote that she was coming to spend a month with him. It was characteristic of her not to ask permission or question convenience, but to state simply that she was coming, and that she should bring her ward, Evelyn Winsor, with her. Larrie accepted the invasion as he accepted most things, with a shrug and a smile and a sigh. But the morning after their arrival, as he watched his guests on the piazza steps, there was a whimsical twist to his smile. He was not troubled by their arrival, but he was wondering what he should do with them, or they with him.

A bold, immense landscape lay at their feet, other men's horizons were their near distances, and great tracts of country lay in sunlight and shadow, while a band of purple cloud trailed showers over woods and meadows twenty miles away. In all these vast sunlit spaces there was no softening haze; for it was a day when one seemed to see the edge of the world, and beyond. Down in the hollow, near the lake, the blackbirds were singing riotously, but through the sound of their joy came the yearning call of the mourning dove. Two peacocks strutted daintily on the short grass in front of the house, and pecked food from the ground with disdainful grace. Almost hidden by the eucalyptus trees, John sat with his back to the house, mending a saddle, while Larrie lounged on the porch, pulling the collie's ears and watching his guests.

His sister Nora was an ugly woman. Her face was worn, and the pitiless sunlight showed every graceless line. But in the dark eyes, that were fixed on the mountain, twenty miles away, across the lake, a deep and hungry na-

ture stood revealed as some naked thing; for she was one of those who, asking much, give more, and hold out empty hands at the last. To her had been given a sense of the thrill and the passion of life, but her own life held little of either; and from the day in which she seemed to hear the sum of the world's misery in the sound of one woman's voice, she had followed the sound. It had not led her to city charities, as embodied in mothers' meetings or home libraries, and boys' clubs, but beyond, — into streets where Charity holds her skirts aside, into lives where she stands helpless and abashed, into the grand, aching, sinning, struggling heart of humanity that is the subterranean life of great cities. Because the heart struggled, she forbore to blame, which made her wise and merciful. Because the heart ached, she understood and loved it, which made her patient and tender. But she was not fashioned for self-sacrifice, and would cease to want, passionately and personally, when she died, for which reasons the hands which gave so royally were always empty, and the self that had been thrust aside grew troublesome from time to time, and demanded impossible things. Each spring she heard the winds of the world calling her, as they swept by.

The girl who sat beside her was beautiful, with the fair, spiritual, haunting beauty that belongs to the dawn of things. Of pain and evil she knew nothing, for she was young, and her temperament turned to the lovely and happy side of life as a flower turns to the sun. The depths of her heart were as yet unsounded, and the metal of her nature untried.

Watching her, Larrie asked himself if her beauty could survive the heat and passion of noon, and wondered if any woman could be what she looked; he almost dreaded to hear her speak, and was sometimes sorry when she did. As a stray breeze blew a branch of a rose vine across her face, she put up her hand to detain it, and smiled at him,

"May I pick it?" she asked.

He did not answer at once. It sometimes took him several minutes to recover from the bewildering effects of her smile, and this was one of the times.

"Of course; you can have all you want," he said at last.

Nora withdrew her eyes from the mountains, and looked at the silent man who sat apart, mending a saddle.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"That is John."

"And who is John?"

"John." Larrie paused. "Who is he, to be sure?" he continued lazily, as he stroked the collie's ears. "He does most of my hard work, and much of my dangerous work, for one dollar and a half a day."

"Then he is your hired man," said Evelyn, busy with the rose vine.

Larrie smiled, an odd, repressed little smile. "Yes, I suppose we may call him that."

"Why did you never write me about him?" questioned Nora, who had been struck by the smile.

Larrie's far-seeing gray eyes seemed to be looking into great distances. As a matter of fact he was only looking at the man working under the eucalyptus trees, but Nora wondered if her brother were not learning to live up to his eyes.

"I have written you about him," he said finally.

"When?"

"You remember the man who nursed me through smallpox, when I first came out here?"

"Who died afterward of the same disease?"

"He did not die."

"You wrote me he was dying."

"He got well."

"And that is he?"

"That is he."

Larrie was the only person in the world whom Nora loved, and her worn face was suddenly brilliant with intensity of feeling. "I must speak to him," she said.

"I did n't know that you had had smallpox!" exclaimed Evelyn. "How queer that it did n't mark you!"

Larrie looked up at the exquisite face. "Decidedly," he thought, "it is a pity that she speaks."

Nora's eyes were on her brother. "Has he been with you all these seven years?"

"Yes."

"And you never wrote me of him."

"You have not lost your unfeminine power of stating a fact correctly." Larrie spoke in banter, but there was a sudden reserve in his eyes.

"I must speak to him," said Nora again.

Larrie hesitated perceptibly; then he raised his voice. "John, I wish you would come here for a moment," he called.

"I am busy," answered the hired man.

Nora smiled. "You don't seem to have him in very good training," she remarked.

"I want you very much," called Larrie, with mock plaintiveness.

"You will have to wait," was the answer.

Larrie rose, and strolled over to the eucalyptus trees. After a brief and inaudible conversation he came back with John at his side.

Nora rose to meet a pair of dark, compelling eyes on a direct level with her own. The heavily bearded face of the man was bronzed as an Indian's, marked from smallpox, and deeply and strangely lined. The broad forehead might have been of furrowed granite, though he was young, and there was neither gray in his hair nor stoop to his powerful shoulders.

These things Nora realized while the two men stood before her, and Larrie said simply, "This is my sister, John."

She held out her hand to him. "You saved my brother's life, seven years ago, at the risk of your own," she said, "and so — I wished to speak with you."

"The risk was less than the gain," answered John quietly. The hand that met hers was hard and stiff. It was the hand that belongs to all children of toil, and Nora had felt many such, in the fields and the sluums and the prisons. The two pairs of dark eyes seemed to exchange a challenge, but suddenly those of the man became remote, impassive, expressionless, as if at will. Nora's grasp loosened, and his hand dropped.

Evelyn, with an armful of white roses, was leaning on the porch railing, when John looked up and saw her.

"My cousin, Miss Winsor," explained Larrie, as if he were in a drawing-room. "Evelyn, this is John, my most unprofitable servant and belligerent friend, who bullies me and conquers me, and has reduced my will power to such an extent that I no longer protest." As he spoke he put his hand on John's shoulder, and Nora knew he loved him.

John, with his hat in his hand, continued to look at Evelyn; and though she did not offer him her hand, she smiled, and asked if he would help her to break a rebellious rose branch. He did so without speaking, and then went back to the eucalyptus trees, to sit with his back to them, and work on the saddle as before.

There was a silence while Larrie sat on the steps beside his sister and threw dry bread to the peacocks.

"Why did n't you tell me that he was a gentleman?" asked Nora at last.

"Is that important?"

There was another silence. Nora wondered why a gentleman should live in the wilderness, to round up cattle and build fences for one dollar and a half a day. Larrie knew her thought; but he said nothing, and continued to throw bread to the peacocks.

During the next few days life at the ranch fell back into its well-worn channels, and Larrie adjusted himself to the advent of feminine influence with what

some friend had called his "fatal adaptability." It was a life in which a man must mend his own doorstep and go in search of his dinners with a gun, and Larrie did these things with the grace and distinction that had been his in the days when he led Newport cotillions and presided over select supper parties at Delmonico's. If he missed the old life, he never said so. To Evelyn he was merely a courteous gentleman masquerading in cowhides and sombrero. It was Nora who saw the sadness behind the mirth in his gray eyes, just as it was Nora who heard the mourning dove while Evelyn listened to the blackbirds.

After a day or so, Larrie felt it to be in the natural course of events that a sister should mend his shirts, and a flower-like girl drift in and out of his rough dwelling, bringing sunshine to dark corners and flowers to bare ones. Nora's spirits rose joyously in the free, careless life; for she could come and go, and dare and do, as in the glad and somewhat mad days of her girlhood. There was a horse for her to ride, which horse lived in a pasture, and had burs in his mane and tail. He was also the possessor of a great variety of paces, some of them wholly original and exercised without discrimination. But Nora was as little troubled by these things as she was by the broken roads and the perilous trails that led her over the lower spur of a great mountain range. She knew again her old, wild love of roaming, and would often go out alone, through saffron-tinted dawns, to come home with the dusk, and the pallor of twilight clouds, and the glint of the first star.

One day she met John, who was riding a fierce little mustang to the rounding up of a stray bull. He asked her to station herself at a certain gate, and prevent the animal's escape. It had not occurred to him that she might be afraid. When the bull — who was young and much bewildered — charged for a gap in the fence, Nora urged

her horse to a gallop, and felt the intoxication of swift motion and possible danger. As she headed off the creature's desperate bid for freedom, John hastened to her assistance, and meeting his eyes she laughed, — a glad, reckless laugh.

His look, with its grave question, haunted her consciousness for the rest of the day, and was with her in the evening when she told Larrie of the adventure. Her brother thought, as he listened to her, that a man might well find her eyes as bewildering as Evelyn's smile, in a different way. Evelyn's dawnlike presence was a refreshment to his eyes and heart. While Nora rode in perilous places and rounded up cattle, Evelyn picked flowers and played with the collie dogs; but he noticed that she never played with those that were old and ugly, and finally asked himself if she were anything but an exquisite egotism.

For one week John, at great inconvenience to himself, kept away from the guests; but at the expiration of that time came news of the supposed discovery of some lost cattle, and as those particular cattle had been under Larrie's charge, he only could identify them.

"It will take me three or four days to get there and back," he said.

"Then we shall be alone with John all the time, and he will have to speak to us!" exclaimed Evelyn.

"You may settle that for yourselves," was Larrie's answer.

"I think there's a mystery about John," continued Evelyn, when she and Nora were left alone.

"Do you?" asked Nora quietly.

They were out on the tiny rose-covered porch. Evelyn embroidered violets on a table doily, while Nora lounged at full length on a rough bench.

"Why don't you call him now, and perhaps you can find it out," she added, as John was seen coming up the hill with a coil of rope over his shoulder.

Evelyn looked out through the vines.

"I should like to," she said, "but I do not dare. Why don't you call him?"

Nora was silent.

"Why don't you call him?" said Evelyn again.

John passed before the house without raising his head, but as he was about to disappear Nora rose and stood on the steps. "Where are you going?"

He paused with evident reluctance.

"Is there anything you or Miss Winsor would like to have me do for you?"

"Yes," said Nora, with mirth in her eyes.

"What is it?"

"We should like you to sit on the porch with us."

John shifted the coil of rope to his other shoulder. "Why?" he asked.

Nora smiled. "Before you come we must know your name," she continued.

"My name," he replied slowly, — "my name is John."

"But we cannot call you that."

"Why not?"

"I think you know as well as I."

The words were a fairly flung challenge, and a slight pause followed them. The man's brown, scarred face was motionless while he weighed the chances, and Nora stood on the step and waited.

Suddenly she laughed, — a low, audacious laugh. In his barren life women were not wont to laugh so, and Nora seemed to be daring him. He weighed the chances a little longer, and then he answered her.

"My name is John Peters," he said.

Her face was vivid with a strange power, a subtle witchery, and something of recklessness. John Peters seemed to know her as a part of himself; but his eyes fell upon Evelyn, who came out of the shadow of the rose vine, and smiled at him silently. In her dawnlike face, with its haunting, spiritual beauty, there was nothing that was, or ever could be, of himself; but he felt as one who comes upon a shrine in the desert, and stood at the foot of the steps, bareheaded in the sunshine, looking up at her.

"Won't you come in?" she said. And John Peters came.

That afternoon he met Larrie in the tool-house. "I thought I would let you know before you went away that I am going to tell them," he said.

Larrie, who was astride of a table, battering crooked nails into straight ones, laid down his hammer slowly, and looked at John. "Don't be a fool," he cautioned.

"That," said John, "is precisely what I intend being."

He leaned against the doorpost, a swarthy, square-shouldered, picturesque figure, with eyes that had suddenly grown desperate.

"I suppose you have thought it over?"

"I have thought."

"Think again."

John picked up some filings, and balanced them carelessly in his coarse hand. "I was with your sister and Miss Winsor this morning," he continued. "I cannot be with them again unless they know. I have weighed the risk and the loss and the gain. The loss seems" — He tossed the filings in the air. "And the gain, the universe — for an hour. The risk is mine only, and I choose to take it."

Larrie pounded the table gently, while he kept his eyes on John's face. "I am sorry," he said. "I think it is a mistake."

Through the doorway Evelyn could be seen feeding the peacocks.

"I am sure that Nora can be trusted," he continued slowly. "I don't know about — the other one."

John looked out through the doorway. "A man might trust her with his soul," he said.

"Doubtless. A man might trust some women with his soul rather than his secret." There was a silence before he added: "You may do as you like about Nora; she is fearless and true, and knows her world. But Evelyn is different: she is in my sister's

charge, and to my sister must be left the decision of telling her."

John's face stiffened. "She is your guest," he said shortly, "and if you insist" —

"I am afraid I must, John." Larrie's tone was quiet, but John turned away in anger.

He found Nora in the pasture. She had just caught her horse, and was preparing to saddle him, but paused, with her hand on his mane, when John stood before her.

"What is it?" she asked.

He moistened his lips before speaking. "There is something I want you to know," he said.

Nora waited. "I thought so," her eyes said gravely.

"When I have told you, you may not wish to see me again as you have seen me this morning."

She smiled, and, in the silence that followed, waited quietly for him to speak. She was used to waiting. John realized that the smile was beautiful, — patient and wise and womanly. It was the smile that is born of knowledge and suffering.

"There are some women who might be afraid of what I am going to tell you," he said.

"I shall not be afraid," she answered.

"Before you admit me to your companionship and confidence, I want you to know that I am" — He paused, and moistened his lips again. "There is, after all, only one way of saying it," he continued, with unwavering eyes on hers. "It may sound melodramatic, though it is nothing but a grim commonplace to me. I am a convict."

If he had expected her face to change, he was disappointed.

"I thought it was something like that," she said quietly. "Have you served your term?"

"No, I slipped it, — I escaped. My cap was found in a river, below the rapids — where I had been killed on the rocks — you understand?"

"And then?"

"Then I grew a beard and worked my way West. I meant to ship for Australia, but I met your brother."

"Yes?"

"We fought death with each other and the smallpox. One does not forget those hours."

"You risked it, and told him what you have told me?"

"Yes."

"And now you are risking it again."

"I think not."

There was a silence, and Nora stood looking at him with deeply questioning eyes. In his face she read the story of lost hopes, of useless power, of blunted sensibilities, of stunted aims; and when she had read these things, the eyes questioned deeper still, till it seemed as if her very soul were demanding his secret. He wondered if she saw what was beyond the lost hope or wasted power, and he stood motionless, willing that she should see, if she could.

At last he spoke. "Do you know it all?" he asked.

"I am not sure," she answered.

The moment of revelation was over, and the trained stolidity came back to his face. "You have not given me my answer."

Nora smiled.

"Is that the answer?"

"Yes, and this."

She held out her hand, and he took it without emotion, though there had been an instant when his face seemed about to quiver with feeling.

"There is one more thing" — he began.

"Yes?"

"I want Miss Winsor to know."

Nora hesitated. "I think not," she said.

"Why not?"

"It would be hard to explain, for I think you do not understand her."

"No! What am I, that I should understand her? What am I?" A deathless, untamed misery leaped into

his eyes for an instant, and was gone, but not before Nora had seen.

She did not ride that day, but went in search of Larrie instead, and found him smoking a pipe on the steps. Without dropping his eyes from the distant hills, he moved silently to make room for her beside him; and she thought that he looked tired and worn under his tan, but said nothing of it, knowing his health to be a forbidden subject.

"Is everything ready for the journey?" she asked.

"I think so."

"The Chinaman says there is fever in the marshes beyond the mountain," she continued, "so I slipped a box of quinine into the coffeepot. Don't forget it, or boil it with the coffee."

"I will endeavor not to."

"And I put in an extra pair of woolen socks, — some that I bought for a Klondike miner who was arrested for bigamy before setting out on his journey."

"Thank you. Anything else?"

"I can't think of anything now."

Larrie suspected that she had seen John, and admired her for a self-restraint that was almost manly; but at last he took his pipe from his mouth, and looked at her.

"Yes," said Nora, as if he had spoken.

"Are you going to tell Evelyn?"

"No."

He put back his pipe, and looked at the mountains again.

"You are an eminently satisfactory person," he said. "I wish that you had come out here to stay. Why do you not tell Evelyn?"

"She would either be frightened and go home, and run him into danger, or —"

"Yes?"

"Or fall in love with him."

Larrie whistled softly. "I don't know which would be more inconvenient," he said, "but I rather think she would run away. She would be afraid of a possibly guilty man."

"No, she would not imagine him guilty. Godfrey Landless and Harry Wingfield and Jack Cardew were not guilty."

"And who are Godfrey Landless and Harry Wingfield and Jack Cardew?"

"They are heroes of popular novels, — all of them convicts, inevitably innocent, and much maligned at the hands of fate. Evelyn reads novels."

Larrie looked at his sister with some curiosity. "Don't you like Evelyn?" he asked.

"We are very different," she answered, — "even more different than we look."

"She seems to me an exquisite child."

"She is one." Nora's voice and face were neutral. "Did he ever tell you he was innocent?" she asked, changing her subject, but not her tone.

"I prevented him from telling me everything. The less I knew, the better I could protect him. Besides which, his guilt or innocence did not seem important, so far as I was concerned."

Nora smiled upon Larrie approvingly. "I like you," she said. "You understand things. I think you do better out here with a weak chest than in New York with a strong one."

He smiled back at her as he rose. "It may be a blessing in disguise," he answered. "It seems a pity that one's blessings should come so very much disguised."

That night, at bedtime, Evelyn came to Nora's room with a confession. She was shivering, and Nora wrapped her in a brown shawl, thinking that she would never have submitted to anything so unbecoming unless the confession were serious. In the candlelight, Evelyn's face emerged from the dark folds more exquisitely fair and appealing than usual, as she told how she had been behind the fence in the pasture and heard John's confession.

"I could have got away," she went on hurriedly, as if to escape rebuke.

"If I pretend I could n't, it will only be worse for me afterward. But you must never, never tell. I could not bear to have any one know. It is bad enough to know, myself, for wrongdoing spoils all my" — she hesitated, in search of a word — "my feelings," she added vaguely. "You see, one has an ideal of one's self; and when one does something wrong it breaks it up, just as a dropped stone breaks up still water, and one can't be happy till the water is still again. Did you ever feel that way?"

"I don't think that I ever did."

"Perhaps you are not as sensitive about wrongdoing as I am."

"Perhaps not. I have often done wrong."

"I suppose you must have become blunted, being with prisoners and wicked people so much."

Nora smiled. "I suppose that I must have," she said.

Evelyn's serenity was partially restored, and the face above the brown shawl was like a spiritualized flower.

"It must be dreadful to be blunted," she said. "Perhaps you don't think that what I did was very bad?"

"I should be very sorry to have done it," answered Nora gravely, "and I am very sorry that you know."

"You won't ever tell him, Nora? Oh, promise you won't tell him, or any one! You know you did promise before I confessed. I should die to have him know."

"I shall not tell," said Nora.

"I could n't bear to have any one know and think ill of me!" continued Evelyn, with tears in her eyes. "No one ever did think ill of me, and I could n't bear it."

"I think you had better go to bed, Evelyn. I have said that I would not tell."

"I know, but I can't help being afraid, because it would be so dreadful if you did." She paused by the door. "But I feel much better now that I have confessed to some one," she added.

"Isn't it sad and terrible about poor John Peters?"

"Perhaps he deserved it," said Nora, and Evelyn turned to her with deep reproach.

"How can you be so suspicious!" she exclaimed. "Think how good he is to every one, and how he saved Larrie's life."

Nora, sitting in the shadow, smiled.

Larrie returned from his journey one late afternoon, after nearly a week's absence. There was great joy among the collies, and resultant agitation in the barnyard, but no other sign of life till he came to the front of the house and found Nora sitting on the steps, almost as he had left her.

She rose to meet him, and kissed him quietly. "How well you look!" she said. "Did you find both heifers and the bull calf?"

"Yes, everything went well. But what have you been doing to tire yourself?"

"I am not tired."

"I thought you looked so. It must be the twilight."

"I think that it must be. Sit down here, Larrie; you can't do any work to-night."

"Where is John?" he asked.

"He has taken Evelyn out on the lake."

"I am glad of that," said Larrie. "She will do him good."

Nora did not reply. She sat with her head against the piazza railing, and her strong, finely shaped hands folded loosely on her knees.

"How nice it is to be at home again!" continued Larrie, lighting his pipe, and proceeding to smoke it in great content. "Tell me the news."

Nora considered. "The white hen has hatched her eggs at last," she said, "and yesterday morning one of the peacocks was found torn to pieces. John Peters says a fox must have got him. The days have been rather long. The roses have gone, as you see, and

the mourning dove is more hopeless than ever. I think that is all the news. John Peters works all day, and sits with us in the evening. He does not talk much. I think that part of him died long ago; but I am not sure. For his sake, I hope that it is so."

"You are rather enigmatic, Nora, but I dare say I shall understand you in time."

"I dare say that you will. Here he comes now. I mean Mr. Peters and Evelyn."

The days that followed were laden with growing significance. There was a great and thoughtful stillness in the sky, and a pause, as of expectancy, on the earth. Huge clouds brooded motionless through long hours over lake and mountain, and it was only in the marshes, where the blackbirds sang, that the world was mad with spring.

From gray dawn to the setting of the sun, Larrie and John worked in the fields, while Nora rode, or sat with idle hands, looking at the mountain, and Evelyn played with books and flowers. In the late afternoon she would join Nora on the steps, and look at the mountain with eyes veiled like the spring skies, while she waited for John, who came up from his day of toil to take her on the lake. One evening, as he stood in silence before her, Nora thought of the Catholic before his shrine.

The next day was Sunday, and the great calm of nature was unchanged, save for deepening beauty as it neared the passion of climax and change. But Nora was troubled.

"The holy time is quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration."

She repeated the line over and over, but it brought her no peace; for John had not joined the little party at the ranch house, and lay on his back under the eucalyptus trees, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and it was the first day on which Evelyn had complained of the cry of the mourning dove.

Nora did not wonder of what John

was thinking, or with what he was battling, for she knew the one as well as the other, and at last she moved to the brow of the hill, and sat on the ground beside him.

He raised himself when he saw her, and pushed back his hat; but she did not glance at him. When she spoke, her voice was vibrant with depth upon depth of knowledge and feeling.

"Look out through the trees," she said, "and see the great shadow on the mountain. It is like a thought of God."

He turned his face to her, and she met his eyes. It seemed to her that they were haunted eyes. "Why do you say that to me?" he asked.

She did not answer him at once, but looked in silence at the loitering clouds, the drifting purple of their shadows, and the wide pause in the earth and sky.

"I have made a mistake," she said at last. "I thought that part of you had died. I was wrong, for it was only numbed, and now you are finding it out. I think that we had better go away."

John pulled the hat over his eyes again.

"If I could hurt her," he urged finally, his voice low and halting, "if it could bring her an hour's pain — but it could not, and" — he raised his head to look at Nora with wondering humility — "for some reason I think she likes to be with me."

"And if she should grow to like it too well?"

But John only smiled gravely, almost pityingly, as we smile at the question of a child.

"And as far as you only are concerned, are you willing to pay the price?" she persisted.

"It will be a big price," he said, "but I will pay." Then he laughed shortly. "Some hours are worth a life," he added, in a different tone. "I will pay for the hour with the life. When one has been maimed and starved and stunted, who would not look in at the gates of heaven?"

Nora's eyes met his, and in a moment of silence they exchanged a glance of deep recognition.

"You would do the same," he protested earnestly.

"Yes," said Nora, — "yes. But for me there is not even an hour to win." She spoke as he had spoken, with a sort of heedless madness, and John rose. "So you have chosen?" she said.

"Yes." He stood above her, strong and reckless and resolute.

Nora rose also, and stood beside him. The two pairs of dark eyes, so nearly on a level, met again. Her glance was unfathomable, and this time it bewildered and disturbed him. Suddenly she laughed, very low.

"John Peters," she said, "I think you are very much of a fool."

Eugenia Brooks Frothingham.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF WALT WHITMAN.

I FIRST made acquaintance with Whitman's writings when a newspaper notice of the earliest edition of *Leaves of Grass* reached me, in Paris, in the autumn of 1855. It was the most exhilarating piece of news I had received from America during the six months

of my absence abroad. Such vigor, such graphic force, such human sympathy, such scope and audacity in the choice and treatment of themes, found in me an eagerly interested reader of the copious extracts which the notice contained. When I came to see the

volume itself, — the thin, small quarto of 1855, — I found in it much that impressed me as formless and needlessly offensive; and these faults were carried to extremes in the second and enlarged edition of 1856. Yet the tremendous original power of this new bard, and the freshness, as of nature itself, which breathed through the best of his songs or sayings, continued to hold their spell over me, and inspired me with intense curiosity as to the man himself. But I had no opportunity of meeting him till he came to Boston in the spring of 1860, to put his third edition through the press.

Then, one day, I was stopped on Washington Street by a friend who made this startling announcement: "Walt Whitman is in town; I have just seen him!" When I asked where, he replied: "At the stereotype foundry, just around the corner. Come along! I'll take you to him." The author of *Leaves of Grass* had loomed so large in my imagination as to seem almost superhuman; and I was filled with some such feeling of wonder and astonishment as if I had been invited to meet Socrates or King Solomon.

We found a large, gray-haired and gray-bearded, plainly dressed man, reading proof-sheets at a desk in a little dingy office, with a lank, unwholesome-looking lad at his elbow, listlessly watching him. The man was Whitman, and the proofs were those of his new edition. There was a scarcity of chairs, and Whitman, rising to receive us, offered me his; but we all remained standing except the sickly looking lad, who kept his seat until Whitman turned to him and said, "You'd better go now; I'll see you this evening." After he had gone out, Whitman explained: "He is a friendless boy I found at my boarding place. I am trying to cheer him up and strengthen him with my magnetism." My readers may think this a practical but curiously prosaic illustration of these powerful lines in the early poems: —

"To any one dying, thither I speed and twist
the knob of the door.

I seize the descending man, I raise him with
resistless will.

Every room of the house do I fill with an
armed force, lovers of me, bafflers of
graves."

The difference between the prosaic fact and the poetic expression was not greater than the contrast between Whitman as I had imagined him and the simple, well-mannered man who stood and talked with us. From his own descriptions of himself, and from the swing and impetus of his lines, I had pictured him proud, alert, grandiose, defiant of the usages of society; and I found him the quietest of men. I really remember but one thing he said, after sending away the boy. The talk turning on his proof-sheets, I asked how the first poems impressed him, at this re-reading; to which he replied, "I am astonished to find myself capable of feeling so much." The conversation was all very quiet, pitched in a low key, and I went away somewhat disappointed that he did not say or do something extraordinary and admirable; one of the noticeable things about him being an absence of all effort to make a good impression.

I got on vastly better with him when, the next Sunday morning, he came out to see me on Prospect Hill, in Somerville, where I was then living. The weather was perfect, — it was early May; the few friends I introduced to him were congenial spirits; he was happy and animated, and we spent the day together in such hearty and familiar intercourse that when I parted with him in the evening, on East Cambridge bridge, having walked with him thus far on his way back to Boston, I felt that a large, new friendship had shed a glow on my life. Of much of that day's talk I have a vivid recollection, — even of its trivialities. He was not a loud laugh, and rarely made a joke, but he greatly enjoyed the pleasantries

of others. He liked especially any allusion, serious or jocular, to his poems. When, at dinner, preparing my dish of salad, I remarked that I was employed as his critics would be when his new edition was out, he queried, "Devouring Leaves of Grass?" "No," I said, "cutting up Leaves of Grass," — which amused him more, I fancy, than the cutting up did which came later. As the afternoon waned, and he spoke of leaving us, somebody placed a book before the face of the clock. I said: "Put Leaves of Grass there. Nobody can see through that." "Not even the author?" he said, with a whimsical lifting of the brows.

Much of the talk was about himself and his poems, in every particular of which I was profoundly interested. He told me of his boyhood in Brooklyn; going to work in a printing office at the age of fourteen; teaching school at seventeen and eighteen; writing stories and sketches for periodicals under his full name, Walter Whitman (his first *Leaves of Grass* was copyrighted by Walter Whitman, after which he discarded "Walter" for "Walt"); editing newspapers and making political speeches, on the Democratic side; leading an impulsive, irregular sort of life, and absorbing, as probably no other man ever did, the common aspects of the cities he was so proud of, Brooklyn and New York. His friendships were mostly with the common people, — pilots, drivers, mechanics; and his favorite diversions, crossing the ferries, riding on the top of omnibuses, and attending operas. He liked to get off alone by the seashore, read Homer and Ovid with the salt air on his cheeks, and shout their winged words to the winds and waves. The book he knew best was the Bible, the prophetic parts of which stirred in him a vague desire to be the bard or prophet of his own time and country.

Then, at the right moment, he read Emerson.

I was extremely interested to know

how far the influence of our greatest writer had been felt in the making of a book which, without being at all imitative, was pitched in the very highest key of self-reliance. In his letter to Emerson, printed in the second edition of *Leaves of Grass*, speaking of "Individuality, that new moral American continent," Whitman had averred: "Those shores you found; I say, you led the States there, — have led me there." And it seemed hardly possible that the first determined attempt to cast into literature a complete man, with all his pride and passions, should have been made by one whose feet were not already firmly planted on "those shores." Then there was the significant fact of his having mailed a copy of his first edition to Emerson.

Whitman talked frankly on the subject, that day on Prospect Hill, and told how he became acquainted with Emerson's writings. He was at work as a carpenter (his father's trade before him) in Brooklyn, building with his own hands and on his own account small and very plain houses for laboring men; as soon as one was finished and sold, beginning another, — houses of two or three rooms. This was in 1854; he was then thirty-five years old. He lived at home with his mother; going off to his work in the morning and returning at night, carrying his dinner pail like any common laborer. Along with his pail he usually carried a book, between which and his solitary meal he would divide his nooning. Once the book chanced to be a volume of Emerson; and from that time he took with him no other writer. His half-formed purpose, his vague aspirations, all that had lain smouldering so long within him, waiting to be fired, rushed into flame at the touch of those electric words, — the words that burn in the prose-poem *Nature*, and in the essays on *Spiritual Laws*, *The Over-Soul*, *Self-Reliance*. The sturdy carpenter in his working-day garb, seated on his pile of boards; a poet in that rude disguise, as yet but dimly con-

scious of his powers; in one hand the sandwich put up for him by his good mother, his other hand holding open the volume that revealed to him his greatness and his destiny,—this is the picture which his simple narrative called up, that Sunday so long ago, and which has never faded from my memory.

He freely admitted that he could never have written his poems if he had not first “come to himself,” and that Emerson helped him to “find himself.” I asked if he thought he would have come to himself without that help. He said, “Yes, but it would have taken longer.” And he used this characteristic expression: “I was simmering, simmering, simmering; Emerson brought me to a boil.”

It was in that summer of 1854, while he was still at work upon his houses, that he began the *Leaves of Grass*, which he wrote, rewrote, and re-re-wrote (to quote again his own words), and afterward set in type with his own hand.

I make this statement thus explicit because a question of profound personal and literary interest is involved, and because it is claimed by some of the later friends of Whitman that he wrote his first *Leaves of Grass* before he had read Emerson. When they urge his own authority for their contention, I can only reply that he told me distinctly the contrary, when his memory was fresher.

The Emersonian influence is often clearly traceable in Whitman's early poems; seldom in the later. It is in the first line of the very first poem in which he struck the keynote of his defiant chant: “I celebrate myself.” Yet the form Whitman chose for his message was as independent of Emerson's as of all other literary forms whatsoever. Outwardly, his unrhymed and unmeasured lines resemble those of Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*; but in no other way are they akin to those colorless platitudes. To the music of

the opera, for which he had a passion, more than to anything else, was due his emancipation from what he called the “ballad style” of poetry, by which he meant poetry hampered by rhyme and metre. “But for the opera,” he declared, that day on Prospect Hill, “I could never have written *Leaves of Grass*.”

Whitman was at that time a man of striking personal appearance, as indeed he always was: fully six feet tall, and large proportionally; slow of movement, and inclined to walk with a lounging gait, which somebody has likened to an “elephantine roll.” He wore his shirt collar open at the throat, exposing his hairy chest, in decidedly unconventional fashion. His necktie was drawn into a loose knot, or hung free, with serpentine ends coiled away somewhere in his clothing. He was scrupulously neat in person, — “never dressed in black, always dressed freely and clean in strong clothes,” according to his own description of himself; head massive, complexion florid-tawny, forehead seamed with wrinkles, which, along with his premature grayness, made him look much older than he was. Mr. Howells, in his *First Impressions of Literary New York*, describes a meeting with him a few months later, that same year (1860), and calls him “the benign old man.” Whitman was at that time forty-one.

I did not see him again for three years and a half: meanwhile the Civil War was raging, and in 1862 he went to the front, to nurse his brother, Lieutenant Colonel George W. Whitman, who had been wounded at Fredericksburg. This was the beginning of his hospital work, which became so important an episode in his life.

In the latter part of November, 1863, a fortunate circumstance placed me in friendly relations with Salmon P. Chase, then at the summit of his fame as Secretary of the Treasury in Lincoln's Cabinet, and I became a guest in his house.

I had at that time few acquaintances in Washington. One of the most prized of these was William Douglas O'Connor. He had turned aside from literature, in which we who knew him in the flower of his youthful promise had believed him destined to excel, and entered a department of the government, — one of those vast mausoleums in which so many talents, small and great, have been buried, and brave ambitions have turned quietly to dust. His first employment was in the Treasury; in the Treasury, also, when I first knew him, was that other valiant friend of Whitman's, John Burroughs, who, fortunately for himself and his readers, escaped O'Connor's fate. When O'Connor left the Treasury it was to enter the Lighthouse Board, where he became head clerk, and sat like a spider in the midst of his web, a coast light at the end of each invisible line, hundreds or thousands of miles away. In those useful radiations the beams of his genius became too deeply immersed to shine otherwise than fitfully in what I always deemed his proper sphere.

I knew of his intimacy with Whitman, and when one day I found him at his office, and had answered his many questions, telling him where I was domiciled, one of the first I asked in return was, "Where's Walt?" — the familiar name by which Whitman was known to his friends.

"What a chance!" said O'Connor, in his ardent way. "Walt is here in Washington, living close by you, within a stone's throw of the Secretary's door. Come to my house on Sunday evening, and I will have him there to meet you."

On seeing him again at O'Connor's, I found Whitman but little changed, except that he was more trimly attired, wearing a loosely fitting but quite elegant suit of black, — yes, black at last! He was in the best of spirits; and I remember with what a superb and joyous pace he swung along the street, between O'Connor and me, as we walked home with him, after ten o'clock.

Diagonally opposite to Chase's great house, on the corner of E and 6th streets, stood one of those old wooden buildings which then and for some years afterwards lingered among the new and handsome blocks rising around them, and made the "city of magnificent distances" also a city of astonishing architectural contrasts. In the fine, large mansion, sumptuously furnished, cared for by sleek and silent colored servants, and thronged by distinguished guests, dwelt the great statesman; in the old tenement opposite, in a bare and desolate back room, up three flights of stairs, quite alone, lived the poet. Walt led the way up those dreary stairs, partly in darkness, found the keyhole of a door which he unlocked and opened, scratched a match, and welcomed us to his garret.

Garret it literally was, containing hardly any more furniture than a bed, a cheap pine table, and a little sheet-iron stove in which there was no fire. A window was open, and it was a December night. But Walt, clearing a chair or two of their litter of newspapers, invited us to sit down and stop awhile, with as simple and sweet hospitality as if he had been offering us the luxuries of the great mansion across the square.

Sit down we did (O'Connor on the bed, as I remember), and "drank delight of battle" over books, the principal subjects being Shakespeare and Walt's own *Leaves of Grass*. Over Shakespeare it was a sort of triangular combat, — O'Connor maintaining the Baconian theory of the authorship of the plays, and Walt joining with me in attacking that chimera. On the other hand, I agreed with O'Connor in his estimate of *Lear* and *Hamlet* and *Othello*, which Walt belittled, preferring the historical plays, and placing *Richard II.* foremost; although he thought all the plays preposterously overrated. Of his own poems ("pomes" he called them) he spoke modestly, listening with interest to frank criticisms of them

(which he always had from me), and disclaiming the profound hidden meanings which O'Connor was inclined to read into some of them. Ordinarily inert and slow of speech, on occasions like this his large and generous nature became suffused with a magnificent glow, which gave one some idea of the heat and momentum that went to the making of his truly great poems; just as his sluggish moods seemed to account for so much of his labored, unleavened work.

O'Connor was a man of unfailing eloquence, whom it was always delightful to listen to, even when the rush of his enthusiasm carried him beyond the bounds of discretion, as it did in the Bacon-Shakespeare business. Whitman's reasoning powers were not remarkable; he did not impress me, then or at any time, as a great intellect; but he was original, intuitive, a seer, and his immense and genial personality gave an interest to everything he said. In my enjoyment of such high discourse, I forgot the cheerless garret, the stove in which there was no fire, the window that remained open (Walt was a "fresh-air fiend"), and my own freezing feet (we all kept on our overcoats). I also forgot that I was a guest at the great house across the quadrangle, and that I was unprovided with a latch key, — a fact of which I was reminded with rather startling unpleasantness, when I left O'Connor at the foot of Walt's stairs, hurried to the Secretary's door, I know not how long after midnight, and found myself locked out. All was still and dark within, except that I could see a light left burning low for me in my own chamber, a tantalizing reminder of the comfort I had exchanged for the bleak, deserted streets. My embarrassment was relieved when I reflected that in those wild war times the Secretary was prepared to receive dispatches at any hour of the night. I rang boldly, as if I had been a messenger bearing tidings of a nation's fate. The vestibule gas

was quickly turned up, and a sleepy-looking colored boy let me in.

Two mornings after this I went by appointment to call on Whitman in his garret. "Don't come before ten o'clock," he had warned me; and it was after ten when I mounted his three flights and knocked at the door of his room, — his terrible room, as I termed it in notes taken at the time.

I found him partly dressed, and preparing his own breakfast. There was a fire in the sheet-iron stove, — the open door showed a few coals, — and he was cutting slices of bread from a baker's loaf with his jackknife, getting them ready for toasting. The smallest of tin teakettles simmering on the stove, a bowl and spoon, and a covered tin cup used as a teapot comprised, with the aforesaid useful jackknife, his entire outfit of visible housekeeping utensils. His sugar bowl was a brown paper bag. His butter plate was another piece of brown paper, the same coarse wrapping in which he had brought home his modest lump from the corner grocery. His cupboard was an oblong pine box, set up a few feet from the floor, opening outward, with the bottom against the wall; the two sides, one above the other, made very good shelves.

I toasted his bread for him on the end of a sharpened stick; he buttered the slices with his jackknife, and poured his tea at a corner of the table cleared for that purpose of its litter of books and newspapers; and while he breakfasted we talked.

His last slice buttered and eaten, he burned his butter plate (showing the advantage of having no dishes to wash), and set his bag of sugar in the cupboard, along with his small parcel of tea; then he brought out from his trunk a package of manuscript poems, which he read to me, and which we discussed, for the next hour.

These were his war pieces, the *Drum Taps*, then nearly ready for publication. He read them unaffectedly, with force

and feeling, and in a voice of rich but not resonant tones. I was interested not alone in the poems, but also in his own interpretation of the irregular yet often not unrhythmical lines. I did not find in them anything comparable with the greatly moving passages in the earlier *Leaves*: they were more literary in their tone, showing here and there lapses into the conventional poetic diction, which he had flung off so haughtily in the surge of the early impulse. They contained, however, some fine, effective, patriotic, and pathetic chants; and were, moreover, entirely free from the old offenses against propriety. I hoped to be able to persuade some good Boston house to publish the volume, but found, when I came to make the attempt, that no firm would undertake it; and it remained in manuscript until 1865, when Whitman issued it at his own expense.

From that morning, I saw him almost every day or evening as long as I remained in Washington. He was then engaged in his missionary work in the hospitals; talking to the sick and wounded soldiers, reading to them, writing letters for them, cheering and comforting them sometimes by merely sitting silent beside their cots, and perhaps soothing a pallid brow with his sympathetic hand.

He took me two or three times to the great Armory Square Hospital, where I observed his methods of work. I was surprised to learn that he never read to the patients any of his own compositions, and that not one of those I talked with knew him for a poet, or for anybody but plain "Mr. Whitman." I cannot help speaking of one poor fellow, who had asked to see me because Whitman had told him I was the author of one of the pieces he liked to hear read, and who talked to me with tears in his eyes of the comfort Whitman's visits had given him. The pathos of the situation was impressed upon me by the circumstance that his foot was to be amputated within an hour.

Whitman always carried into the wards a few fruits and delicacies, which he distributed with the approval of the surgeons and nurses. He also circulated, among those who were well enough to read, books and periodicals sent to him for that purpose by friends in the North. Sometimes he gave paper and envelopes and postage stamps, and he was never without some good tobacco, to be dispensed in special cases. He never used tobacco himself, but he had compassion for those who had been deprived of that solace, as he had for all forms of suffering. He wrote Washington letters that winter for the *New York Times*, the income from which, together with contributions from Northern friends, enabled him to carry on his hospital work.

Whitman and Chase were the two men I saw most of, at that time, in Washington. I saw Chase daily, at his own table, with his friends and distinguished guests, and had many long walks and talks with him, when we took our morning exercise together before breakfast. That I should know them both familiarly, passing often from the stately residence of the one to the humble lodging of the other, seemed to me a simple and natural thing at the time; it appears much less simple to me now. Great men both, each nobly proportioned in body and stalwart in character, and each invincibly true to his own ideals and purposes; near neighbors, and yet very antipodes in their widely contrasted lives. One princely in his position, dispensing an enormous patronage, the slenderest rill of which would have made life green for the other, struggling along the arid ways of an honorable poverty. Both greatly ambitious: Chase devoutly believing it his right, and likewise his destiny, to succeed Lincoln in the presidency; Whitman aspiring to be for all time the poet of democracy and emancipated manhood, — his simple prayer being, "Give me to speak beautiful words; take all the

rest!" One a conscientious High Churchman, reverencing tradition, and finding ceremonious worship so helpful and solacing that (as he once said to me earnestly) he would have become a Roman Catholic, if he could have brought himself to accept the Romish dogmas; the other believing in the immanent spirit and an ever living inspiration, and as free from all forms and doctrines as Abraham alone with Deity in the desert. For the statesman I had a very great admiration and respect; for the poet I felt a powerful attraction, something like a younger brother's love; and I confess a sweet and secret joy in sometimes stealing away from the company of polished and eminent people in the great house, and crossing over to Walt in his garret, or going to meet him at O'Connor's.

I thought no man more than Whitman merited recognition and assistance from the government, and I once asked him if he would accept a position in one of the departments. He answered frankly that he would. But he believed it improbable that he could get an appointment, although (as he mentioned casually) he had letters of recommendation from Emerson.

There were two of these, and they were especially interesting to me, as I knew something of the disturbed relations existing between the two men, on account of Whitman's indiscreet use of Emerson's famous letter to him, acknowledging the gift copy of the first *Leaves of Grass*. Whitman not only published that letter without the writer's authority, but printed an extract from it, in conspicuous gold, on the back of his second edition,—"I greet you at the beginning of a great career;" thus making Emerson in some sense an indorser not only of the first poems, but of others he had never seen, and which he would have preferred never to see in print. This was an instance of bad taste, but not of intentional bad faith, on the part of Whitman. Talking of it once, he said, in his grand

way: "I supposed the letter was meant to be blazoned; I regarded it as the chart of an emperor." But Emerson had no thought of acting the imperial part toward so adventurous a voyager. I remember hearing him allude to the incident shortly after that second edition appeared. Speaking of the attention the new poet was attracting, he mentioned an Englishman who had come to this country bringing a letter to Whitman from Monckton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton). "But," said Emerson, "hearing that Whitman had not used me well in the matter of letters, he did not deliver it." He had afterwards made a strenuous effort to induce Whitman to omit certain objectionable passages from his edition of 1860, and failed. And I knew that the later writings of Whitman interested him less and less. "No more evidence of getting into form," he once remarked,—"a singular comment, it may be thought, from one whose own chief defect as a writer seemed to be an imperfect mastery of form."

With these things in mind, I read eagerly the two letters from Emerson recommending Whitman for a government appointment. One was addressed to Senator Sumner; the other, I was surprised and pleased to find, to Secretary Chase. I had but a slight acquaintance with Sumner, and the letter to him I handed back. The one written to Chase I wished to retain, in order to deliver it to the Secretary with my own hands, and with such furthering words as I could summon in so good a cause. Whitman expressed small hope in the venture, and stipulated that in case of the failure he anticipated I should bring back the letter.

As we left the breakfast table, the next morning, I followed the Secretary into his private office, where, after some pleasant talk, I remarked that I was about to overstep a rule I had laid down for myself on entering his house. He said, "What rule?" I replied, "Never to repay your hospitality by

asking of you any official favor." He said I need n't have thought it necessary to make that rule, for he was always glad to do for his friends such things as he was constantly called upon to do for strangers. Then I laid before him the Whitman business. He was evidently impressed by Emerson's letter, and he listened with interest to what I had to say of the man and his patriotic work. But he was troubled. "I am placed," he said, "in a very embarrassing position. It would give me great pleasure to grant this request, out of my regard to Mr. Emerson;" and he was gracious enough to extend the courtesy of this "regard" to me, also. But then he went on to speak of *Leaves of Grass* as a book that had made the author notorious; and I found that he judged it, as all but a very few persons then did, not independently, on its own epoch-making merits, but by conventional standards of taste and propriety. He had understood that the writer was a rowdy, — "one of the roughs," — according to his descriptions of himself.

I said, "He is as quiet a gentleman in his manners and conversation as any guest who enters your door."

He replied: "I am bound to believe what you say; but his writings have given him a bad repute, and I should not know what sort of a place to give to such a man," — with more to the same purpose.

I respected his decision, much as I regretted it; and, persuaded that nothing I could urge would induce him to change it, I said I would relieve him of all embarrassment in the business by withdrawing the letter. He glanced again at the signature, hesitated, and made this surprising response: —

"I have nothing of Emerson's in his handwriting, and I shall be glad to keep this."

I thought it hardly fair, but as the letter was addressed to him, and had passed into his hands, I could n't well reclaim it against his wishes.

Whitman seemed really to have formed some hopes of the success of my mission, after I had undertaken it, as he showed when I went to give him an account of my interview with the Secretary. He took the disappointment philosophically, but indulged in some sardonic remarks regarding Chase and his department. "He is right," he said, "in preserving his saints from contamination by a man like me!" But I stood up for the Secretary, as, with the Secretary, I had stood up for Whitman. Could any one be blamed for taking the writer of *Leaves of Grass* at his word when, in his defiance of conventionality, he had described himself as "rowdyish," "disorderly," and worse? "I cock my hat as I please, indoors and out," I quoted. Walt laughed, and said, "I don't blame him; it's about what I expected." He asked for the letter, and showed his amused disgust when I explained how it had been pocketed by the Secretary.

I should probably have had no difficulty in securing the appointment if I had withheld Emerson's letter, and called my friend simply Mr. Whitman, or Mr. Walter Whitman, without mentioning *Leaves of Grass*. But I felt that the Secretary, if he was to appoint him, should know just whom he was appointing; and Whitman was the last person in the world to shirk the responsibility of having written an audacious book.

Whether the same candor was used in procuring for him a clerkship in the Interior Department, to which he was appointed later, I do not know. He had been for some time performing the duties of that position, without exciting any other comment than that he performed them well, when a new Secretary, coming in under Johnson, and discovering that the grave and silent man at a certain desk was the author of a reprehensible book, dismissed him unceremoniously.

It was this incident that called out from O'Connor his brilliant monograph,

The Good Gray Poet, in which Whitman was so eloquently vindicated, and the Secretary received so terrible a scourging. What seemed for a time unmitigated ill fortune proved to be a very good thing for Whitman. He was soon after appointed to a better place in the office of the Attorney-General, and he himself used to say that it was O'Connor's defense that turned the tide in his favor; meaning the tide of criticism and public opinion, which had until then set so tremendously against him. O'Connor's pamphlet was followed, two years later (1867), by John Burroughs's *Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*. Countless other publications on the same inexhaustible theme have appeared since, — reviews, biographies, personal recollections, studies of Walt Whitman; a recent Study by Burroughs himself; volumes of eulogy and exegesis, commentary and controversy, wise and foolish; a whole library of Whitman literature, in English, French, German, and other languages. There are Walt Whitman Societies and Fellowships, and at least one periodical is devoted mainly to Whitmanana.

I saw Whitman many times in Washington, after that memorable season of 1863; again when he came to Boston to deliver his lecture on Lincoln; and lastly in his Camden home, where the feet of many pilgrims mounted the steps that led to his door, and where an infirm but serene old age closed the "great career" Emerson had been the first to acclaim.

All this time I have watched with deep interest the growth of his influence and the change in public opinion regarding him. To me, now almost the sole survivor among his earliest friends and adherents, wonderful indeed seems that change since the first thin quarto edition of the *Leaves* appeared, in 1855. If noticed at all by the critics, it was, with rare exceptions, to be ridiculed and reviled; and Emerson himself suffered abuse for pronouncing it "the

most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom America had yet contributed." Even so accomplished a man of letters as James Russell Lowell saw in it nothing but commonplace tricked out with eccentricity. I remember walking with him once in Cambridge, when he pointed out a doorway sign, "Groceries," with the letters set zigzag, to produce a bizarre effect. "That," said he, "is Walt Whitman, — with very common goods inside." It was not until his writings became less prophetic, and more consciously literary in their aim, that Lowell and scholars of his class began to see something besides oddity in Whitman, and his popularity widened.

That such a change took place in his writings Whitman himself was aware. Once when I confessed to him that nothing in the later poems moved me like some of the great passages in the earlier editions, he replied: "I am not surprised. I do not suppose I shall ever again have the afflatus I had in writing the first *Leaves of Grass*." One evening he was reading to O'Connor and me some manuscript pieces, inviting our comments, when he came to the line, —

"No poem proud I, chanting, bring to thee."

"Why do you say 'poem proud'?" I asked. "You never would have said that in the first *Leaves of Grass*."

"What would I have said?" he inquired.

"'I bring to you no proud poem,'" I replied.

O'Connor cried out, in his vehement way, "That's so, Walt, — that's so!"

"I think you are right," Walt admitted, and he read over the line, which I looked to see changed when the poem came to be printed; but it appeared without alteration. It occurs in *Lo, Victress on the Peaks*, an address to Liberty, for which word he uses the Spanish "*Libertad*," — another thing with which I found fault, and which I hoped to see changed. I will say here that I do not believe Whitman ever changed a line or a word to please

anybody. In answer to criticism, he would sometimes maintain his point; at others, he would answer, in his tolerant, candid way, "I guess you are right," or, "I rather think it is so;" but even when apparently convinced, he would stand by his faults. His use of words and phrases from foreign languages, which he began in his 1856 edition, and which became a positive offense in that of 1860, he continued in the face of all remonstrance, and would not even correct errors into which his ignorance of those languages had betrayed him. In one of his most ambitious poems, *Chanting the Square Deific*, he translates our good English "Holy Spirit" into "Santa Spirita," meant for Italian; but in that language the word for "spirit" is masculine, and the form should have been "Spirito Santo," with the adjective correspondingly masculine. William Rossetti, who edited a volume of selections from *Leaves of Grass* for the British public, pointed this out in a letter to Whitman, who, in talking of it with me, acknowledged the blunder; yet through some perversity he allowed it to pass on into subsequent editions.

In these editions Whitman showed that he was not averse to making changes; he was always rearranging the contents, mixing up the early with the later poems, and altering titles, to the confusion of the faithful. Now and then he would interject into some familiar passage of the old pieces a phrase or a line in his later manner, strangely discordant to an ear of any discrimination. A good example is this, where to the original lines, —

"My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there, and wait till I come,
on perfect terms," —

he adds this third line, —

"The great Camerado, the lover true for whom
I pine, will be there," —

a tawdry patch on the strong original homespun. The French "rendezvous" in the first line is legitimate, having

been adopted into our language because it expresses something for which we have no other single word, and Whitman would be a benefactor had he enriched our vernacular in that way. But "camerado" — of which he seems to have become very fond, using it wherever he had a chance — is neither French (camarade) nor Spanish (camarada), nor anything else, to my mind, but a malformed substitute for our good and sufficient word "comrade." "Lover true," like "poem proud," is of a piece with those "stock poetical touches" which he used to say he had great trouble in leaving out of his first *Leaves*, but which here, as in other places, he went back and deliberately wrote into them.

For another set of changes to which I objected he was able to give a reason, though a poor one. In the *Poem of Faces*, "the old face of the mother of many children" has this beautiful setting: —

"Lulled and late is the smoke of the Sabbath
morning,
It hangs low over the rows of trees by the
fences,
It hangs thin by the sassafras, the wild cherry,
and the cat-brier under them."

"Smoke of the Sabbath morning" he altered, after the first two editions, to "smoke of the First Day morning." In like manner, elsewhere, "the field-sprouts of April and May" was changed to "the field-sprouts of Fourth Month and Fifth Month;" "the short last daylight of December" to "the short last daylight of Twelfth Month," and so on, — all our good old pagan names for the months and days, wherever they occurred in the original *Leaves*, being reduced to numbers, in plain Quaker fashion, or got rid of in some other way. "I mind how we lay in June" became "I mind how we once lay;" and

"The exquisite, delicate-thin curve of the new
moon in May" —

a most exquisite and most delicate line, it may be observed in passing — was

made to read, not "new moon in Fifth Month" (that would have been a little too bad), but "new moon in spring." I thought all of these alterations unfortunate, except perhaps the last; nearly all involving a sacrifice of euphony or of atmosphere in the lines. When I remonstrated against what seemed an affectation, he told me that he was brought up among Quakers; but I considered that too narrow a ground for the throwing out of words in common use among all English-speaking peoples except a single sect. To my mind, it was another proof that in matters of taste and judgment he was extremely fallible, and capable of doing unwise and wayward things for the sake of a theory or of a caprice.

In one important particular he changed, if not his theory, at least his practice. After the edition of 1860 he became reserved upon the one subject tabooed in polite society, the free treatment of which he had declared essential to his scheme of exhibiting in his poems humanity entire and undraped. For just six years, from 1855 to 1860 only, he illustrated that theory with arrogant defiance; then no further exemplifications of it appeared in all his prose and verse for more than thirty years, or as long as he continued to write. It was a sudden and significant change, which was, however, covered from observation in the reshuffling of the *Leaves*. In thus reëditing the earlier poems, he quietly dropped out a few of the most startling lines, and would, I believe, have canceled many more, but his pride was adamant to anything that seemed a concession.

No doubt Whitman suffered some impairment of his mental faculties in the long years of his invalidism. He is said to have gone over to the Bacon side of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and even to have accepted the Donnelly cipher. How confused his memory became on one subject of paramount interest is evinced by a passage in his *Backward Glance o'er Trav-*

el'd Roads, where he says of the beginnings of *Leaves of Grass* that, although he had "made a start before," all might have come to naught — "almost positively would have come to naught" — but for the stimulus he received from the "sights and scenes" of the secession war. To make this more emphatic, he adds the astounding assertion, "Without those three or four years [1862 to 1865], and the experiences they gave, *Leaves of Grass* would not now be existing." Whereas he had only to look at his title-pages to see that not his first, nor his second, but his *third* edition, comprising the larger and by far the most important part of his poetic work, was published in 1860, months before the first gun of the war was fired or a single state had seceded. After this, we need not wonder that he forgot he had read Emerson before writing his first *Leaves*.

When Whitman's genius flows, his unhampered lines suit his purpose as no other form of verse could do. The thought is sometimes elusive, hiding in metaphor and suggestion, but the language is direct, idiomatic, swift, its torrent force and copiousness justifying his disregard of rhyme and metre; indeed, it has often a wild, swinging rhythm of its own. But when no longer impelled by the stress of meaning and emotion, it becomes strained and flavorless, and, at its worst, involved, parenthetical, enfeebled by weak inversions.

There are the same disturbing inequalities in his prose as in his verse. The preface to his first edition exhibits the masterful characteristics of his great poems; indeed, much of that preface made very good *Leaves*, when he afterwards rewrote it in lines and printed it as poetry. At its worst, his prose is lax and slovenly, or it takes on ruggedness to simulate strength, and jars and jolts like a farm wagon on stony roads. Some of his published letters are slipshod in their composition, and in their disregard of capitalization and punctuation, almost to the verge of illiteracy.

Had William Shakespeare left any authentic writings as empty of thought and imagination, and void of literary value, as some of the Calamus letters, they would have afforded a better argument than any we now have against his authorship of the plays. Perhaps some future tilter at windmills will attempt to prove that the man we know as Walt Whitman was an uncultured impostor, who had obtained possession of a mass of powerful but fragmentary writings by some unknown man of genius, which he exploited, pieced together, and mixed up with compositions of his own.

But after all deductions it remains to be unequivocally affirmed that Whitman stands as a great original force in our literature; perhaps one of the greatest. Art, as exemplified by such poets as Longfellow and Tennyson, he has little or none; but in the free play of his power he produces the effect of an art beyond art. His words are often steeped in the very sentiment of the themes they touch, and suggest more than they express. He has largeness

of view, an all-including optimism, boundless love and faith. To sum all in a sentence, I should say that his main purpose was to bring into his poems Nature, with unflinching realism,—especially Nature's divine masterpiece, Man; and to demonstrate that everything in Nature and in Man, all that he is, feels, and observes, is worthy of celebration by the poet; not in the old, selective, artificial poetic forms, but with a freedom of method commensurate with Nature's own amplitude and unconstraint. It was a grand conception, an intrepid revolt against the established canons of taste and art, a challenge and a menace to the greatest and most venerated names. That the attempt was not so foolhardy as at first appeared, and that it has not been altogether a failure, the growing interest in the man and his work sufficiently attests; and who can say how greatly it might have succeeded, if adequate judgment had reinforced his genius, and if his inspiration had continued as long as he continued to write?

John Townsend Trowbridge.

TWO TENDENCIES IN MODERN MUSIC.

TSCHAIKOWSKY AND BRAHMS.

I.

WHEN musical criticism tries to explain or interpret the inner meaning, what may be called the emotional gist of music, it exposes itself to grave dangers. In the first place, it easily degenerates into glib and meaningless cant about "the higher life" and "the harmony of the spheres." The critic, once he admits metaphysic into his calculations, is apt to ignore technique, to forget that music is an art, and to lose himself in a maze of edifying platitudes. On the other hand, if he escapes this pitfall, and sets himself soberly to

examine the actual effects of music, he is now in danger of conceiving his task too ambitiously, and fancying that a commentary can be as eloquent as a creation. Not content to describe effects, he wishes to produce them. He mistakes his own use, which is, after all, not to fire the imagination, but to direct the attention. If, however, a musical critic, while treating his subject in a humane and untechnical spirit, avoids the visionary and the over-expressive, he does a work well worth doing; he helps intelligent laymen to penetrate the husk of music and get at its precious kernel.

Two tendencies in the music of our day — tendencies definite and strongly contrasted — seem susceptible of such treatment. To attempt a rough provisional definition, we may say that there is noticeable in modern music, first, an effort to express emotions more directly, more poignantly, and with less of the restraint imposed by non-emotional considerations than ever before. Music becomes, above all, the language of mood, an utterance passionate and wayward. But, secondly, this tendency is opposed by another, which seeks, not a more intense expression of feeling, but a more highly organized type of beauty. Music, it says, in order to progress, must seek no outer bond, no power dependent on association; it must aim rather at a greater perfection, increasing differentiation of inner means and effects, a unity built upon wider variety, a symmetry more many-sided and complex. In brief, one ideal of music is emotional expression; another is plastic beauty. Let us add at once that these are the ideals of the two greatest composers of our time, Tschai-kowsky and Brahms, in whose works the two phases of art can be best exemplified and interpreted.

That both phases have their place and justification we hope to show as we go on. The undoubted greatness of both our composers, the undoubtedly deep appeal made by the work of both, must indeed convince us at once that there are reasons in the nature of things for their two kinds of power. Music, as a matter of fact, makes its appeal like the other arts, partly by expression, and partly through its formal or plastic beauty. On this double aspect of artistic appeal we must here linger a moment.

In all arts there is more or less conflict between beauty, the aim of the art as an art, and expression, its necessary condition as a human instrument. Beauty is the result of harmony with inner needs (the fundamental needs of the mind for clearness, propor-

tion, symmetry, contrast, and so on); but expression, which necessitates relation with outer facts, too often throws out this harmony. Thus, for example, the poet, in order to express his thought, must often use words either harsh and discordant in themselves, or cheapened by vulgar associations; beauty becomes a victim on the altar of expression. Or again, the landscape painter has to choose whether he will represent a given tree in its actual position, thereby injuring the balance of his picture, or place it where beauty would have it, thereby abating the truth of his expression. Such dilemmas illustrate the conflict that always exists in the real world between inner need and outer fact. Stubborn maladjustments of material are ever hindering the representative artist in his pursuit of beauty.

Such maladjustments, however, are at their minimum in the art of music. The material it deals with is not objective, given as brute fact, alien to the mind, and therefore in defective harmony with it. For the hierarchy of tone, extending not in space and time, like the physical world of poetry, painting, and sculpture, but in pitch only, immaterial, with all its relations predetermined by the laws of the mind that creates it, — this hierarchy of tone is but an outward projection of the perceiving mind: here, therefore, subject and object are in preadjusted harmony. Stated in so abstract a form, the point is rather difficult; and, unhappily, the concrete facts involved, both acoustical and psychological, are complex and numerous: but if the reader will reflect that all the relations of harmony, melody, and rhythm — that is to say, all the relations of music — have been founded by the laws of the human mind, expressing themselves historically in the selection and disposal of the twelve tones of our scale, with such relations to each other as consonance, dissonance, and the like, he will get a general notion how mu-

sical material is ductile to the creative mind as no wholly external material can be.

Looked at in the light of this analysis, musical history is seen to be in large part the gradual and tentative establishment of inner principles of structure that to-day we accept almost as we accept the sun and moon, — as facts of nature. They were not facts of nature until human nature made them so. Each was the object of a long probation; it had to prove its validity before it could be incorporated in tradition. Few thoughts are more fascinating in their implications or can lead one further in fruitful study than this of the mind of man painfully finding itself, day by day making excursions into its own nature, and gradually placing in the light eternal facts that grew in the darkness. Could the major third be heard as a consonance? Could the natural tendency of a melody note to pass to its nearest neighbor be overcome by a momentum established in the opposite direction? Was the memory span large enough to grasp relations of form broader than any heretofore used? The answers to such questions, asked for the most part, of course, unconsciously or subconsciously, determined the present status and resources of music.

It is as a continuation of this work of the musicians of all time toward greater organization of their medium, with increased differentiation of parts and wealth of plastic beauty, that we must conceive the work of Brahms. Sebastian Bach, adopting an equally tempered scale, which opened up to him and his successors all the new wealth of unfettered modulation through twelve keys, was followed by Beethoven, who perfected the musical organism of interdependent and contrasting themes. Then Brahms, unmistakably a member of the same series, discovered new possibilities of key relationship as a means for organizing thought, magnified the formal

scheme of Beethoven, and, most important of all, so developed the means for rhythmical evolution and variation of motifs as to attain a type of organic beauty quite unprecedented in its complexity and perfection. When Von Bülow devised his musical creed, of which the trinity was Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, he probably had in mind, however unconsciously, the creative trait that their work shares. They made not only their individual works of art; they made, or modified, the very material of art itself.

And this concern of theirs with the inner symmetry of the musical fabric stamped all their work with a quality for which critics have adopted the word "classic." Whatever impression of particular feeling a classic work may make upon us, whatever its special burden of expression, we find always that this special expression comes to us with a peculiar dignity of effect, a largeness and grandeur of utterance, a purity reflected from the vehicle itself, which impresses us constantly and profoundly, and *under* which, so to speak, we find the more particular burden of the piece. A Bach fugue may be quick and light, like that in G major in the first book of the Well-Tempered Clavichord, or it may be solemn, grievous, and weighted with earnest meaning, like the B-flat minor fugue in the same book; Beethoven will follow up a slow movement of the sternest solemnity with a finale built on a rustic jig; Brahms will put the lightest, most gracious sentiment into a folk song like the "Tell me, O beauteous shepherdess," or fill a piece to the brim with stormy and turgid passion as he has done in part of his first Rhapsody. Yet in all these cases we feel that the sentiments we have named are of secondary importance; that the true character and value of the piece comes from the larger emotion that overlies them all, — the emotion we feel when we recognize pure beauty, when we see that the piece is well wrought and fair in proportion, full of

that *κοσμος*, or order, which was the dearest of all qualities to the most artistic of all peoples.

Of this general emotion exhaling from any work of beauty, and always underlying the appeal of classic art, we shall have more to say after a while. For the present we must observe, first, that it proceeds from the prearranged harmony between subject and object which, as we have shown, happily exists to a peculiar degree in music; but, secondly, that emotions themselves, nevertheless, the "object" of music, may take on an independence that shall break this harmony, in which event we shall find music at the same disadvantage as the other arts. For so soon as emotions are recognized as being expressed in music one may set one's attention on these emotions for themselves, and one's artistic aim may be, not to preserve the classic harmony between emotion and its expression, but rather to intensify the expression of the emotion at any cost. The conflict which exists for the painter between "truth to nature" in the position of his tree and artistic felicity in the balance of his composition is now introduced for the musician as between exhaustiveness in expressing his emotion and inner beauty or concinnity in his tonal fabric. In any such dilemma, the Brahms type of composer prefers to sacrifice the first desideratum in favor of the second; but there is another type which gives its entire allegiance to emotional expression, and values music less for its formal beauty than for its dramatic power.

Of this type Tschaikowsky is a striking example. His ideals are not the classic ideals. He is a poet and humanist who, finding in music an eloquent voice for the ardent and noble emotion he wishes to express, seizes upon it without further reflection, and proceeds to use it for his purposes. In his hands it becomes, in truth, a wonderfully powerful and persuasive language. It is frenzied, it is yearning, it is gracious, it is despairing. Above

and through all, it is always direct in its appeal, always the expression of a mood; always a language, in short, and never a form. It does not arouse in us the classic emotion, the happiness in pure beauty, but it says to us a thousand things that are moving, vital, tragic. It has stood at the parting of the ways, and, without knowing what it did, has sacrificed the perfect adjustment between the form and the content of music, in order to magnify and in a sense humanize the latter. And it has met with undoubted, if partial success. Whether it can ever justify itself, like classic music; whether it is in the same degree "conformable to the nature of things," we shall see as we progress. At present it is chiefly important to note that Tschaikowsky stands for a definite attitude toward art, sharply contrasted with that of Brahms and the classicists. These we may imagine formulating their musical creed in the words of Keats:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing."

To which Tschaikowsky, a soul less at unity with itself, if not less noble, may retort with Browning:—

"Only I discern
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

II.

But turning away from general principles for a little, it is time to show how their operation is observable in the works of our two composers. Our thesis, we must remember, is that Brahms is ever aiming at beautiful organization in his musical fabric, while Tschaikowsky strives rather for poignant emotional effectiveness. The contrast appears already when we compare two characteristic phrases, — such, for example, as the opening phrases of the

well-known songs *The Sapphic Ode* and *Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt*. Here we are dealing with elements, with irreducible units back of which we cannot go; for the phrase is in music what the simple sentence of noun and verb is in language, — it is the thought-germ, from which all higher forms are developed. Technically, the phrase is to be defined as a series of notes ending in a “cadence,” a device of which the reader need understand no more than that it clinches and completes the melodic sense much as a verb clinches and completes the grammatical sense. A phrase is thus the mould of a musical idea, and the smallest complete unit of musical thought. The initial phrase of the Brahms song contains a dozen notes, that of Tschaikowsky one less; they are thus nearly of the same size, and the time measure is the same: but here the similarity ceases. Their characteristic effects are entirely dissimilar. The first is an epitome of all the large dignity, the breadth, the calm and genial humanity, of the German composer; the second is instinct with the nervous emotion of the more expressive Slav. The first is deliberate, the second restless; the first fluent and gracious, the second angular and passionate. In a word, the varying traits of the two masters are here clearly present in the fundamental and primitive elements of their work. Cut off the smallest sample, each stuff is unmistakably itself.

Looking now a little more closely, we can see certain technical differences that are not unworthy of study. There is, for instance, a marked contrast in the harmonic bases of the two phrases. Brahms builds his sentence entirely on the most primitive of all chords, the tonic and dominant triads. Of the first nine notes, all but one brief passing-note belong to the tonic chord; the remaining three notes make up the familiar and universal “authentic cadence.” Tschaikowsky, on the other hand, begins with an extreme disso-

nance, changes harmony in each of his four measures, and ends with a formula of dubious cadential virtue, in an alien key. Again, the melodic lines are of different types, Brahms proceeding by simple leaps or by steps in the natural scale line, Tschaikowsky commencing with the downward leap of a seventh, and continuing after a somewhat serrated fashion until he gets to the last half of his phrase, which is quietly diatonic. Obviously, the two phrases are strikingly different both in harmonic basis and in melodic curve. And though examples selected like these to illustrate a special line of argument may well exaggerate the differences they reveal, yet no one familiar with the melodic methods of the two men can fail to see that such differences are indeed far-reaching and thoroughgoing, and must ultimately depend on deeply rooted psychic habits. We shall hope to show, as we go on, that they do indeed depend upon an impulsive appetite in Tschaikowsky for immediately impressive effects, and upon an instinctive sense in Brahms of the superior availability of simple, almost commonplace material for that many-sided and ingenious development to which he submitted his ideas in the effort to attain breadth, complexity of structure, and symmetry of form.

We may first, however, pause a moment to compare the status of the two composers at this initial stage of their creation. Idea for idea, phrase for phrase, Tschaikowsky has in some respects the advantage, — an advantage upon which depends much of that current popular criticism which is so dithyrambic in its praise of the Russian, and so sweeping in its condemnation of the “dryness” and “pedantry” of Brahms. As a matter of fact, the simplicity of Brahms is not always a source of strength. If at its best it is incomparably noble and elevated, at its less than best it is frequently bare, empty, and trite. As even Wordsworth can nod to the extent of writing

Peter Bell, so even Brahms can give us pages of aridity like the opening of the Scherzo of the A-major Quartet, built on what an irreverent young musician called "one of Brahms's scrapbasket themes." To Brahms, we must remember, a theme is not so much a thought as a tonal pattern capable of interesting manipulation, and such capability does not at all involve intrinsic interest. The interest may well be all secondary and derivative; it may ensue only when the manipulator begins to use his skill; it may, as some one has cleverly said, "steam out of the materials." And many a theme that thus begins to simmer with interest when Brahms fairly gets at work upon it is in its first estate entirely cold and lifeless. Again, even in his working out Brahms occasionally falls a victim to his own skill, and in building a structure of consummate polyphonic virtuosity quite forgets that art must please. A fair critic can hardly deny that the accusation of dryness so often heard against Brahms has some basis in fact.

Tschaikowsky's themes, on the contrary, always the creatures of emotional impulse (except the themes of his early symphonies, which can hardly be the creatures of anything but intellectual chaos), have generally an appealing freshness and vitality. He seldom opens his mouth without saying something. Thus, the phrase we have been considering from the song *Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt* immediately enlists the hearer's interest, and wins him by its sincerity and abandon. The classicist, whose effects depend on his skill in ordering and combining, sinks whenever these means fail him into mere dullness. But the romanticist, who strives only to express himself, is always just as interesting as what he has to say. Indeed, one of the most admirable of Tschaikowsky's qualities is the high intellectual self-respect that keeps him always loyal to the dictates of his imagination. His conception of music is that it should express poetic or impassioned states of

mind, and he never puts ink on paper without at least attempting such expression. That he has amply succeeded we know. As standing proofs, we have the last three Symphonies, the E-flat minor String Quartet, the orchestral Suites, the *Romeo and Juliet* Overture, and other works of the greatest originality. In all these compositions we find the utmost frankness and directness; there is none of the occasional dryness of Brahms; every note is vital with imaginative life.

One gets an interesting side light on Tschaikowsky's sincerity in his artistic faith from his own criticism of Brahms. "There is something dry, cold, vague, and nebulous in the work of this master," he says, "which is repellent to Russian hearts. . . . Hearing his music, we ask ourselves, Is Brahms deep, or does he only desire to have the semblance of depth in order to mask the poverty of his imagination? This question is never satisfactorily answered." "It is all very serious," he continues, "very distinguished, apparently even original, but in spite of all this the chief thing is lacking, — beauty!" This one *sine qua non* of beauty, however his conception of it might differ from that of Brahms, Tschaikowsky never forgot to strive for. But to him it was not a matter of formal structure, the cumulative result of order and symmetry in the parts, but rather a sudden effluence of passion, a "fine, careless rapture," coming and going with the breath of inspiration, and not to be wrought or harnessed. To others art might be craftsmanship; to him it was an obsession, or it was nothing.

We pass now at once to the consideration of those larger cyclical forms produced by the evolution of the germinal phrases: here, as we should expect, where the element of craftsmanship becomes so much more important, Brahms has the advantage of Tschaikowsky. By virtue of the simplicity of his original themes, much more suited to manipulation than the other's florid and

characteristic ideas, as well as through his consummate mastery of technique, he attains a cumulative growth of interest and a homogeneity of effect which Tschaiakowsky's methods cannot give.

Let us take, for analysis, that wonderful masterpiece of musical architecture, that perfect monument of grace and strength, the first movement of the D-major Symphony, Opus 73. Here, as in the Sapphic Ode, the first phrase, germ of the most varied and extended organism, is founded entirely upon the tonic and dominant harmonies. In rhythm it is almost equally simple, consisting of a motif of one half- and one quarter-note, repeated twice, and of another motif of three quarter-notes cadencing into a half-note. We may call these motifs, to which we must refer again, A and B. Though only a systematic, detailed analysis of the movement could reveal the full scope of Brahms's invention in dealing with these simple motifs, a briefer study will suffice to set before us his most salient devices and effects. The reader will forgive the necessary technical details, remembering that nothing is pedantic which enables us to trace the workings of the creative mind.

After the first announcement of his theme, Brahms works down into a subordinate idea entering at the forty-fourth measure. In calming down for this entrance he gives us a charming example of how he can make his motifs serve him. The three quarter-notes of motif B, without the final half-note, occur sporadically in measures thirty-five and thirty-nine, and then, doubled into half-notes, the deliberateness of which effects a skillful retardation, they occur once more, just before the new theme, in measures forty-two and forty-three. This doubling up of time values, termed "augmentation," is a favorite device with Brahms. After fifteen measures of his new theme he reverts to motif B (this time in its complete estate), tossing it from soprano to bass, and presently letting the soprano take

it in "diminution," the reverse of augmentation, while the bass executes a rhythmic variant of motif A. But Brahms has not yet by any means exhausted the potentialities of these three notes; before he gets very far into the development of his material he lets the trombones play tag with them. The first trombone gives them out in their normal position in the measure; before he is through, the second enters with them on beat three; and the third steps on his heels by blaring them out on beat two of the next measure. Just before the "return" of his theme Brahms subjects motif A to a similar displacement, shortening it to two quarter-notes so that he can introduce it three times in two measures, with a very curious effect of contorted accentuation. With these examples of his three favorite methods of motival metamorphosis, augmentation, diminution, and displacement in the measure, we must rest content; but any reader who will continue the research for himself will find many other interesting and beautiful devices. Our main effort here is to show how fertile is Brahms in evolving the novel from the simple, and how by so doing he weaves a fabric of quite inimitable homogeneity and richness. This movement, with its constantly ramifying melodic pattern, with its ceaseless germination of idea, beginning with the two simple motifs, and ending with the lovely coda in which they are wrought to their final adjustment, is a masterpiece of concinnity and organic beauty.

We find, then, that whatever may be the bareness of Brahms's initial themes, his after treatment of them is for two reasons masterly: (1) because, owing partly to this very simplicity of his material, and partly to his enormous technical skill, he is able to make his themes evolve and develop as he proceeds; (2) because, by means of his ingenuity in the transformation of motifs, he is able to superimpose all needful variety of detail on a solid, constant basis. Whatever his diversities of

rhythmical figure, his fundamental pulse persists throughout, binding every part to every other. His work is admirably coherent. These two qualities of growth and coherence are what make us consider Brahms so great a master of organic beauty.

Turning now to Tchaikowsky, we find an entirely different mode of procedure. For purposes of comparison, perhaps a fairer choice than the *Pathétique* would be the Fifth Symphony, in E minor, a highly characteristic work that is at the same time conceived within the conventional symphonic mould. What could be more charming, and yet more utterly polar to the Brahms style, than the tripping and piquant first theme, in syncopated rhythm, given out by the clarinets and bassoons against a steadily recurrent pulse in the strings? The whole air of it is gracious, genial, and unpremeditated. Yet as it proceeds one begins to feel that, after all, perhaps it is too complete and delightful; that its primary individuality is so great that no features can be added. Like Athena, it came forth complete in the first place from the brain of Zeus, and now it can evolve no new lineaments. Accordingly, it receives but a perfunctory polyphonic treatment; and even when we reach the triple fortissimo, where it comes out in all the wind and upper strings, with an effective descending bass, we still find in it, one must fear, more smoke than fire. It cannot evolve, because it was full-fledged at the outset.

Tchaikowsky himself evidently shares our dissatisfaction, for he now quickly enters upon a new theme, a subsidiary in B minor. At this point, moreover, he begins to show himself weak in coherence. Coming shortly to where he sees the opportunity for a poignant phrase on the violins and 'celli, he gives the cue for a slower tempo, which, however, he immediately accelerates back into the original pulse; a little later comes a curious dialogue be-

tween wind and strings, marked *Un pocochettino piu animato*; but hardly has he got into that before he is off again, this time on the beautiful and noble cantabile second theme, which he marks *Molto piu tranquillo*, and for which he even assigns a new metronome number. Each of these themes is delightful in itself: but the point to notice is that their variety is not superimposed upon unity; it is a variety without unity. In the last analysis, such variety is always inimical to any real homogeneity or coherence in the piece as a whole. One has only to apply the somewhat brutal test of playing the movement through with a metronome to find that its themes do not really belong together, in the sense that they combine to form a musical organism. They represent successive phases of mood, and have only the interconnection that comes from the train of thought that gave them birth. Any deeper bond of union, such as is secured by a common metrical basis, they lack.

That this crumbling of the structure, so to speak, is an inevitable result of Tchaikowsky's attitude toward art we shall realize the moment we reflect that themes which are primarily the expressions of feeling must share all the diversity and waywardness of feeling. Each theme will be beautiful, because it is the effluence of a noble personality; but all will be heterogeneous just in proportion to the many-sidedness of that personality. Here is the reason for the frequent cues of tempo; Tchaikowsky finishes with one mood and begins with another. And note further that so long as he stays in one mood his phrases are all alike; there is monotony of rhythm because the division is so regular, phrase answering phrase as in a wall paper figure answers figure. All the variety will come at the points of transition. Whereas with Brahms, on the contrary, all the variety is the product of varying metres, phrases of divers lengths, superimposed on one uniform time measure.

A good way to clarify this rather abstruse distinction will be by means of analogy with the metrics of verse. Tschaikowsky's effect is comparable to that of a poet who should write half a dozen lines of iambic pentameter, then, say, a Spenserian stanza, and end with a sheaf of Alexandrines; maintaining rigidly the mould of each, and passing from one to the other by sudden transition. On the other hand, Brahms, like Milton in *Paradise Lost* or Keats in *Endymion*, chooses first a definite measure, and then seeks to vary it all he can by manifold minor displacements and adjustments within it. His augmentations and diminutions, his shiftings of a motif within the measure, his phrases of varying length, are similar in effect to the licenses of omission or interpolation of syllables, the momentary subordination of verse accent to word accent, that give the verse of Keats its marvelous music. Let the reader, turning back to the lines we have quoted from *Endymion*, note the feminine endings of the first two and the last, the dactylic opening of the third, the strong stress that begins the fifth, and the hovering of emphasis over the words "sweet dreams: " with all this variety there goes perfect unity, — each line has its five accents. "The poet," says Mr. Gummere, in his *Handbook of Poetics*, "plans his verse as an architect plans a building, — with a general idea of the style and effect intended. The majority of his verses will convey the impression of a definite scheme. This scheme he may follow with great fidelity or with great license; *but he cannot in any case follow it absolutely*. First, he will intentionally deviate from it, in order to give variety to his verse. . . . Secondly, he involuntarily deviates from the scheme by reason of the laws of language itself." It is in precisely the same way that the skillful musician will constantly deviate from absolute regularity of rhythm, partly in order to attain variety, and partly constrained by

his motifs, which are to him what words are to the poet. Says Mr. Gummere, later in his book: "It is the mutual relations of the metrical scheme and the word-groups which give character to rhythm. We have already noticed this strife between type and individual, between unity and variety, and the beauty which results when a true poet is in the question."

The reader will now understand more clearly, we trust, the justification a critic has in saying that Tschaikowsky gives us a variety without unity or coherence, and that Brahms, always superimposing the diversity of individual motifs on the uniformity of his typical measure, thus attains true organic structure.

III.

We have now traced, however inadequately, the technical differences that underlie the contrasts we started with between music which aims at beauty and music which aims at expression. The full and unrestrained expression of each emotion, we have discovered, throws out inevitably the harmony of the piece as a whole; we cannot have in one work the maximum of emotional expressiveness and the maximum of organic perfection. Tschaikowsky is liable to incoherence, Brahms to dryness.

We have, moreover, hinted our conviction that if the two qualities are indeed mutually exclusive, and if each composer must choose between them, the choice of Brahms seems the wiser, because the quality he seeks is more germane to the genius of music. What we have described as the "classic emotion," the product of a prearranged adjustment between the artistic form and the perceiving mind, is possible to music in a higher degree than to any other art, because the material of music is less external to the mind than any other material. Accordingly, that musician is the wisest who builds his effects on precisely this adjustment, who trusts more to the appeal of the

classic emotion than to the mingled appeals of other fragmentary feelings, and who is strong enough to sacrifice a momentary eloquence for an abiding beauty. However we may be stirred by the *Pathétique* Symphony, whatever new vistas of tragic or noble feeling it may open to us, it can never satisfy us as the D-major Symphony of Brahms can satisfy. Satisfaction is an effect, in art as in life, that comes only from the sense of wholeness. The artist has to renounce beauties that conflict with his central, permeating beauty, just as the man has to renounce delights that conflict with his central ideal of happiness. And we have at least the analogy with the ethical sphere to support our belief that the integral conception of art is the higher, and that classicism is a saner artistic creed than romanticism. In the long run, the emotion that fills us when we hear a work of perfectly controlled and organized symmetry and loveliness, like the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven, the G-minor Organ Fugue of Bach, or the G-minor Piano Quartet of Brahms, is a more moving emotion than all the fine heats with which we listen to Wagner, Schumann, or Tschai-kowsky.

If, however, we are now ready to admit that in any absolute estimate the classic must be assigned a higher place than the romantic, this is by no means to say that the romantic lacks justification or good reason for being. It is indeed essential to the progress of art. For consider: if, dominated by our wish to produce only classic works, which must deal with a thoroughly plastic medium, we were always to rest content with that material over which we had complete mastery, we should never advance toward new modes of thought, greater complexities of structure, deeper powers of expression. Throughout the history of music, men have ventured into the realm of the novel, to win a foothold there which

either in them or in their successors became established, and served as a new platform for classical utterance. Such innovators are like pilgrims or crusaders, who discover new lands to be colonized by their more conservative brothers. Mr. W. H. Hadow, in his admirable essay on Brahms, points out the service of the romantic successors of Beethoven in "widening the range of emotional expression," and so "affecting music from the standpoint of the idea." He shows that the failure of such a romanticist as Schumann to couch his ideas in entirely adequate polyphony naturally followed from the novelty of those ideas, and their complexity of outline. He concludes that either "polyphony should grow obsolete, which the most unthinking audacity can hardly affirm," or that "the extreme of romantic expression has lost in art what it has gained in poetry." Finally, he defines Brahms as the reformer who, while in "full accord with the general conception of our age," is able "to select from its entire range [of musical thought] those particular forms of phrase and melody which are most conspicuously plastic and malleable." In other words, Brahms has stamped the romantic ideas of Schumann and his fellows with the organic beauty of classicism.

Our conclusion is inevitable. We must look upon Tschai-kowsky as a new romanticist, opening up unexplored fields of emotional expression; "losing in art," to be sure, "what he gains in poetry," but enriching the resources of music just as Schumann enriched them before him. Once looked at in this light, Tschai-kowsky falls into his true place, and we see that his fresh and sincere expression is a real contribution to the development of art, awaiting only some future Brahms to assimilate and reconstitute it in those forms of inner harmony that can alone give music its highest eloquence.

Daniel Gregory Mason

WHO FELL FROM ALOFT?

THROUGHOUT the dark November day a dense bank of fog had hung like a pall over the heights of Isle au Haut, leaving to view only a fringe of gloomy-looking spruces clinging to gray ledges near the water's edge. As night came on, the fog settled down and remorselessly swallowed everything in sight, excepting here and there the blurry glimmer of a light in one of the straggling houses close to the shore of the Thoroughfare.

A drizzling rain also set in, and the freshening southeast wind blew in fitful gusts across the narrow harbor, ruffling its waters into miniature whitecaps, and beating the halliards of a few belated herring boats against their masts in a ceaseless tattoo. Occasionally the faint bleat of sheep came through the fog, from up among the boulders of Kimball's Island, while during the lulls of wind the sea's dull rote could be heard, as a long ground swell tumbled and churned among the kelps on the East Side.

On board the ancient pinky Rainbow, of Brandon's Cove, old Skipper Rufus Condon and his two men had passed the day chiefly in their bunks, asleep; rousing merely to eat, and eating, as the skipper said, merely to smoke afterwards, but as usual denouncing the prevailing spell of weather as without doubt the longest and dirtiest and altogether the most assuredly condemned ever experienced by fishermen since the Concord fight.

As the old man poked his shaggy white head through the scuttle, intending to put up the riding-light for the night, he was hailed by a townsman, Skipper Lemuel Spurlin, who with his three sons navigated the little schooner Quickstep, then lying at anchor but a few lengths away.

"Uncle Rufe!" cried he. "What was it they called the ole Gertrude

Withington after she was sold furrin that time?"

"Lemme see! Tell ye in a minute!" answered the old man. "Falls o' Ettrick, I b'lieve 't was! Some sich gawk of a name, anyways! Yas, that's jes' what 't was, — Falls o' Ettrick!"

"Wal," shouted Skipper Spurlin, "seems 's though she's gone to kingdom come! She laid her bones on the Diamon' Shoal that last heavy breeze o' wind we had!"

"Git out, you!" exclaimed Uncle Rufe, setting his lantern on the deck. "How in blazes did ever you git holt o' that?"

"Why, Hoddy, here, he 's been ashore this aft'noon, an' made out to drum up a paper somewheres!" replied Lemuel. "I was only jes' now readin' into her where the English ship Falls o' Ettrick had went onto the Diamon' Shoal an' broke up in that ole twister of a breeze we had last week! It come acrosst me all to once that was jes' what them parties called the ole Gerty the time she was sold outen the Cove! I'll take an' fetch the paper over to ye soon 's ever we down a mug o' tea!"

Shortly after the Quickstep's dory bumped alongside, and Skipper Lemuel and his three strapping'sons were soon lighting their pipes in the Rainbow's warm cuddy. After relieving his mind with great freedom concerning the weather, and exchanging expert opinions as to the further prospect of herring, the skipper took out a crumpled newspaper, and, putting on his glasses, read aloud with much precision the item referred to.

"Wal," said Uncle Rufe, with something of a sigh, "seems 's though the ole gal's gone, then. That 's her, without no doubt! Wal, wal. Sich is life. She was the very last one o' the square-riggers ever they sot up there to home, an' one o' the best built ships

ever left the state o' Maine, 'lowin' I'm any jedge. I see every stick o' timber went into her, an' was one o' the gang to calk her, an' I'll gurren-tee you could n't strike ary holler seam into her from the garboards chock to the wales!"

"A consid'ble smart-appearin' pack-et she was, too, I allus called her," said Skipper Spurlin. "To be sure, I wa'n't only a young shaver the time she was launched, but I see her afterwards quite a few times a-loadin' there to Portlan'; an' then ole lady Withington she's got a set-fired great paint-in' of her that hangs there into the settin' room, — every dog-gone thing aboard pict'ed out complete, now I tell ye! Prob'ly it's one the Ole Sir hisself had drawn somewheres."

"Lord, you!" exclaimed Uncle Rufe. "I was 'long on him the time he had it took. 'T was one o' them Frenchmen done that job, there to Havre. Yas, there wa'n't nothin' the matter with the ole Gerty's looks, an' she was full better 'n what she looked to be, — there's where the beauty on 't come in! Burdensome, ye know; more 'n an av'rage good sailer, an' stiff's a blame' church, even with a swep' hold! Speakin' 'bout the time she was launched, though, why, I was there, too, that day, myself, an' ain't only got a couple o' toes to my right foot on account on 't!"

"Sho! I want to know!" said Skipper Lemuel. "Git ketched some-ways, did ye?"

"Wal, yas, I kind o' thought so," replied the old man. "Ye see I was consid'ble spry them days, an' so they turned to an' pick'd me out to knock away the dog-shore at the launchin'. That's the very last thing that holds the vess'l, ye know, an' whoever has the job o' knockin' of it away is liable to do some pooty tall hustlin' to git out from un'neath on her with a whole hide. Some folks I know would n't try to git out at all, but soon's ever they'd made out to knock away this

here dog-shore, they'd take an' scrouch down betwixt the ways jes' snug's ever they could git, an' let the ship an' the whole bus'niss slide over 'em!

"That allus 'peared to me like takin' 'most too damn many chances, though, so quick's ever I'd knocked everythin' clear, an' see the ship commence a-mov-in', I fetched a leap to git out; but seems's though there was grease from offn the ways on the sole o' my boot, so's't I slipped an' made a bad misgo on 't. 'T was a dod-blowed wonder the tar wa'n't all squat outen me, but someways this here foot 'peared to take the heft on 't, an' ole Dr. Copwell he took an' trimmed them toes down slick's a whistle."

"Wal, there, you!" exclaimed the skipper. "That's the fust time ever I heern tell o' that! I knowed you went a number o' v'yages offshore into the Gerty 'long o' the Ole Sir, an' I allus heern tell how you see some dretful cur'us works aboard on her."

"Godfrey mighty, you!" interrupted Uncle Rufe. "That was after she was sold furrin. She wa'n't the Gertrude Withington no longer then. She was flyin' the English flag, an' luggin' deals from Quebec to Liv'pool."

"Oh, was that it? For king's sake, how ever come you shippin' aboard one o' them English timber droghers up to Quebec there?"

"Wal," said the old man, tapping the ashes from his pipe, "I'll tell ye. 'T was jes' on account o' the fancy wages they was offerin'. Them timber ships as a gin'ral rule was loaded out o' all reason, ye see, an' slues on 'em was lost 'fore ever they'd git clear o' the Gulf o' St. Lawrence. Come ri' down to the fine thing, betwixt you an' me an' the win'lass-bitts, there was so damn much insurance took out on 'em, I cal'late some on 'em could n't make out to swim with it; but fin'ly there come a time when they was put to it to find crews for the blame' ole cof-fins, without they'd pay more 'n the goin' wages."

"Set-fire, you! I sh'd say so!" cried Skipper Spurlin. "Seems 's ef it was a kind o' duberous sight a-shippin' 'fore the mast into one o' them things, you. Double an' thribble the goin' wages would n't been no objec' to me."

"Yas, yas, I un'stan'," said Uncle Rufe. "I dunno what possessed us them days, but there *was* consid'ble many o' our folks turned to an' shipped into them same droghers out o' Quebec there. We'd turn to an' ship jes' only by the run to Liv'pool, ye see, an' like's not make high's seventy or eighty dollars out on 't. Then we'd take an' git aboard a steamer an' give it to her back ag'in, an' ship into another drogher right away, so's't there was dollars into it ef only your luck was tol'ble good!"

"Wal, but 'lowin' how a feller's luck wa'n't none too good, he was liable to git snubbed up with a round turn, all stannin'!" said the skipper. "But I'll tell ye, Uncle Rufe, I wisht to gracious you'd turn to an' reel us off the true hist'ry o' them hell-fired goin's-on you see aboard that vess'l. I've heern tell how it was a sight wuss racket 'n what you see aboard the ole Harvester that time."

"Wal," said Uncle Rufe, "they was cur'us works, the two on 'em, an' I never asked nobody to b'lieve ary one, myself. Allst ever I say is jes' this much: *I seen this thing* with my own eyes, but 's fur 's you or anybody is concerned, why, you can take it or leave it, as the feller says. It ain't no sich a very lengthy yarn, anyways."

"I went a couple o' v'yages off-shore 'long o' ole Cap'n Withington into the Gerty, an' then brother Ephe he coaxed me to stop to home a spell, an' go hand-linin' 'long o' him into a little jigger he'd jes' bought. We hung to that a number o' seasons, an' 't was jes' then them Englishmen grafted onto the Gerty. I never knowed at the time what it was they called her, nor nothin' only that she'd been sold furrin for a crackin' ole price."

"Wal, fin'ly one night we was on-lucky 'nough to strike the jigger on the tail end o' the Hue an' Cry up home there. 'T was thick o' fog an' rough 's a grater out there, ye know; jes' break-in' a clean torch everywheres. The creetur she dropped offn a sea, an' jes' fetched one dod-blasted clip, but never stopped goin' a mite, an' we made out to git her in home someways. Come to find out, she'd started her stern-post pooty bad, an' stove the keel to flinders chock aft, so's't Ephe he had to haul her up for repairs; an' then thinks I, bedide ef I don't try a trip or so into one o' them timber ships they was all tellin' 'bout."

"I took an' put her for Quebec, an' run afoul o' this here ship the fust thing, all loaded an' 'most ready to sail. Quick 's ever I see her I knowed she was Yankee-built fast 'nough, though there 't was painted on her stern plain 's daylight, ' Falls o' Ettrick, Sunderland; ' but come to once git aboard, an' 't wa'n't only a short time 'fore I'd bated dollars to doughnuts she was the Gertrude Withington. They'd turned to an' changed her over into full ship rig, an' painted her all up diff'rent; an' besides that, she was nigh buried out o' sight un'neath a tormented great deckload o' deals; but still there was a number o' things I twigged pooty quick, so's't there wa'n't no doubt in my mind but what she was the ole Gerty for sure."

"There wa'n't ary one o' the crew knowed the fust blame' thing 'bout her, mind ye, but soon 's ever the chance showed up I took an' sounded the mate on the subje', an' he 'lowed right off 't was jes' how I thought."

"Wal, o' course I was kind o' pleased like to git aboard the ole packet ag'in so fashion, bein' how I'd seen her built an' launched, an' had made r'ally my fust deep-water v'yage into her, let alone o' bein' ter'ble well acquainted 'long o' ole Cap'n Withington ever sence I knowed anything at all. An' besides all that, 's I say, she was a

gran' good, dry, comfort'ble creetur to go into, take it 'most any kind o' chance, but ye see it did 'pear so sort o' sing'lar the way I 'd fell in 'long of her ag'in that nat'rally I made some consid'ble amount o' talk 'bout it forward there amongst the rest part o' the crew.

"They was a tol'ble clever class o' fellers that trip, take 'em by an' large, but there was one hard-lookin' ticket in pertikler amongst 'em that come aboard crazy drunk, an' kep' so long after everybody else had sobered off. When he did fin'ly git hisself straightened out, he turned to in good shape, an' 'peared to be a proper sailor man; but still there was allus suppn 'bout the cut o' the feller's jib I could n't go nohow. Seems 's though he wa'n't the leastways anxious to chum in 'long o' nobody, an' it 's damn sure nobody did n't hanker for no truck 'long o' him! To look at the cuss, nine out o' ten would set him down for a reg'lar-built Dago, without no efs nor an's about it; but the steward he 'lowed the feller had shipped under the name o' McLaren, an' had give out how he was a Novy Scoshy Scotchman. Anyways, McLaren is how he was called 'board the ship, though 'most any pore fool would knowed that wa'n't his right name, not by a jugful!

"Wal, 's I was sayin', I 'd been in the habit o' makin' more or less talk about this here ship Falls o' Ettrick bein' the ole Yankee bark Gertrude Withington; but this here yaller-mugged Portogee Novy Scoshyman he seldom ever set round 'long o' the rest part on us, without 't was jes' to bolt his grub same 's a dog, an' git out ag'in, so's't seems 's though he 'd never heern none o' this talk till one time it come round that somebody happened to speak it right out afore him 'bout my bein' a towny o' ole Cap'n Withington's, an' goin' into the vess'l when she was a Yankee bark in room o' bein' an English timber drogher.

"Wal, sir, that blame' Dago he set

there shovelin' in his supper horrid, same 's usual; but quick 's ever he heern this here talk he sort o' choked up like, an' bedide, now, ef he did n't jes' turn some consid'ble white round the gills! The cuss tried his dingedest to pass it off, though, but I took notice he was all of a tremble the whole length on him; an' after this here, seems 's though he acted even queerer 'n what he had afore. He 'd allus try to sneak off all soul alone by hisself, ef 't was a pos'ble thing; an' come to that, his actions the whole time was for all the world same 's though he cal'lated folks was a-watchin' an' huntin' of him like.

"But I know I ketched him dezens o' times givin' me his ugly black looks, jes' eggsac'ly same 's though he was fairly itchin' for a chance to knife me in the back, ye know; an' 't wa'n't jes' only me that twigged it, neither, for the ole steward he come one time an' gimme warnin' to keep a good sharp eye to wind'ard for that feller. Ole steward he 'lowed how he 'd been ship-mates 'long o' them Dagos so's't to know 'em root an' branch, — a bloody sight better 'n what he wanted to, 's 'e; an' he 'lowed this one had a bad gredge ag'in' me for suppn or other, that was dead sure, though what under the livin' canopy he was down on me for in pertikler I could n't noways make out to fathom. I never even so much 's see him that I knowed on 'fore comin' aboard the ship, an' sence then I 'd took oath him an' me had n't had no kind o' truck together one way or t' other.

"Come to keep turnin' of it over, though, I could n't seem to rec'lec' seein' of him gimme none o' them cut-throat looks o' hisn till after the time he overheern the talk 'bout my bein' acquainted 'long o' the vess'l the way I was. Wal, I bothered my head some consid'ble for a spell tryin' to put this an' that together, but I could n't never 'pear to make no great sight o' headway.

"'T was plain 'nough that findin' out

that night 'bout the ship's bein' the ole Gertrude was the biggest kind o' s'prise party to him, an' it was jes' so plain he did n't love me none the better for claimin' to know so much 'bout her. Them two things I could see all clear enough; but whenever I'd git that fur, I'd be sure to fetch up all stannin', an' so bimeby the thing pooty much dropped out o' mind altogether.

"The blame' Dago he kep' on skulk-in' round same's ever, but never once opened his face to me, nor to nobody else for that matter, an' we'd made out to wiggle the ole craft somewheres nigh half acrosst the big pond, when 'long in the aft'noon one day it shet in thick o' fog on us; an' ef ever it *was* thick o' fog, that air was the time, too, — one o' them proper ole black, dreep-in' fogs, ye know, jes' thick's ma'sh mud, so's't you could n't begin to see nothin' like the length o' the vess'l. It'd bunch up into great big drops on every namable thing you'd lay hand on, an' I rec'lec' plain's can be the stiddy dreepin', dreepin' it kep' up offn the spars an' riggin', same's so much rain in the summer time.

"An' soon's ever it come night, wal, bedide, now, but did n't it everlastin'ly make out to be some black, though! It could n't been no darker'n what 't was that night, noways they could rigged it, — jes' a reg'lar out-an'-out dungeon it was, — an' that fog would soak up a light so's't thirty foot off you'd scurely know she was lit 't all!

"The ole man, I know, he was chock-full o' trouble, frettin' an' stewin' around, him an' the mate together, 'bout keepin' an' extry good lookout there forrard, an' all that; though Lord knows, for all the good a lookout was sich a chance as that, he might full better be turned in, with a blanket hauled over his head. What mod'rit little air o' wind there was that day had been out here to the south'ard an' east'ard, but it kep' peterin' out after sundown, an' I know when it come our watch there wa'n't so much's a breath from

nowheres, — jest a perfec' stark dead calm she was, so's't the ship had lost every mite o' steerageway.

"There was one o' them long-drawed ole seas on, ye know, an' the creetur she'd fell off, an' laid there wallerin' right in the trough, a-rollin' an' rollin' away, oh, ter'ble slow an' lonesome like, with the sails aloft givin' out little easy flaps every time she fetched up, an' sendin' down a spatter o' them big drops atop o' the deckload.

"Wal, I was stannin' somewheres 'bout 'midships, I know, an' this here Novy Scoshy Dago, it was his trick to the wheel, ye un'stand. The second mate he was aft too there somewheres, an' the rest part o' the watch was scattered round one place an' another. There did n't 'pear to be ary man talkin' a word, neither. Someways it made out to be so cussed still an' black that night, seems's though all our tails was sort o' down like, though prob'ly nobody would n't owned up to it then.

"All to once, whacko! there come the ongodliest ole thump right on deck chock aft there, so's't the ship jarred the whole length on her, an' 'most the very same instant that set-fired Dago let go a screech outen him, I swan, fit to turn the blood cold in your veins!

"Then the second mate he up an' commenced yellin' somebody had fell from aloft, an' all hands on us made a break aft. The ole man he turned to an' fetched a light outen the cabin quick's ever he could, an', sir, layin' right there on the quarter-deck, jes' forrard o' the wheel, betwixt it an' the after end o' the house, was a heap o' suppn dressed in oilskins, an' a big pool o' blood dreeblin' out from un'-neath on 't!"

"Sho, you!" exclaimed Skipper Lemuel.

"Gospel truth," said the old man. "McLaren he'd fell forrard acrosst his wheel in a dead faint, with his arms hangin' down limp an' swingin' every time the rudder kicked an' give it a spoke or two one way or t' other.

Seems 's ef I could see him there this minute, doubled over that way for all the world same 's ef he was stoopin' down so 's't to git a closesquint at this here thing on deck in front on him! Wal, now, ef there wa'n't the devil's own shindy aboard that ship! The ole man he took his lamp an' tried to find out who it was that had fell, though so fur 's known there wa'n't nobody aloft, anyways; wa'n't no airthly call for it, ye know. They took an' kind o' straightened the thing out so 's't to git a look at the face, an' we see he was a big, black-lookin' devil; but, sir, there wa'n't ary soul aboard knowed who 't was, not ef they was to swing for it!"

"Wal, I'll be jiggered!" cried the skipper. "Wa'n't none o' your folks missin' nor nothin'?"

"Nary one o' the ship's comp'ny wa'n't missin', that was a blame' sure thing, an' you can bate them fellers commenced to git nerved up in good shape over the bus'niss! McLaren had been lugged below, an' soon 's ever he come to hisself we tried to git suppn outen him 'bout it; but seems 's though the feller had flew right offn his nut complete, an' allst in the world he'd do was to jabber away stiddy mostly in some dod-blasted outlandish lingo or other, an' keep a-rollin' them big, wild-lookin' eyes o' hisn fit to beat creation.

"Wal, the boys all the time was git-tin' more an' more worked up, ye see, an' commencin' to take on the very wusht way. Every mother's son on 'em 'lowed how the ole man had ought to turn to an' heave the dod-blasted thing to hell overboard quick 's ever he could; but he kep' a-hangin' back like, a-backin' an' fillin', an' tryin' to quiet 'em down someways. For one thing, I know he would have it the feller was a stowaway; but set-fire! he knowed better all the time 'n to talk sich stuff 's that to us! There the ship's hold was stowed choek-a-block full o' lumber jes' solid 's you could pack it, an' there wa'n't no sight at all no place

else for ary livin' soul to take an' hide hisself away for a fortni't goin' on three weeks, same 's he must ha' done. An' 'lowin' there *was* some feller made out to stow hisself aboard, what in the name o' reason should possess him to turn to an' go aloft a dirty black night same 's that was?

"No, siree, sir! The ole man he could n't make out to shove no sich guff 's that down our throats, not much he could n't! There wa'n't ary one on us cal'lated to turn in ag'in with that dev'lish thing in oilskins layin' aboard the ship, an' I guess, ef the truth was known, both mates felt 'bout the same 's we done. Anyways, they held a number o' confabs 'long o' the ole man, an' fin'ly seems 's though he come to see 't wa'n't no good buckin' ag'in' the whole on us, so fashion.

"Bedide, now, you! I won't un'-take to say but what there'd been a risin' aboard that hooker ef he had n't give in jes' he did! You take the common run o' hands afore the mast ye know, an' they'll most gin'ally put up with a sight o' crowdin' most ways, but sure 's ever you live, now, I tell ye the ole man's head was level when he turned to an' give us leaf to take an' heave the thing over the side that same night.

"But come to git ri' down to it, though everybody wanted to be red o' the hell-fired thing the wusht ole way, still there wa'n't ary man into the whole ship's comp'ny that darst to up an' tech of it. The mate he tried orderin' an' coaxin' this one an' that one, but he could n't stir nobody to make ary move, when all to once, be dinged ef that there lunny McLaren did n't fetch a spring out on deck an' yells fit to stund ye like, 'I've handled him once, an' I can ag'in!' 's 'e."

"Wal, I'll be jig—" essayed Skipper Spurlin again, but Uncle Rufus cut him short.

"They'd pooty nigh stripped the cuss below there, tryin' to fetch him to, ye know, an' I'm tellin' of ye he did look some desp'rit the time he give

that tiger leap an' grappled 'long o' that thing on deck there! Up he picked it same 's ef 't wa'n't no heft at all, an' whisked acrosst deck to the rail 'fore ever we 'd r'ally took it in, an' was jes' in the very act o' endin' of it up so's't to give it a header, when, true 's ever I 'm settin' here, that air hell-fired thing fetched a twist, wropped two big, long arms clean round McLaren, an' the pair on 'em div over the rail together! My soul an' body, but that 's the hones' truth; an' jes' they done so, up come the dog-gonedes'-soundin' laugh ever was heern yit, I 'll gurrentee!"

"By the jumpin' Judas, you!" gasped Skipper Lemuel, his eyes protruding like those of a gigantic lobster. "That air jes' doos make out to — wal, there, I 'll be everlastin'ly jiggered, swan to man ef I won't!"

"Wal, sir, then there was hell to pay an' no pitch hot, now don't you go to thinkin' there wa'n't!" continued Uncle Rufus, not heeding his visitor's interruption. "The ole man an' the mates was yellin' to launch a bo't, an' to heave 'em a cork jacket, an' to do I dunno what not, but now sure 's you live, there wa'n't none o' that crowd would git into no bo't; not that night they would n't! The ole man he swore how McLaren had fell overboard, or else jumped over of his own accord; but there! we all seen ourselves jes' how it was, an' I cal'late there wa'n't ary man but what would n't stood keel-haulin' sooner 'n took chances into a bo't after them two jes' that pertikler time. There was a pair o' life-preservers hove after 'em, an' some on 'em made out to pry over a stick o' timber from offn the deckload; though o' course they done it jes' by way o' sayin' they done suppn, for everybody knowed nothin' in God's world would n't be no good.

"Wal, for a consid'ble spell there wa'n't much else talked on aboard that packet, I tell ye; but bimeby the thing kind o' blowed over like, same 's them

things doos, ye know, in time. I left her there to Liv'pool, an' the very fust time I was to home there, I made it a p'int to jes' go right up an' see ole Cap'n Withington. I 'd been mullin' the thing over to myself pooty much all the time, ye see, tryin' to git at the true bearin's some ways or 'nother, so I took an' walked up to the Ole Sir's place there, an' put it to him plain an' fair was ever there ary cuttin' scrape or ary great shakes of a row aboard the Gertrude after I 'd left her.

" 'No,' says the Ole Sir right away. 'No,' 's 'e, 'there never was no cuttin', nor no trouble 't all to speak on, without,' 's 'e, 'without it was on the last trip but one ever I made into her,' 's 'e. 'There was a Portogee, or some sich outlandish man, took a tumble from offn the mizzen tops'l yard one night, an' killed hisself deado; an' what 's more,' 's 'e, 'they allus mistrusted most damnly how there was foul play mixed up into it.' "

At this, Skipper Spurlin was once more moved to declare his expectation of being jiggered throughout all time, while the others also evinced a lively interest in various ways; but, pausing merely solemnly to reassure them of his strict adherence to facts, Uncle Rufus proceeded: —

"Seems 's though there was these two outlandish men shipped aboard the Ger-ty for the run to Havre from Mobile with cotton, — one big one, an' one kind o' mejum-sized feller. Seems 's though there was bad blood betwixt 'em from the fust, an' the big one he was allus an' forever pickin' on the other feller like, an' thumpin' of him round, so's't the small one was heern more 'n once to make his threats how he 'd git a come-uppance someways.

"Seems 's though them two was aloft on the mizzen tops'l yard this here wet, dirty night, an' some o' the boys was knowin' to it they 'd had an extry lively fallin' out that very same af'noon. Wal, sir, the big one he fin'ly come down an' struck the quarter-deck

same 's a thousan' o' brick, — killed hisself deader 'n forty herrin', — an' his pardner give out how the footrope had parted un'neath the pair on 'em, an' how he like to have fell hisself; but mind ye, every soul that see that piece o' riggin' 'lowed how 't had been cut with a knife, in the room o' partin', so's't they did n't make no bones 'bout layin' the job right plumb to this here Dago, an' got the cuss fairly skeered of his life 'fore ever they made port.

"Ole Sir, there, he 'lowed how he was like to have clapped the feller in irons an' give him up soon 's ever they got in, but seems 's though they was

ter'ble short-handed that time, so's't he kep' lettin' the thing go, an' the bloody cut-throat made out to give 'em the slip 'fore ever the ship was docked there to Havre. Ole Sir he turned to, that time I see him, an' overhauled his chist o' logbooks so's't to show me the eggsac' entry where the big Dago was killed that way.

"So there, now you have the whole bus'niss complete. I could n't seem to read the thing jes' right at fust, but same time I wa'n't so tormented numb but that I could see through a millstone quick 's ever the hole showed up good an' plain!"

George S. Wasson.

THE SECOND MAYORALTY ELECTION IN GREATER NEW YORK.

FOUR years ago, in the Atlantic for January, 1898, I discussed the first election for mayor of Greater New York, held the preceding November. I shall now, in like manner and for a like purpose, discuss its second mayoralty election, held last November. The two elections were, I believe, the most striking applications of universal suffrage to the business concerns of a single municipality which the world has ever known. The population of the city in 1897 was more than 3,000,000, and in 1901 more than 3,500,000. In the former year more than 509,000 citizens, and in the latter more than 560,000, by secret ballot expressed their preference between candidates for the chief magistracy of the city, and meant to express their preference between the methods of its civil administration, or between rival political programmes proposed for the future. The vote in 1901 was far more than the total popular vote of the United States in the earlier presidential elections, and more than the latest vote for President in any American state except New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois,

Michigan, Missouri, Indiana, and Iowa. The specific administrative functions, which the voters had to award to one candidate or the other, were, in variety, extent, and intrinsic importance, greater than ever before in the Greater New York, or any of the former cities and towns of which it was the consolidation, and far greater, I believe, than were ever involved in a popular municipal election. Its government had become highly centralized. Its annual budget exceeded \$97,000,000. Under its first consolidated charter, that of 1897, the prerogatives of the mayor had been large; but under the revised charter of 1901 the mayor was to have prerogatives much larger, and no doubt was justly to be held to a correspondingly greater responsibility. He would, during his entire term, have the right, and the sole right, not only to appoint his principal subordinates, but to remove any one of his appointees except members of the board of education. No one of his predecessors had had the right of removal except for a brief period after his inauguration. The new right of removal would enormously increase the

mayor's practical power of control and direction, and would likewise compel him, with his own repute and prestige, to answer for the ability and integrity with which the vast number of his subordinates should perform their duties. The perfect understanding of all this gave the election of 1901 a very great dignity and critical importance. No chief magistrate of any city in the world — certainly none chosen by popular suffrage — has a power equal, or nearly equal, to that which has just been placed in the hands of Mayor Low. It may be truly said that, within the limits of the city, the elections of 1897 and 1901 were not, in respect of intensity of popular feeling and intelligence of popular discussion, inferior to the presidential elections of our generation.

These mayoralty elections of the metropolis in 1897 and 1901 deserve, therefore, the profound interest of every student of municipal government — and of every citizen, whether a student or not — who is concerned with the political competence of the masses of American men. I told the readers of the *Atlantic*, four years ago, that I deplored — and I still deplore — the result of the election of 1897. It would, in my opinion, have been far better for New York if Seth Low had in that year been chosen, representing — as he then did, beyond any doubt — the independent sentiment rejected of both party organizations. Nevertheless, as I then said, there was much in the result to confirm and cheer those who believed that universal suffrage was to work well even when applied to the business problems of the great cities of our American democracy. It will, no doubt, be assumed — and rightly — that I regret the result of the mayoralty election in 1901, although it gave the rulership of the city to the same able and high-minded citizen whom I should have been glad to have seen chosen in 1897. In spite, however, of my regret, I find in the result as a whole, and especially in the campaign

which preceded it, much — and more than I found in the election of 1897 — to increase confidence in the political ability and character of our urban populations. Both the struggles demonstrated the wholesome concern of the masses of the American metropolis with moral questions when distinctly put before them. Whether, in 1901, such questions were in truth and practically involved in the competition between the two candidates is a very different question of sound public policy, as to which there were, during the campaign, and remain after it, wide differences of opinion between men equally intelligent and loyal to the honor of their city. My personal position as the defeated Democratic candidate for mayor disables me from speaking of that and of other questions concerning persons with entire frankness; or rather, makes me fear that, however frankly I might speak about them, what I should say would not, by some, or perhaps many, be accepted as frank. Where I cannot freely speak, whether for praise or for blame, I shall not speak at all. But I can, and quite without *arrière-pensées*, discuss the general and most instructive features of the campaign. They may well interest the voters of other American cities.

The result in November, 1897, which four years ago I regretted, was strictly a "Tammany victory." For although the Greater New York consists of five boroughs, in only two of which, Manhattan and the Bronx, the ancient Democratic organization of Tammany Hall exists, still the principal nominations and the fundamental theory of the Democratic campaign of 1897 were determined by Tammany Hall, and conceded by its associates of the three boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond. Tammany Hall is likewise, no doubt, credited by many with the origin and direction of the Democratic mayoralty campaign of 1901; but those who accord it that credit are ill informed. It was in no

proper sense a Tammany campaign, — certainly not in the bad sense in which the enemies of that organization interpret the expression. The differences between 1897 and 1901 are obvious. In my former article I pointed out that, however well disposed, personally, the Democratic candidates for mayor and comptroller might have been in November, 1897, the fact was clear, nor, indeed, was there any concealment of it on the Democratic side, that they “were not chosen for their own equipment in ability, in experience for the duties of really great and critical offices requiring statesmanship of the highest order, or any public confidence earned by any past public service;” that although, during their tenure of office, it might turn out that in truth they had had such sense of right and such force of character, nevertheless it had not been for those qualities that they had been nominated. “They were chosen,” I then said, “from among the large body of men counted upon to do absolutely and without troublesome protest the will of . . . powerful politicians with no official responsibility.” That was the first of the two chief grounds of my extreme condemnation of the Tammany campaign of 1897.

And there was a second and equally important ground. However good the nominees might turn out to be, their nominations meant — and were in substance declared to mean — that the Democratic organizations of Manhattan and Brooklyn reaffirmed adherence to the methods of administration against which just popular judgment had been pronounced at the polls in 1893 and 1894. In the latter year, legislative investigation had convinced the public that in the Manhattan borough (the old city of New York) detestable practices had existed in some departments of the Tammany administration then drawing to a close, and more especially among the police. Neither the Democratic candidate for mayor nor the organization which nominated him pro-

mised in 1897, nor, so far as the public was informed, did his nomination imply, any amendment, or any attempt at amendment, of the abuses of 1894 and the year immediately preceding. A like thing was true of the borough second in population to Manhattan, but rapidly overtaking it. In 1893 independent Democrats and Republicans had joined to defeat the local Democratic organization at the mayoralty election in that borough, — then the city of Brooklyn, — and for what was believed to be political and administrative wrongdoing. That election resulted in complete Democratic defeat; and the next year the election in the old city of New York resulted in an even more overwhelming defeat of the Tammany ticket. The second ground upon which I condemned the Democratic municipal campaign of 1897 was, as I here wrote in January, 1898, the refusal of the Democratic organizations to reverse their support of what had been condemned by the popular and just verdicts of 1893 and 1894. I pointed out — and quite without imputation upon the principal Democratic candidates, whose ability and character still had to be tried in actual administration — that both those organizations “stood with explicit and bad courage upon the very record which had received a damning popular judgment not only in the decent homes of New York, but at the polls of the city.” I did not, however, — certainly I could not, in the philosophic reasonableness of these pages, — practice the exaggeration which is so fashionable in dealing with urban politics in our country, though so unnecessary for any beneficent purpose, or indulge in the wholesale imputations made upon the largest single body of voters in the city, — almost a majority of the whole electorate, — or upon all of the men whom that body chose to have lead them. On the contrary, I said — and truly, as the present retrospect shows — that “the plurality which had returned Tammany Hall to power included thousands of honest,

good citizens, and even citizens both intelligent and high-minded; that, under its restored administration, some things — probably many things — would be well and fairly done; that the masses of its voters had not deliberately intended to surrender their city to corruption and incompetence; that even among its politicians were men whose instincts were sound and honorable.” I protested against the abnormal pictures of iniquity in New York, pointing out that, without exaggeration, there was quite enough to arouse the wholesome indignation of good citizens. Nor did I confine my criticism to Tammany Hall. I said that in 1897 “nine tenths of the organized jobbery of the city sought Tammany success;” but I also said that they did it both directly and through the “indirect, but no less practical alliance of the Republican organization, — a machine more Anglo-Saxon, perhaps, in its equipment, but not a whit better in morals, than its rival.” I expressed my grief at the defeat of Seth Low, the candidate of the Citizens’ Union in 1897, my congratulations to him upon the great political strength with which he had emerged from his defeat, and my fear that New York was “doomed to a low standard of civic administration until the end of 1901.” Finally, and in spite of all we had wished to be otherwise, I insisted that there was much, very much, in the first mayoralty election of the Greater New York to encourage good citizens; that there then appeared in its municipal politics, “far more plainly than ever before, a powerful and wholesome tendency” to independent voting, that very first condition of permanently good municipal politics; that the election had shown that “the democratic experiment here on trial would work out well even in great cities; and that, in the very dear school of experience, the mass of people would learn to insist upon exceptional ability and character in public administration, and to vote for nothing else.”

Such, four years ago, was my view of the first mayoralty election; and except as, for obvious reasons, I may not and will not, in this general discussion, deal with the actual merits or demerits of those chosen to office in 1897, or with the wisdom or fairness of those who, before or after their election, condemned them, I have not since seen, and do not now see, any reason to reverse my view. I venture only to say, by way of a single personal note, that my acceptance of the Democratic nomination in 1901 not only implied no such reversal, but, on the contrary, proceeded, and was, at the time of my acceptance, explicitly stated to proceed, upon a complete affirmance of the views I had expressed four years before. It was intended, whatever the result at the polls, to be a practical promotion of those views. Whether the intention were wise or not is another question: as to that, there were, and will doubtless remain, widely differing opinions.

The formidable independent strength shown in 1897 gave the Democratic organizations, upon entering into power on New Year’s Day, 1898, a serious reason for caution and restraint. Having the advantage of the popular discontent with the “reform” or Fusion administration of Mr. Strong, and the far from satisfactory Republican administration of Brooklyn in 1896 and 1897, those organizations still found themselves definitely in a minority. In November, 1897, Judge Van Wyck, the Democratic candidate for mayor, received 233,997 votes; General Tracy, the Republican candidate, 101,873; Mr. Low, the candidate of the Citizens’ Union, 151,540; and Henry George, Jr. (running in place of his famous and noble father, who died suddenly during his candidacy), 21,693 votes. That is to say, the regular Democratic vote was 234,000 votes, or only 46 per cent. as against an opposition of 275,000 votes, or 54 per cent. Clearly, the election of the Democratic candidate had resulted from a division of the opposi-

tion, which might well be temporary. The caution and restraint exercised in 1898-1901 were, to say the least, insufficient. The course of public sentiment during those years became increasingly adverse; at the last it was intense and irresistible.

The most powerful stimulus of that sentiment (apart from the facts before the people) was the press of New York. Any one familiar with its daily journals, during the past quarter century, must acknowledge — and he should do so with gratitude — the great increase of their political independence, and with it the signal growth of their practical and immediate hold upon voters. In our time the old-fashioned party organ brings even to its partisan readers little that is useful; and it is an almost negligible quantity on election day. Not, indeed, that the modern independent press is omnipotent. Far from it. In 1897 almost the entire press of New York supported Mr. Low, but he polled less than 30 per cent of the total vote. There are other and sometimes greater forces than the newspapers. Nevertheless, what they did in 1897 was an extraordinary achievement. There may be great power without omnipotence. From 1897 until election day, 1901, the same press carried criticism to the point of condemnation of the entire administration, from top to bottom, as utterly corrupt and incompetent, except only in the finance department, whose chief, Mr. Coler, enjoyed during his entire term of office a general concession of his ability and upright independence. The newspaper picture dur-

ing the years 1898-1901 was otherwise one of almost complete blackness.¹ That this was exaggeration is obvious to every resident of New York who, during those four years, had ordinary opportunities of observation, and who made his judgments upon his own knowledge. It really went to the limit of impossibility. If what was said were literally true, the public service would have fallen to pieces in the complete and foul disintegration which is sometimes imputed to New York in the prints of London and Paris. Intelligent observers, when not addressing the public, made fairer and less absurd judgments. There is a curious illustration of this in the editorial statement of a principal independent journal of New York,² with respect to Mr. Keller, the commissioner of charities, that, "although a Tammany man and a pretty stiff partisan, he has given the best administration of that department the city has ever had." This, of course, was not printed until after the election of 1901. The admission was withheld as unsafe while the stress of the campaign was laid upon Democratic misbehavior. Mayor Low has reappointed two of the three civil service commissioners of his Democratic predecessor, thus accrediting that part of his predecessor's administration. He has reappointed one of his predecessor's two commissioners of accounts, those officers being the mayor's special and chief representatives in supervision of the departments. He has appointed as health commissioner an important subordinate of the Democratic

¹ Even after the election like criticism continued for a time. "The ring of rascals" was said, in the *World* of November 18, 1901, to have secured "unlawful revenues" amounting to *twenty million dollars a year!* The *Times* declared, on December 28, 1901, that "the complete and completely rotten system of Tammany rule . . . practically embraced all departments."

² *Evening Post* editorial, November 21, 1901. So the *Times*, another powerful independent paper, on January 1 paid tributes to the retiring Democratic comptroller and president of

the council, being two of the three chief officers for the whole city elected upon the Tammany ticket in 1897. It said that the city had lost in Comptroller Coler "a brave and faithful financial officer;" and that President Guggenheimer had been "on the right and decent and civilized side of every question," so "that his fellow citizens think well of him, in spite of his four years' service in a Tammany government." These admissions could not, of course, have been made during the campaign.

health commissioner, who had been retained under him for four years. He has appointed to be commissioner of correction one of the long-time subordinates of the Democratic finance department. It is quite safe to predict that, although he and his heads of departments have an almost complete power of removal of their subordinates, except in the uniformed police and fire forces, they will not feel justified in removing more than a small proportion of them, except only as they may (and doubtless should) reduce the number of public employees. So elsewhere, even in the unspeakable police, various merits in Democratic administration have been discovered since the election.¹ Mayor Low and his staff will probably discover — or at least think they discover — such merits more and more as their own practical difficulties dawn upon them. The real danger is, I fancy, with them as with most public servants, that, after the new brooms have become worn, they will think too well, rather than too ill, of their predecessors' performance. The zeal to undo wrongs, and especially reduce extravagance, often abates as the labors and troubles of practical reform become nearer and more real. Such merits, however, of the late mayor's administration, whether in fact they were more or less, and the difficulties with which he had to contend, whether they were more or less, were not, during the campaign, pointed out, or even admitted, by the able journalists of New York. And *their* campaign lasted from his very first official acts and utterances, in January, 1898, until election day, in November, 1901. There was so much material for just criticism that fair and intelligent discrimination would have made the journalistic condemnation quite as effective at the polls, — that

being its prime purpose, — and probably even more so than it was. And there would not now exist the expectation — perfectly reasonable in view of the campaign, but quite impossible to meet — of a complete alteration, plain to every one, even the wayfaring man, in methods, ideals, and details of administration, and a great reduction in municipal burdens. Nor would there be the risk, through the unreasonable expectation created by such criticism, of a demoralizing reaction in public sentiment at the end of Mayor Low's term.

The newspapers estimated, with practical genius, the danger of scattering fire, and the advantage of a specific target, from which their range should never be diverted, and which should have about it a personal and familiar picturesqueness sure to hold popular attention. This they found in Richard Croker, the leader of Tammany Hall. In cartoons, and in the virile and unweariedly continuous work of reporters and editorial writers alike, they held him up as a heavy, brutal, dull, insolent, corrupt, tyrannical, reckless, unreasoning, absentee, political "boss." What measure of justification there was for this it is not within the scope of this article to inquire. I may say, however, that where, in our country, with our secret ballot and free and constant discussion, one man holds for half a generation (not for the five or six years of a Tweed, or the three or four years' popular militarism of an Alcibiades) the effective support of great masses of citizens of an industrial and highly civilized community (including, for shorter or longer periods, men of all grades of wealth, intelligence, and public spirit), so that his will is, or rather, seems to be, theirs, a philosophic observer will probably believe that there are at least some errors or omissions in

¹ Mayor Low's deputy police commissioner declared, when appointed, that the police (most of them appointed, and the force nearly altogether formed and disciplined, under Democratic administrations) "as a whole are a fine

body of men, capable, honest, and intelligent. . . . While there are some black sheep, you will always find them in any organization with so many members."

such a portraiture. If not, then there are many problems, puzzling indeed, in the history of Manhattan borough, and among them the nomination of so justly distinguished a character as Abram S. Hewitt by Tammany Hall under the Croker leadership in 1886, and his appointment of Mr. Croker to important office in 1887 after many years' political acquaintance between them.

The next and perhaps equal object of journalistic attack was the police department; and the practical success of that attack was of itself proof that superior discrimination in the treatment of other departments, while avoiding ultimate risks, would not have reduced the effect of the campaign upon the voters. Here the evidence, as it was made public, was sufficient to justify an extreme condemnation. In a cosmopolitan city like New York, subjected, as it most unwisely is, to sumptuary and restrictive regulations disapproved by its public sentiment, and enforceable or negligible in the discretion of the police, the temptations to blackmail and other forms of corruption to which the police are subjected are enormous. Prior to 1901, those temptations were aggravated, or, at the least, responsibility for their results was concealed from the people, by division of police power. Its head was a board of four members, no more than two of whom could, under the law, belong to either political party, but all of whom were to be appointed by the mayor, who did belong to one political party.

It was in November, 1900, that the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, became the *avant-coureur* of the proposed Fusion campaign, protesting "before God, and in the face of the citizens of New York," against "the base complicity of the police with the lowest forms of vice and crime." The city was profoundly stirred by the blistering declaration that, in his belief, "nowhere else on earth" did there

"exist such a situation as defiles and dishonors New York city." The Chamber of Commerce, the chief representative of the financial and business interests of the city, upon this peremptory call, appointed a Committee of Fifteen, to prove, where possible, and to break up, the repulsive and dangerous alliance. Although the committee did not have much success in detail, it did valuable service by keeping the moral issue before the community, and especially by its promotion of the picturesque and awakening attacks upon the gamblers and their police allies made by William Travers Jerome, a judge of one of the criminal courts. The sentiment which had long existed in favor of a single-headed police department was now decisively felt in the legislature of the state. In February, 1901, the police board was abolished by statute, which in its place provided for a single police commissioner, to be appointed by the mayor, with two principal deputies, to be appointed by the commissioner. It is of little moment to inquire whether the police department, during the few months in which it has had a single head, has in itself been better or worse than under the board of four. The usefulness of the change has been otherwise signally demonstrated, and to the instruction of every city which blunderingly intrusts executive duties to boards. Whatever the merits or demerits of police administration in New York were after the change, it is clear beyond peradventure that the people at last knew precisely where to place blame. Individual and undivided responsibility is an advantage of the very first order to the soundness of administration subject to popular judgment at the polls.

After the enactment of the law, it was the obvious duty of the mayor—and very certainly to the political interest of himself and his party—to appoint as the first commissioner not only a citizen of signal ability and of the very highest character, but one ac-

ceptable as such to the independent voters, — who, it had been clear since November, 1897, would hold the balance of power in 1901, — and to urge like care in choosing his two principal deputies. It was plain that if the new experiment were not thus inaugurated, the opposition would find it an easy and exhilarating task to organize and direct the public suspicion and anger, ready to burst into effective flame. William S. Devery, a man against whom, whether rightly or wrongly, the sentiment of all strains in the community had already run strongly, and even savagely, was, as first deputy, nominally under Michael C. Murphy (an elderly politician, far from *persona grata* to independent public sentiment), put in practical charge of the borough of Manhattan, — the very borough in which the abuses were believed to exist. But for those appointments the mayoralty competition of 1901 would have had a different end. Whatever may have been the merits or demerits of Chief Devery's former career as captain, inspector, and superintendent of police under the bipartisan board, or of the public sentiment that put him on the defensive from the outset, it is certain that the power wielded by him in the borough of Manhattan, as practical head of police during the few months before election in 1901, aroused against himself, and, what was far more serious, against the party which, whether rightly or wrongly, was held responsible for his incumbency, an enormous and intense public feeling. With singular fatuity, under skillful goading by the press, he indulged, until the eve of the election, in crude utterances which strengthened the impression of his abuses and oppressions. His very energy — that most useful single quality, after honesty, in the head of a police force — seemed to possess a baleful fury, exquisitely disturbing to every person intelligently concerned for Democratic success.

In the work of gathering the harvest

thus prepared by the press, the first place clearly belongs to the Citizens' Union, — a body whose ideals and methods may wisely be adopted in every great American city. Upon its nomination, Mr. Low had been a mayoralty candidate in 1897, receiving, as already observed, and under its emblem as a political party recognized by law, almost 30 per cent of the entire vote of the metropolis. After its defeat in that year, the Union suffered from the inevitable post-election weariness of men not regularly in politics; and it is not too much to say that but for the resolute and self-sacrificing public spirit of one citizen its elements would not have been gathered together, as they were, for their remarkably effective work in 1901. R. Fulton Cutting did not postpone his labors until within a few weeks of election day, but taught inferior politicians a lesson by his dedication of the rest of the year to that instruction and organization of public sentiment which are the vital work of true politics. For more than a year before the election he was industrious and persistent in gathering together independent men, and in earning by a frank and genuine sympathy the respect of representatives of labor organizations and of those (too generally ignored by the so-called "practical" men in politics) who are interested in this or that constructive work fit for municipalities, and especially the large and growing body who believe in the ownership and use of street franchises by the city. By the spring of 1901 the Union had again secured public confidence, and from that time on was able, if it would, to dictate the main features of the proposed opposition campaign. It found a valuable ally in the City Club, which had, since 1897, prepared and issued, and in most effective form, a mass of statistical and literary material for the attack upon Tammany Hall.

The problem during the summer and early September of 1901 was to unite the elements of the opposition, so as to

avoid the defeat which the opposition majority had suffered four years before. The Republican organization would undoubtedly make a party nomination; and there seemed no reason to doubt that its voters would very far outnumber any other element of the opposition. In fact, it became clear afterwards, when the votes were counted, that it far outnumbered all other of those elements taken together.¹ Besides the two greater bodies of the Republicans and the Citizens' Union, there were ready for fusion in the campaign several bodies of seceding or dissident Democrats, animated by motives ranging all the way from sincere love of the city or hatred of abuses, whether practiced by their own party or not, to a spirit of mere vengeance or a desire to raise the value of their corrupt service to their old associates. The like is inevitable, perhaps, and, although just ground for suspicion, is far — very far — from being sufficient objection to every fusion movement. The principal of such Democratic bodies was the so-called Greater New York Democracy, headed by John C. Sheehan, a politician formerly and long of Tammany Hall, who had for many years suffered under the extremest reprobation of independent sentiment. Several of the bodies were German, the most influential being represented in the press by the *Staats Zeitung*, an important factor in its influence upon opinion, and enjoying the honorable prestige of the name of the late Oswald Ottendorfer, a

German-born Democrat of distinction. It was sufficient, or well-nigh sufficient, for the Citizens' Union, in its relations even with the least worthy of the bodies of dissenting Democrats, that, upon the mayoralty in this one election, their politicians and followers were willing, or might be induced, to vote aright. In this respect the Union observed the usual rule of politics, although with naiveté, or now and then with something akin to Pharisaism, some of them condemned other and equally sincere and independent Democrats for application of precisely the same practical rule in their welcome of regular Democrats to their reformatory programme. Nor did the Citizens' Union shrink from the necessity of according their aboriginal allies, with the war paint still upon them and the scalps of their wicked and unrepented warfare still at their belts, recognition in public places of considerable importance. To that element was conceded, upon the Fusion ticket,² the borough presidency of Manhattan which, with its independent budget of nearly \$2,000,000, and the large patronage given it by the charter amendments to take effect in January, 1902, was the office, next after the mayoralty, most important for the customary but not exalted uses of a seceding political faction; that is to say, the compulsion, by the use of spoils of office, of its recognition by the regular body of its own party.

When the Fusion ticket was to be made up, the professional politicians

¹ Of the 297,000 voters in 1901 for Mr. Low, 250,000 voted under the Republican, 36,600 under the Citizens' Union, and 10,700 under the independent (Sheehan) Democratic emblem. No doubt some Democrats voted under the Republican emblem. But 250,000 was about the Republican strength. In 1900 the Republican candidate for governor received 272,130 votes in Greater New York. Reducing this by five per cent for the general reduction of vote in 1901 from 1900, we should have about 258,000 as the Republican strength in 1901. In the latter year, clearly, there was large Democratic abstinence from voting.

² When this candidate was, in former years,

a Tammany candidate for state senator, the Voter's Directory of the *Evening Post*, a most able and generally fair leader of the independent sentiment, declared that, in his four or five legislative terms, he had been a "professional politician" with a "bad record," a "blind partisan of Tammany, leader of Tammany, and mouthpiece of Tammany machine." When, however, the *Post's* Voter's Directory appeared, in October, 1901, although it was declared to be strictly impartial and non-partisan, these unfavorable criticisms were omitted, and a good character given the candidate, in whom there had been no change except in his party or factional relations.

so arranged the division of power as that the Citizens' Union should have but a small fractional share, although it was the creator and leader of the alliance. Its leaders, resolute for a practical result, yielded to this, although it is doubtful whether they needed to make the surrender. The breach between the regular Republican organization and Mr. Low had been healed by his resumption of "regularity" as early as 1898; and it was willing, or rather, desirous, that he should be the candidate. It was the preference of the Citizens' Union that the candidate should, this year, be a Democrat. Independent Democrats had in 1893, in the reform campaign in Brooklyn, supported a Republican for mayor. So had they done in the campaign in Manhattan and the Bronx in 1894; and so, also, in the campaign of 1897, in the Greater New York. The Greater New York was Democratic by a large majority; and in the opinion of the Citizens' Union its movement would be more clearly recognized as non-partisan if in 1901 Republicans were called upon to support a reform Democrat for mayor, as independent Democrats had three times supported a Republican. The Citizens' Union did not mean, however, for any retrospective or sentimental consideration of justice, to risk failure of its plan of an alliance of all elements of the opposition. When, early in September, 1901, the terms of fusion were practically discussed, it yielded; and for the fourth consecutive time within eight years — and without any reciprocity meantime — independent Democrats were called upon to support a Republican as the reform candidate for mayor.

There is, however, much reason to believe that no candidate for the mayoralty would have better met the difficulties incident to the Fusion movement than Mr. Low. Four years ago, when he was in the shadow of apparent defeat, I pointed out in these pages his unique strength; and I may, therefore,

in his victory, repeat my tribute. He was conceded to be able and high-minded; he had had valuable experience during the four years of his mayoralty in Brooklyn, sixteen years before; and he had honorably served for ten years, or more, in the distinguished position of president of Columbia University. He had performed ably and with great public spirit several important functions, such as his services upon the Rapid Transit Board and at the Hague Peace Conference. He enjoyed an exceptional popularity among the Germans; and it was certain, in view of his party regularity, that he would receive substantially the entire Republican vote.

The Fusion mayoralty ticket thus nominated had great elements of strength. Although an independent ticket, it was also a "regular Republican ticket," supported as such loyally by a great mass of voters having no sympathy with the idea of non-partisanship animating the Citizens' Union. German voters had been won by explicit promise that the liquor laws would not be rigorously or offensively enforced. It had the enthusiastic and effective support of nearly all of the daily press of New York. The Democratic candidates, outside of the small fraction of journalistic support accorded them (some of which was, however, genuinely able), would have to rely upon such access to independent voters as might be accorded in the news columns of hostile journals or upon the purchased hospitality of blank walls.

The Democratic organizations and their leaders found, therefore, that, able and resourceful as in many ways they were, they had neglected the dynamic and all-controlling element of their problem. That element was public opinion, and more especially the opinion of that hard-worked, moral, reading, and intelligent body which the English call the "lower middle class," and from which probably comes the very best of political sentiment in Great Britain and the United States. The

Democrats clearly faced, as, long before election day, some of the best informed of their leaders told their mayoralty candidate, a "Waterloo with an adverse majority of at least one hundred thousand." This situation was particularly dangerous in the many square miles of small dwellings in Brooklyn, with its great German constituency and its generally fervid dislike of Tammany Hall. The rather desperate problem of the Democrats was how much of all this could be overcome in a campaign of four weeks.

And first they had to choose a candidate for mayor. The Brooklyn Democrats insisted upon a candidate quite unrelated to Tammany Hall, and of whom it would with good reason be believed that his determination was to reverse such of the methods of city government as were under popular condemnation, and to undo and punish past wrongdoing. A very large part of the Tammany constituency in Manhattan, and, I think, most of its leaders, were heartily in sympathy with this requirement; and at the last it was conceded. The choice of the Brooklyn Democrats, and especially of the reform Democrats of that borough, intensely desirous that their party should be an instrumentality of good government, not only for the sake of the city, but also for the wider purposes of wholesome opposition in state and national politics, was Comptroller Coler, and upon the plain political consideration that, as the people of the city believed him to have been able, upright, and independent in their second office, in which he was serving his fourth year, they would believe the promises of his trustworthiness in their first office. The leaders of Tammany Hall refused, however, to accept him, as, before that, the Republican leaders of the Fusion had likewise refused to accept or consider him. The author of this article was then nominated as the Democratic candidate for mayor. His qualifications and character are not open

to comment here; but, that this discussion may have value, it is necessary to state some public opinions of him which led to his nomination. He was reputed to be a lifelong member of the Democratic party, who had been zealous for sound money, for low tariff, for civil service reform, and for the steadfast loyalty of the United States to the cause of democratic self-government the world over. In the political relations of Brooklyn, he had been deemed independent, though always and outspokenly preferring coöperation with his party when its success did not seem to be inconsistent with the welfare of Brooklyn. There had in late years, and especially since 1898, — and under Democratic auspices, — been a great improvement in the local administration and political conditions of that great borough; and the influence of the independent and reformatory part of the Democratic party had, since that year, more than for many years before, been hospitably welcomed and acted upon by its regular organization. He had in 1897 supported the Citizens' Union, and had attacked Tammany Hall and the Brooklyn Democrats for their administrations (rejected at the polls in 1894 and 1893), and for their refusal, by nominations of men definitely committed to reform, to promise amendment of what had then been amiss, and also because their principal nominations in 1897 seemed to him (whether rightly or not is of no consequence here) to represent a deliberate intention that the great officers of the city should be subordinate representatives of politicians not responsible to the public. He was believed to have been zealous and successful in well-known prosecutions of public wrongdoing. He had for several years before 1898 been one of the leaders of an independent and influential Democratic body formed, in Brooklyn, to enforce a high standard of municipal nominations, and under public promise to coöperate with the regular body when the latter should yield to that standard.

His candidacy was intended, by those who proposed him, and very certainly by himself, as a signal promise that, if it were successful, the ideas of public service for which he had stood should dominate the mayoralty during 1902 and 1903. The sincerity of the promise was disbelieved by the opposition; nor was such disbelief unreasonable, if there were to be imputed to the quarter million voters who made up the regular Democratic strength the unworthy motives, corrupt purposes, and low ideals attributed — and no doubt often with reason — to political leaders. But that great body of voters deserved no such imputation; and they had first to be reckoned with. The nomination — leaders or no leaders, bosses or no bosses — was for them; its strength had to depend chiefly upon their good will; and they were sincere, whether or not their leaders were. It is the plain truth, however, that many of the leaders were also in sympathy with this view. In the candidate's opinion, he had the right to assume, and the public welfare required him to assume, that the promise signified by his nomination was sincere. If the mayoralty were to come to him, and if he failed in steadfastness to the ideas of public service which he had given out, and for the impression of which on the public he had been nominated, the insincerity would then be his, his the broken promises.

He accordingly required that the record of his public utterances be examined, and that it be perfectly understood, before his acceptance, that he receded from nothing which he had said. He next insisted upon an explicit agreement that he was free of promises or pledges of any kind, except such as he should take upon himself in public. He next caused it to be understood that he should announce his own platform, and that his obligations to the people at large, to those who should vote for him and to those who should nominate him, should be precisely and solely what he himself pub-

licly stated. It was believed by those who proposed his nomination that he was sincere; and they certainly had no reason, public or private, to believe otherwise, unless it were supposed that they recalled with hope the moral failures of other seemingly worthy men chosen to high office. The Democratic nominee could not reasonably be expected to make, or to acquiesce in, such an imputation upon himself. It would have been most unfit for him to make such an imputation upon them.

Some criticisms upon the Democratic candidate present questions of a political and moral character not without general and permanent interest. It was at once said that the acceptance of such a nomination by a man of his antecedents involved gross political inconsistency. But if he were sincere there was no inconsistency. He had opposed the Democratic mayoralty nomination of 1897, and for the reason that, to him, it had then seemed (whether rightly or wrongly) to be in theory the very reverse of the nomination of 1901. In the view expressed by him in 1897 (whether right or wrong), the nominee of that year was not intended to be an independent chief magistrate, representing his own reformatory views, but to be a political subordinate of politicians not answerable to the people. The nomination of 1901, on the other hand, meant to the candidate of that year, and was intended to mean to the public, the very opposite of this. So other criticisms implied that he intended, if he were elected, to give administration of the very kind which in the past he had condemned, and for condemnation of which he had been nominated; or even that he had entered into some kind of agreement, direct or indirect, to do, if he were chosen mayor, the very contrary of what he publicly and solemnly promised to do. Except upon denial of the integrity of his personal purpose and the truthfulness of his promises, there was no merit whatever in those charges of inconsistency.

He was also condemned for accepting a nomination from unworthy politicians and political bodies. But a like charge could be made against his competitor, with reference to some, at least, who nominated him, and indeed against the best of men who have been chosen to public office by universal suffrage. The proposition that evil men should be made to support evil candidates, and otherwise continue in their evil courses, is, in reality, sheer treason to good municipal government.

The Democratic candidate, immediately upon his nomination, was strongly pressed to peremptorily demand from Mr. Croker, the leader of Tammany Hall, the Democratic organization in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, his intervention to remove Mr. Murphy, the police commissioner, and his obnoxious deputy, Chief Devery; or, if that were not done or could not be, to declare that, if he were elected, he would, as soon as he took office, himself remove the police commissioner. He was offered valuable and perhaps decisive support if he would do either the first or the second of these things. But it should have been obvious that he could not make the demand upon Mr. Croker — even if it would have been successful — without complete self-stultification. The statutory power to remove the police commissioner rested either with the governor of the state, a Republican who certainly was not amenable to Mr. Croker's influence, or with the mayor, and with no one else. Upon both the governor and the mayor rested an undoubted and sworn duty to remove, if the public welfare required removal; but no such duty rested upon the leader of Tammany Hall. If, holding no office or public trust, he nevertheless held any such power, it was clearly the very power against which the Democratic nomination was a protest, and which the nominee certainly could not ratify by appeal to it, without surrendering, in case he were elected, his own official

self-respect, and depriving himself of the moral strength and independence accorded by the circumstances of his nomination. Neither could he, with reason or decency or consistency, in order to promote his own political fortunes at the polls, ask the mayor to remove a public officer whom the mayor would not remove upon the score of public necessity.

It was equally clear — or rather, it would have been equally clear but for the different view taken by Mr. Low — that a candidate for the mayoralty should give no pledge as to his official treatment of a specific person, whether then in office or out of office. If the modern constitutional prohibition of New York not only against payment of money or value to influence votes, but against any promise to influence votes, were not meant for such a case, then it is difficult to know for what it was meant. And that prohibition was no more than an expression — imperfect, perhaps, but still clear — of a fundamental and wholesome rule of American public life. The police commissioner had been appointed for a term of five years, less than one of which had expired. If he were removed, he was to be punished not only with loss of the remainder of his term, but with ineligibility to reappointment. He was justly removable only because the public welfare required it. Plainly, therefore, his removal ought to be an official act, determined, not by a candidate for the exigencies of his candidacy, and upon facts as he learned them, during his campaign, from a newspaper press, excited and heated, however honestly, but by the elected mayor when he should be in office, acting under the sanction of his oath and upon the facts as he should then find them to be. I hope that the precedent unfortunately set by Mr. Low will not be followed. Before he gave his pre-election pledge to remove the police commissioner, it had been supposed — and quite apart from constitution or

statute — that, in our democratic republic, a candidate for president or governor or mayor or other office must enter his office with an absolute freedom from pledges respecting persons. It is impossible to distinguish between a pledge to remove one man and a pledge to appoint another. It would be lamentable, and ultimately the source of corruption, if candidates should hereafter feel justified, or be open to compulsion by the threats of good men or bad men, or by other campaign necessities, to announce programmes of dismissals or appointments of specific persons.

The campaign, beginning with the most serious probability of Democratic defeat, seemed less favorable to the Fusion as it wore on. The promise of a firm, upright, and constructive mayoralty by the Democratic candidate; his pledge that he would not permit municipal powers or moneys to be used for partisan purposes; the argument that his nomination was in itself a victory for the sentiment represented by the Citizens' Union, and that, with the great normal Democratic majority in the city, a more radical and permanent improvement in standards of administration could be accomplished by giving success to the reformatory movement for the time powerful in the Democratic party rather than by defeating the party when, for the first time in many years, it controlled the all-important nomination to the mayoralty, and of inflicting that defeat in favor of an alliance, at the best but temporary, of the incongruous elements of the Fusion; the necessity in the country of an honorable and effective opposition, when political power was elsewhere so nearly completely in the hands of the Republican party, — such arguments seemed to make headway with the body of independent Democrats with whom the decision rested. But near the end of the campaign the tendency was effectively reversed, and enough of the original situation restored to assure Democratic defeat. This was the work of Judge

Jerome, who was the candidate for the important office of prosecuting attorney in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. At the last he became the hero or Prince Rupert of the campaign. Sounding the single note of a corrupt alliance between crime and the police force under the Democratic administration, he addressed his appeal to the simplest and strongest sense of morality. Better than any one else he adopted the text sternly given by Bishop Potter the year before. In effective, often rude, but often, also, most impressive manner, he produced the very deepest impression of his own truth-telling sincerity and utter courage. He was followed and listened to as was no other candidate. He had the burning zeal of a true crusader, and to that were forgiven what were deemed mere faults of taste. Near the end of the struggle his speeches became the dominant feature. Until then it was, during the latter half of the campaign, believed by most disinterested judges that the enormous advantages with which the Fusion had begun had been overcome, and that the Democratic candidate for mayor would be chosen by a narrow majority.

The election resulted in a decisive victory for Mr. Low and the Fusion ticket, all of the boroughs except Queens giving him majorities. His total vote was about 297,000, against his adversary's 265,000. His victory was at the first welcomed as a novel exhibition of independent voting full of beneficent promise, as a final destruction of the Democratic organizations in the Greater New York, and more especially of Tammany Hall, and (curiously ignoring the plain facts of the case) as a definite and final establishment of the new system of exclusively non-partisan nominations. While the result in 1897 had to many seemed a permanent abasement of the public life of their city, the result in 1901 seemed to the same observers a permanent establishment of that life on a firm and wholesome basis. The happy change of sentiment was at

once reflected abroad. The London and Paris newspapers hailed Mr. Low's election as a "revolution."

The first impression has somewhat faded upon more careful examination of the result. It was not many days after the election that Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, a distinguished independent Democrat, declared his disappointment at the meagreness of the majority, in comparison with the impressive blackness of the picture which had been drawn of misgovernment, and in view of the expectations cherished for months and years, and of the many signs of a really overwhelming uprising. There was, in truth, great reason to rejoice at the achievements of public sentiment which the campaign had demonstrated. But the character of the result was at first quite misunderstood. If there had sim-

ply been a struggle between the forces of righteousness all on the one side and the forces of vice all on the other, with the enormous advantages which the former had enjoyed, Mr. Peckham's depression would have been quite justifiable. If 265,000 citizens of the American metropolis, after a campaign of several years, conducted with extraordinary energy, had, in the face of object lessons so appalling as those held up to them, deliberately voted to continue iniquitous government, it would surely have been a calamity, and almost an extinction of patriotic hope. But that was a partisan and superficial view. It was, indeed, the plain truth that the Democratic strength had increased, and the Fusion strength had diminished, from 1897 to 1901. The votes in the several boroughs were as follows:¹ —

BOROUGHES.	Year.	Democrat.	Fusion.	Fusion Majorities.
Manhattan and Bronx	1897	143,666	146,120	2,454
	1901	156,629	162,292	5,663
Brooklyn	1897	76,185	110,105	33,920
	1901	88,858	114,625	25,767
Queens	1897	9,275	12,621	3,346
	1901	13,679	13,118	561
Richmond	1897	4,871	6,160	1,289
	1901	6,009	6,772	763

The total Fusion majority in the entire city, which in 1897 had been 41,209, was in 1901 reduced to 31,632, although the total vote had increased by more than ten per cent. The difference was that while in 1897 the Fusion votes were divided between Mr. Low, the Citizens' Union candidate, General Tracy, the Republican candidate, and Henry George, Jr., in 1901, on the other hand, the Fusion votes were united for Mr. Low. The Democratic vote had both relatively and absolutely increased, and the Fusion vote had relatively decreased. Nor was this all; for in former elections the proportional Fusion strength had been greater than in either 1897 or 1901. Thus in 1894 the Tammany candidate received in the old city (the present

boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx) 108,907 votes against 154,094 for the Fusion candidate, Mr. Strong, — being thus a plurality of 45,187 out of a total vote of 263,001. Had the campaign of 1901 resulted in an equivalent division of political strength in the same boroughs, the total vote of 318,921 would have been divided, so that Mr. Low would have received a majority of 55,000 instead of the 6000 which in fact he received. In the corresponding Democratic defeat of 1893 in Brooklyn, already noted, the Fusion mayoralty candidate had received 95,859 against 65,100 for the Democratic candidate, — a majority of 30,759 out of a total of 160,959; while in 1901

¹ The Prohibition and Labor votes are ignored, as numerically insignificant.

Mr. Low received a majority of 25,767 out of a total of 203,483. Had the division of the Brooklyn voters in 1901 been the same as in 1893, Mr. Low's plurality in 1901 would have been upwards of 40,000 instead of 26,000.

Nor was it true, as the independent press seemed to assume, that fusion and independent voting had their really first success in 1901. There had, indeed, been more than three times as many ballots cast under the independent emblem in 1897 as were in 1901 cast under both the Citizens' Union and independent Democratic emblems. And not only had the proportion of independent voting been larger in 1893 and 1894, but in still earlier years there had been still more striking exhibitions of non-partisan sentiment and independent voting. Such, for instance, was the revolt against the corrupt Tweed régime in 1871. In the preceding year, 1870, the Tammany mayoralty candidate had received 71,037 votes against only 46,392 for the independent Democratic candidate supported by the Republican party. But twelve months later, after an extraordinary and memorable agitation of only four or five months, the Tammany ticket was overwhelmed, receiving only 45,916 votes against 89,127 for the head of the Fusion ticket. How very much larger was the measure of non-partisan voting then than in 1901 is obvious from the fact that while in 1871 the head of the Democratic local ticket had received 45,916 votes, the Democratic state ticket received 89,326; and while the Republican state ticket received but 34,391 votes, the head of the Fusion local ticket received 89,127.

The congratulations of good citizens must not, therefore, rest upon the proposition that the election of 1901 was a plain, simple struggle between Ahri-man and Ormuzd. The truly cheering significance of the campaign of 1901 will be lost if it be assumed that the mayoralty contest was between complete and obvious evil on one side and

complete and obvious good on the other. If that were true, then the dark principle had been making headway over its adversary of light. Surely, we ought to be depressed if we knew that the cause of vice and misgovernment had, in the American metropolis, failed of a majority of the votes by but three per cent, and that the fraction of the total vote in favor of depravity has increased, in spite of an educational campaign of nearly four years by the press, by the Citizens' Union, the Chamber of Commerce, and other reformatory bodies, by an almost continuous outpouring of eloquence, and by uninterrupted object lessons, startling and in the sight of all men. The assumption, however, is untrue. All the good was not on one side, nor all the evil on the other. There need be no disappointment, if we respect the facts rather than, after the fashion of the doctrinaire, reason upon preconceived theories unrelated to the wonderful and complex stream of human life in what Mr. Low, in his campaign, has well called a *Weltstadt*, — the most cosmopolitan city in the world. The reformatory campaign, with its struggles of unselfish and high-minded men, did not result in a Pyrrhic victory, probably to be reversed in 1903; certainly to be reversed if, during the coming two years, there shall be a reaction of public sentiment for reasons sufficient or insufficient.

The whole campaign ought to bring solid satisfaction, because it has shown, far better than in numerical totals, a deeper, broader, and more intelligent influence, practically exercised by public sentiment upon municipal politics, than the city had known in 1897 or ever before. For, first, it was demonstrated that independent voters held the balance of power, and that, large as was the normal Democratic majority in the city, any grave offense given by its officials or leaders to its independent members would readily put it in a minority. And, further, independent sen-

timent had compelled the Republican party to a better loyalty to the city, and therefore to accept the alliance with the Citizens' Union which it had refused in 1897. The compulsion would, no doubt, have been as great if Republican politicians had been less skillful in persuading the Citizens' Union to surrender part of its programme; but the compulsion was effective, and we know it may be effective again, and that is the point. And, next, and perhaps most significant of all, the same sentiment had made itself powerful with the politicians and organizations of the Democratic majority. Their mayoralty nomination was no less the work of the Citizens' Union and the sentiment for which it stood than was the Republican nomination. On all sides, indeed, there had come to be a measure of enlightened deference to the reformatory and independent spirit, — insufficient, no doubt, sadly insufficient, but still far greater than in 1897 or ever before.

Neither of the great party organizations will, during our generation, cease to be active and powerful in the municipal politics of Greater New York. They will continue to nominate mayors and other municipal officers, and to provide by far the greater part of the votes for them. But hereafter, and until the memory of the campaign of 1901 shall have grown dull, they will accept — not completely, indeed, but more hospitably and largely than they have hitherto — the sentiment of the intelligent and loyal citizenship of their city. More and more have we reason to believe that that sentiment, if organized and well directed, will effectively influence the standards of party nominations, party ideals, and party behavior in its municipal affairs, and in those of cities affected by its example. Party forces will not be destroyed in American cities, nor will they be there confined to activity in national or state matters. They may, however, — and will, if reformers exercise practical

good sense, — be harnessed to the work of honest and effective city government.

I hope that Mr. Low will, in his great office, have a large and noble success. Such success is of the first consequence to the cause of good municipal government not only in the metropolis, but in every city of the land. If he be genuinely successful, if he administer well, and especially if he uncover and punish a large part of the past wrongdoing described during his campaign, he will secure a hold upon the confidence of the voters of this city which will wholly or largely neutralize the reaction which must inevitably come. Such success will, perhaps, if he desire it, although with the large Democratic majority that is far from assured, bring him two years hence a renewal of the vote of popular confidence. If, however, he fail in vigor of administration, in the vigor and thorough extent with which he procures justice to be meted out for the past wrongdoing so obvious and pervading, or if, for any reason, his administration fail to hold the zealous loyalty of the people, the reformatory and independent sentiment in both parties, — and no less in the Democratic party than in the Republican party, — and also the independent sentiment not closely allied to either party, will be inevitably and calamitously weakened. If his administration be so successful as to genuinely interest the voters, it will strengthen intelligent and high-minded sentiment in both parties, and augment that reasonable independence which is, after all, the fundamental condition of good government, whether in the city or in the nation. And thus, in the Greater New York, and indeed in all the great cities of the United States, no less than in great private corporations, it can help to make effective and fruitful the splendid capacity of the American people for business administration, — splendid in energy, in originality, and in fertility of resource.

Edward M. Shepard.

FEBRUARY IN ENGLAND.

How pleasant smelt the wood smoke as it rose in a blue column against the pines! Against the sky its ethereal woof was invisible. For a space the pines, with their wintry noise that never ceases, alternating with grizzled oak trees, lined the roadside. A sudden freshness told us where they ended; then the trees grew farther apart, and ash, beech, and elm made a great silence that was startling, after the companionable murmur of the firs. Their color was that green which, though never old, is never quite youthful. Every other tree was black for miles, discovering those deep-hued cantles of the sky, betwixt the branchwork, that are the peculiar wonder of leafless woods. On every side rose and fell leagues of untenanted lawn, of a cold green, that in the light of a February dawn, so clear, so absolutely clear, looked as the savannas of Eden must have looked on the first day of the world. There were gardens, ingeniously remarked Sir Thomas Browne, before there were men; and these pastoral solitudes seemed not to have been "made with hands." For aught I knew, no one was abroad in all the world. It was hard to believe otherwise; for there was an extraordinary, virginal purity in the notes of a thrush that sang (as it sang every day) on its particular bough of elm, in the sheen of the first celandines, and in the herbage that waved, encased in dew. Everything was the same as of old, — yet not the same. I seemed to be on the eve of a revelation. I could have wept that my senses were not chastened to celestial keenness, to understand the pipits singing as they flew. In a short time the common look of things returned. The rooks began to pass overhead, and some alighted, their feathers changing to silver as they turned in the sun. A gate was banged far off. The

cock crew, and the sound stirred the sleeping air farther and farther round, like a stone falling into a pool. I felt that it was cold. Beside a distant pool the ash trees had still some magic. Some "potent spirit" was surely hidden among their boughs; as we approached them, indeed, we expected to discover their secret. But on passing underneath all had fled except a whimpering of the breeze, and instead of something "mystic, wonderful," nothing appeared save a robin singing alone,

"And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

The afternoon of that same day was in another style. A railway journey had effected just such an inconsequent change as comes in dreams. The air was full of that oppressive silence into which changes the unintelligible clamor of towns. Looking scarce farther or higher than the cathedral tower, the sun vainly competed with the clock face gleaming beside the Thames. Over the gray water rose and fell continually the gray wings of gulls; others screamed with a melancholy "dying fall" in the gray spaces of heaven, soaring doubtless into silence beyond the mist, in the enjoyment of we knew not what amenities of light and warmth.

"Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt."

Gray roofs, gray ships; indeed, only one immobile ruddy sail of a barge, drifting up, colored the Quakerish raiment of the day. By dipping my pen into the gray Thames ripple I am fain to make gray the reader's mind as it did mine. But words are frail; even the word "gray," which of all chromatic epithets is most charged with mental and sentimental meaning, has boundaries. The gray changed somewhat; it was night. If the day had seemed a dying thing, the night seemed dead, and

"not a funeral note" came through the mist. So a week passed, and, defrauded thus of a sweet tract of life (such as that February dawn had promised), I watched the clockwork movements of the gray-minded men and women pacing the streets. I met hundreds of people in the streets that might have taken rôles in the inferno. And in a more personal and horrible sense than Goethe meant, I felt that here on earth we have veritably to enact hell, as I looked down from a great bridge. A steamer—the ghost of a steamer—passed under. I could hear a voice, perhaps two; I could see a form—the shadow of a form—flit past upon the deck.

"Is that a Death? and are there two?"

But the ship slid softly away under her pyramid of almost motionless smoke. A barge soon afterwards followed: it seemed a league long, and at the stern—ridiculously small—was what must have been the figure of a man straining at an immense oar, and black, thrice black, in that horrid twilight. He passed: I was powerless to speak, though I felt he was drifting on to hell,—calmly as at the smoothly swirling outmost circle of a whirlpool. Close to the bridge where I stood were many ships aground, with many men at work, climbing masts, walking dreadfully on rippling planks to land, going and coming, coming and going. Only those nearest were thus visible. Those farther off seemed more grisly or more fantastic in their employments. The sun, lying as it were in blood-red pools upon the mud left by the ebb, unnaturally exaggerated men and trades. There was a sense of continuous, inexorable motion. Surely I could see wheels revolving? Almost as surely did I see Ixions bound thereon. I saw yokefellows to Pirithous, Salmoneus, and Tityus. Some of the forms were certainly not human, and the scene, under the doubtful conflict of fierce light with utter darkness, seemed

"a palace bright
Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold;
And all its curtains of Aurorean clouds
Flushed angrily: while sometimes eagle's
wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darkened the place; and neighing steeds were
heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men."

It was almost more horrible still that nothing groaned. The air was left silent with a sense that over all watched some omnipotent assessor who grimly shook the urn. I had no sleepy, honeyed passport for the Cerberus thereof. But *quid memorem?* I would not for a great price have ventured there, though close behind rang the noise of hoofs, slightly drowned by the hiss of mud. I felt as some lonely spectator of a tragedy in a great theatre.

"In vacuo tristis cessor plausorque theatro."

The sun was burning like newly minted copper.

From London, I remember, we traveled to the county of —, in South Wales. February was making the best of his short life, and leaving March a great deal to undo. "Is there no religion for the temperate and frigid zones?" asks Thoreau, at the end of his Winter Walk. Round the great open Welsh hearths we found a sufficient creed in the sweet paganisms of a fire worship which in that country insists on a blaze in June; preferring it, since for mental and sentimental warmth the sun is some few millions of miles too distant. Spending such an evening by the fireside, it was pleasant to note a culinary genius which experiments evoked. I know nothing that makes the conversation go more "trip-pingly on the tongue" than the discussion of such dainties as hands modestly declared inexperienced will compose out of scant elements.

"Matter! with six eggs and a strike of rye
meal
I had kept the town till Doomsday, perhaps
longer;"

and with less than old Furnace, the cook in Massinger's play, we did succeed in keeping melancholy from the door. Through the window we saw a gray beggar feeding a party of sparrows with his crumbs, — a fine economy, charity reduced to its lowest terms. Not, however, that it was a hard season. But the willows were in bud, and for that very reason — there were so many tender things to look cold — the sting was more keen. All day were seen rapid clouds tumbling past a white horizon, firmly stamped with the outlines of trees; the willow undulating all together, like a living wave of foliage and limber boughs; the river flowing out of silver into blue shadow, and again into silver where the sky bent as if to touch it; leaf and flower of celandine gleaming under the briers; whilst the air was vibrant though windless, — stirred like water in a full vessel when more is still poured in. It was the most perfect of days. The air had all the sparkling purity of winter. It had, too, something of the mettle and gusto of the spring. The scent of young grass, uncontested by any flower or fruit, was sharp though faint, and thus the air was touched with a summer perfume. Now and then a blackbird fluted a stave or two. But the silence was mysteriously great, because the incalculably subtle sound of the ocean was ever there, solemnizing, deepening, and as it were charging with "large utterance" the silence it could not break. The whole countryside of grassy level and rolling copse was like a shell put to the ear. For the shore was never still. A little way out the fisher boats might be curtsying on the tranquil tide; but reaching the shore, the same tide came upon fantastic rocks that were an organ out of which it contrived an awful music. Under the beams of the rocking moon, those tall, cadaverous crags rose up like stripped reapers, gigantic and morose, reaping and amassing the dolorous harvest of wrecks, waist-deep in a surge

whose waves seemed not to flow and change, but to turn, turn ceaselessly in the contracted corridors among the rocks, like wheels revolving, and bespattered by the foam that huddled, yellow, coagulate, quaking, in the crevices.

Soon afterward snow fell, apparently making the air meeter for its freight of scent from the first violets, which certainly smelt sweeter than they had ever done before. The strong bells were choked by snow, and tinkled very timidly in the church. Lightly clothed by the same fall, the pillared tower of white stone looked wonderfully radiant in the moonlight, as if fresh from the footsteps of angels or garnished for a day of extraordinary celebration. Then, too, was the bell note sweetest, though always unequaled in pure aerial quality, because

"We cannot see, but feel that it is there,"

hid as it is in some dim belfry or mossy turret from which one never expects so fine a music.

As we passed upward to the hills, one day, the snow was fading in the sun, and the laurels rose suddenly up as they shook it off in shower after shower. On one hand the ghost of a distant mountain hung lighter than cloud. For a moment another snow shower fell, but settled only on the scattered green of the arable fields: so on that hand lay miles of dark land under a veil of delicatest cirrus. Two miles ahead, on the boldest height of all, was the ruin — the mere dust and ashes — of a castle, pale, continually lost among clouds of which it seemed a part, and as unreal as if it were still in "the region of stories," and we were reading of it in the monkish chronicle.

The path followed one side of a steep wooded valley, and at the bottom a mountain river ran fast over great stones, its noise muffled by the trees, as if it talked in its beard. For almost a mile we could hear the sounding smoke of a white cataract which gave the river its speed. The great marsh

marigolds had come. Fragments of an ancient wall stood here and there among the trees: the stones were blessed with mosses, in whose miniature forests an autumnal red prevailed, which, however, loaded with dew, turned to perfect silver in the sun.

Reaching the castle on the hill, I came from those creations of the seasons and the hours as if straight upon time itself. The noble masonry preserved the curves of several pointed arches; some of the apartments might still have sheltered a stout physique from the pleasantries of wind and rain; but the building had unmistakably been overtaken by eternity. It had for centuries ceased to live. Now death itself was dead within these stones; it was resolved into its elements again. Approaching the castled crag, it was hard to say where crag ended and castle began. Examining the masonry, it was indistinguishable from the rock on which it lay. In summer the wild thyme and the harebell did their best to conceal what was written in terse hieroglyphics on the stones. But winter had undone these sweet deceits. By degrees a feeling of horror grew and became less vague. I accidentally loosened a stone, which fell noisily down the almost perpendicular cliff for two hundred feet to the fields below, and by no hard feat of the fancy I felt myself as insignificant as that stone; I too was cast over the abyss. One of the walls rose almost in line with this sheer cliff, and I could not help picturing the dreadful trade when that side was building. Many a slave must have dropped from the rising wall on to the plain. It is said that Roman mortar was made so durable by addition of human blood. That may be; here, it is certain, every stone owes its place to human blood. I passed several gaps for the crossbowmen, and looked out: nothing nearer than three hundred feet was visible, and that was below. I followed all the grisly windings of the dripping dungeon, and had scarce the

heart to trace back my footsteps into the light. How well these builders expressed themselves! How perfect is their style, the shadow of their personality! There is no mistaking the superb brutality of their nature. So forcibly was this still expressed that unwillingly I conjured up their subtlest cruelties to my mind. I too, like the prisoner five hundred years ago, was thrust through that deep and narrow window on to the plain below!

I cannot imagine any beings more unlike the builders and owners of this castle than the legendary mediæval knights. What has a Kehydus or a Perceval to do with shrieks which I still could hear amidst this ruin? Yet tradition connected these walls with Urian.

Then we passed into the little chapel of the castle, still a holy place, where a furze bush flowered, and the ancient turf lay innocent of the footprints even of wind. It was a refuge of eternal peace, — peace entailed and handed down through centuries of pleasant and melodious calm, to the chanting of holy men. Our entering footsteps and voices sounded most unreal. We were the ghosts. Antiquity — the echo, the shadow — was the one thing real. In a short time the ruins were lit by that weird light “sent from beyond the skies,” just after sunset, when far-off things are dim, but near things are strangely near. Those who walked there took deep draughts of eternity.

“Securos latices et longa oblivia potant.”

A lark was scaling the clouds as day fell, and sang, though driven madly backward by the wind. In their motion past the sun the monstrous clouds were transmuted into fiery vapors, “such stuff as dreams are made on,” light and graceful as Aphrodite rising from the sea. And already a valley here and there was full of night, as for a time that noblest of all Arthurian figures vanished, taking his helm and shield, and with words of perfect

knightliness "thanked God of his adventure."

Day was almost gone, when again, just as at a certain part of dawn, for a short time spring seemed to be coming down the wind into the land, undeniably the genius of spring, though invisible, inaudible. This promise was nearer a perfume than anything else, — as of remote blossom, driven hither across leagues of drenching Atlantic air, making the nostrils dilate with half-diffident expectation and surprise. A

bat flew round the keep, and his snipping sound could be heard overhead. Hesperus came out, and burned longer than it had done before that year, so that in its tender light the land seemed in that brief half hour to advance a long way toward the season of catkins, through which the first voices from the south — chaff-chaff and wood wren — would presently creep and stir vapors of golden pollen, while in the clear noon there would be no shadow save the fly's on the great buttercup.

Edward Thomas.

AUDREY.¹

XXIX.

AMOR VINCIT.

By now it was early spring in Virginia, and a time of balm and pleasantness. The season had not entered into its complete heritage of gay hues, sweet odors, song, and wealth of bliss. Its birthday robe was yet a-weaving, its coronal of blossoms yet folded buds, its choristers not ready with their fullest pæans. But everywhere was earnest of future riches. In the forest the blood-root was in flower, and the bluebird and the redbird flashed from the maple that was touched with fire to the beech just lifted from a pale green fountain. In Mistress Staggs' garden daffodils bloomed, and dim blue hyacinths made sweet places in the grass. The sun lay warm upon upturned earth, blackbirds rose in squadrons and darkened the yet leafless trees, and every wind brought rumors of the heyday toward which the earth was spinning. The days were long and sweet; at night a moon came up, and between it and the earth played soft and vernal airs.

Then a pale light flooded the garden; the shells bordering its paths gleamed like threaded pearls, and the house showed whiter than a marble sepulchre. Mild incense, cool winds, were there, but quiet came fitfully between the bursts of noise from the lit theatre.

On such a night as this, Audrey, clothed in red silk, with a band of false jewels about her shadowy hair, slipped through the stage door into the garden, and moved across it to the small white house and rest. Her part in the play was done; for all their storming she would not stay. Silence and herself alone, and the mirror in her room; then, sitting before the glass, to see in it darkly the woman whom she had left dead upon the boards yonder, — no, not yonder, but in a far country, and a fair and great city. Love! love! and death for love! and her own face in the mirror gazing at her with eyes of that long-dead Italian. It was the exaltation and the dream, mournful, yet not without its luxury, that ended her every day. When the candle burned low, when the face looked but dimly from the glass, then would she rise and quench

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the flame, and lay herself down to sleep, with the moonlight upon her crossed hands and quiet brow.

She passed through the grape arbor, and opened the door at which Haward had knocked that September night of the Governor's ball. She was in Mistress Stagg's long room. At that hour it should have been lit only by a dying fire and a solitary candle: now the fire was low enough, but the room seemed aflame with myrtle tapers. Audrey, coming from the dimness without, shaded her eyes with her hand. The heavy door shut to behind her; unseeing still she moved toward the fire, but in a moment let fall her hand and began to wonder at the unwonted lights. Mistress Stagg was yet in the playhouse; who then? She turned, and saw Haward standing, with folded arms, between her and the door.

The silence was long. He was Marmaduke Haward with all his powers gathered, calm, determined, so desperate to have done with this thing, to at once and forever gain his own and master fate, that his stillness was that of deepest waters, his cool equanimity that of the gamester who knows how will fall the loaded dice. Dressed with his accustomed care, very pale, composed and quiet, he faced her whose spirit yet lingered in a far city, who in the dreamy exaltation of this midnight hour was ever half Audrey of the garden, half that other woman in a dress of red silk, with jewels in her hair, who, love's martyr, had exulted, given all, and died.

"How did you come here?" she breathed at last. "You said that you would come never again."

"After to-night never again," he answered. "But now, Audrey, this once again, this once again!"

Gazing past him, she made a movement toward the door. He shook his head. "This is my hour, Audrey. You may not leave the room, nor will Mistress Stagg enter it. I will not touch

you, I will come no nearer to you. Stand there in silence, if you choose, or cover the sight of me from your eyes, while for my own ease, my own unhappiness, I say farewell."

"Farewell!" she echoed. "Long ago, at Westover, that was said between you and me. . . . Why do you come like a ghost to keep me and peace apart?"

He did not answer, and she locked her hands across her brow that burned beneath the heavy circlet of mock gems. "Is it kind?" she demanded, with a sob in her voice. "Is it kind to trouble me so, to keep me here?" —

"Was I ever kind?" he asked. "Since the night when I followed you, a child, and caught you from the ground when you fell between the corn rows, what kindness, Audrey?"

"None!" she answered, with sudden passion. "Nor kindness then! Why went you not some other way?"

"Shall I tell you why I was there that night, — why I left my companions, and came riding back to the cabin in the valley?"

She uncovered her eyes. "I thought — I thought then — that you were sent" —

He looked at her with strange compassion. "My own will sent me. . . . When, that sunny afternoon, we spurred from the valley toward the higher mountains, we left behind us a forest flower, a young girl of simple sweetness, with long, dark hair, — like yours, Audrey. . . . It was to pluck that flower that I deserted the expedition, that I went back to the valley between the hills."

Her eyes dilated, and her hands very slowly rose to press her temples, to make a shadow from which she might face the cup of trembling he was pouring for her. "*Molly!*" she said, beneath her breath.

He nodded. "Well, Death had gathered the flower. . . . Accident threw across my path a tinier blossom, a helpless child. Save you then, care for you then, I must, or I had been, not man, but

monster. Did I care for you tenderly, Audrey? Did I make you love me with all your childish heart? Did I become to you father and mother and sister and fairy prince? Then what were you to me in those old days? A child fanciful and charming, too fine in all her moods not to breed wonder, to give the feeling that Nature had placed in that mountain cabin a changeling of her own. A child that one must regard with fondness and some pity, — what is called a dear child. Moreover, a child whose life I had saved, and to whom it pleased me to play Providence. I was young, not hard of heart, sedulous to fold back to the uttermost the roseleaves of every delicate and poetic emotion; magnificently generous, also, and set to play my life *en grand seigneur*. To myself assume a responsibility which with all ease might have been transferred to an Orphan Court, to put my stamp upon your life to come, to watch you kneel and drink of my fountain of generosity, to open my hand and with an indulgent smile shower down upon you the coin of pleasure and advantage, — why, what a tribute was this to my own sovereignty, what subtle flattery of self-love, what delicate taste of power! Well, I kissed you good-by and unclasped your hands from my neck, chided you, laughed at you, fondled you, promised all manner of pretty things, and engaged you never to forget me, and sailed away upon the Golden Rose, to meet my crowded years with their wine and roses, upas shadows and apples of Sodom. How long before I forgot you, Audrey? A year and a day, perhaps. I protest that I cannot remember exactly."

He slightly changed his position, but came no nearer to her. It was growing quiet in the street beyond the curtained windows. One window was bare, but it gave only upon an unused nook of the garden where were merely the moonlight and some tall, leafless bushes.

"I came back to Virginia," he said, "and I looked for and found you in the

heart of a flowering wood. . . . All that you imagined me to be, Audrey, that was I not. Knight errant, paladin, king among men, — what irony, child, in that strange dream and infatuation of yours! I was — I am — of my time and of myself, and he whom that day you thought me had not then nor afterwards form or being. I wish you to be perfect in this lesson, Audrey. Are you so?"

"Yes," she sighed. Her hands had fallen; she was looking at him with slowly parting lips and a strange expression in her eyes.

He went on quietly, as before, every feature controlled to impassivity and his arms lightly folded: "That is well. Between the day when I found you again and a night in the Palace yonder lies a summer, — a summer! To me all the summers that ever I had or will have, — ten thousand summers! Now tell me how I did in this wonderful summer."

"Ignobly," she answered.

He bowed his head gravely. "Ay, Audrey, it is a good word." With a quick sigh he left his place, and walking to the uncurtained window stood there looking out upon the strip of moonlight and the screen of bushes; but when he turned again to the room, his face and bearing were as impressive as before in their fine, still gravity, their repose of determination. "And that evening by the river, when you fled from me to Hugon" —

"I had awaked," she said, in a low voice. "You were to me a stranger, and I feared you."

"And at Westover?"

"A stranger."

"Here in Williamsburgh, when by dint of much striving I saw you, when I wrote to you, when at last you sent me that letter, that piteous and cruel letter, Audrey?"

For one moment her dark eyes met his, then fell to her clasped hands. "A stranger," she said.

"The letter was many weeks ago. I

have been alone with my thoughts at Fair View. And to-night, Audrey?"

"A stranger," she would have replied, but her voice broke. There were shadows under her eyes; her lifted face had in it a strained, intent expectancy, as though she saw or heard one coming.

"A stranger," he acquiesced. "A foreigner in your world of dreams and shadows. No prince, Audrey, or great white knight and hero. Only a gentleman of these latter days, compact, like his fellows, of strength and weakness; now very wise, and now the mere finger-post of folly; set to travel his own path; able to hear above him in the rarer air the trumpet call, but choosing to loiter on the lower slopes. In addition a man who loves at last, — loves greatly, with a passion that shall ennoble. A stranger and your lover, Audrey, come to say farewell."

Her voice came like an echo, plaintive and clear, from far away: "Farewell."

"How steadily do I stand here to say farewell!" he said. "Yet I am eaten of my passion. A fire burns me, a voice within me ever cries aloud. I am whirled in a resistless wind. . . . Ah, my love, the garden at Fair View! The folded rose that will never bloom, the dial where linger the heavy hours, — the heavy, heavy, heavy hours!"

"The garden," she whispered. "I smell the box. . . . The path was all in sunshine. So quiet, so hushed. . . . I went a little farther, and I heard your voice where you sat and read — and read of *Eloïsa*. . . . *Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn!*"

"The last time, the last farewell!" he said. "When the Golden Rose is far at sea, when the winds blow, when the stars drift below the verge, when the sea speaks, then may I forget you, may the vision of you pass! Now, at Fair View, it passes not; it dwells. . . . Night and day I behold you, the woman that I love, — the woman that I love in vain!"

"The Golden Rose!" she answered. "The sea! . . . Alas!"

Her voice had risen into a cry. The walls of the room were gone, the air pressed upon her heavily, the lights wavered, the waters were passing over her as they had passed that night of the witch's hut. How far away the bank upon which he stood! He spoke to her, and his voice came faintly, as from that distant shore or from the deck of a swiftly passing ship: "And so it is good-by, sweetheart; for why should I stay in Virginia? Ah, if you loved me, Audrey! But since it is not so, good-by, good-by! This time I'll not forget you, but I shall not come again. Good-by!"

Her lips moved, but there came no words. A light had dawned upon her face, her hand was lifted as though to stay a sound of music. Suddenly she turned toward him, swayed, and would have fallen but that his arm caught and upheld her. Her head was thrown back; the soft masses of her wonderful hair brushed his cheek and shoulder; her eyes looked past him, and a smile, pure and exquisite beyond expression, just redeemed her face from sadness. "Good-morrow, Love!" she said, clearly and sweetly.

At the sound of her own words came to her the full realization and understanding of herself. With a cry she freed herself from his supporting arm, stepped backward and looked at him. The color surged over her face and throat, her eyelids drooped; while her name was yet upon his lips she answered with a broken cry of ecstasy and abandonment. A moment, and she was in his arms and their lips had met.

How quiet it was in the long room, where the myrtle candles gave out their faint perfume and the low fire leaped upon the hearth! Thus for a time; then, growing faint with her happiness, she put up protesting hands. He made her sit in the great chair, and knelt before her, all youth and fire, handsome, ardent, transfigured by his passion into such a lover as a queen might desire.

"Hail, Sultana!" he said, smiling, his

eyes upon her diadem. "Now you are Arpasia again, and I am Moneses, and ready, ah, most ready, to die for you."

She also smiled. "Remember that I am to quickly follow you."

"When shall we marry?" he demanded. "The garden cries out for you, my love, and I wish to hear your footstep in my house. It hath been a dreary house, filled with shadows, haunted by keen longings and vain regrets. Now the windows shall be flung wide and the sunshine shall pour in. Oh, your voice singing through the rooms, your foot upon the stairs!" He took her hands and put them to his lips. "I love as men loved of old," he said. "I am far from myself and my times. When will you become my wife?"

She answered him simply, like the child that at times she seemed: "When you will. But I must be Arpasia again to-morrow night. The Governor hath ordered the play repeated, and Margery Linn could not learn my part in time."

He laughed, fingering the red silk of her hanging sleeve, feasting his eyes upon her dark beauty, so heightened and deepened in the year that had passed. "Then play to them — and to me who shall watch you well — to-morrow night. But after that, to them never again; only to me, Audrey, — to me when we walk in the garden at home, when we sit in the bookroom and the candles are lighted. That day in May when first you came into my garden, when first I showed you my house, when first I rowed you home with the sunshine on the water and the roses in your hair! Love, love! do you remember?"

"Remember?" she answered, in a thrilling voice. "When I am dead I shall yet remember."

Rising from her chair, she stood looking down upon him who yet knelt. Her hands were in his clasp, and the smile upon his handsome face was very tender, for he loved her truly.

"This dress that I wear is not mine,"

she said, "and this crown upon my head has no value. Last May Day I won a guinea, but the minister spent it; another that was given to me I gave away. I am so poor that there is naught in the world that is mine. My parents were humble folk, and I know not so much as their names. I have lived with people that are not well spoken of, and to the houses which you enter as an honored guest I have gone on their errands and as their servant. I am Darden's Audrey. . . . The constable took Joan, the smith's daughter, and at the Court House one day they whipped her; and Annis Ray, who lived at the Point, she must stand one morning at the church door with a paper in her hand; and Darden's Audrey sat in Bruton church yonder, and the preacher spoke to her, and all the people turned to look. They say now that it was all a mistake and that she had done no wrong, but I think that the smirch will never leave her name. And now she is only a play actress. . . . Oh, one day you may be sorry, — I shall see it in your eyes! Think well, think well of what you do!"

The smile had left his lips. Profoundly moved, he rose, and twice walked the length of the room before he returned to her side. "I have thought," he said. "Months ago I thought, yonder in Marrot's ordinary, when I came to my senses, Audrey, when I remembered. . . . I will not speak of repentance, atonement. I love you, — better than my life I love you!"

"Life!" she exclaimed. "Life is very long. You love me now, but will you love me always? Perhaps before the end you'll tire of me; perhaps some day I shall come upon you unawares in the garden and see that you have counted the cost. Oh, if this, also, is a dream, and I must again awaken!"

"It is no dream!" he cried. "Audrey, Audrey, believe me now, at last and forever!"

She smiled, and put out her hand to

him with a gesture of her childhood. "I believe," she said. "I will forget the things of the past; I will try to learn. You will be gentle with me, I know, and patient."

"God knows I must learn of you!" he answered. "Oh, love, let be these things which matter not. The garden awaits us, and the long sunshine, and the opening roses."

"I will come when you want me," she said. "After to-morrow night I will come. . . . Oh, cannot you hear the river? And the walls of the box will be freshly green, and the fruit trees all in bloom. The white leaves drift down upon the bench beneath the cherry tree. . . . I will sit in the grass at your feet. Oh, I love you, have loved you long!"

With her head upon his breast and his arm about her, they stood in the heart of the soft radiance of many candles. His face was bowed upon the dark wonder of her hair; when at last he lifted his eyes, they chanced to fall upon the one uncurtained window. Audrey, feeling his slight, quickly controlled start, turned within his arm and also saw the face of Jean Hugon, pressed against the glass, staring in upon them.

Before Haward could reach the window the face was gone. A strip of moonlight, some leafless bushes; beyond, the blank wall of the theatre, — that was all. Raising the sash, Haward leaned forth until he could see the garden at large. Moonlight still and cold, winding paths, and shadows of tree and shrub and vine, but no sign of living creature. He closed the window and drew the curtain across; then turned again to Audrey. "A phantom of the night," he said, and laughed.

She was standing in the centre of the room, with her red dress gleaming in the candlelight. Her brow beneath its mock crown had no lines of care, and her beautiful eyes smiled upon him. "I have no fear of it," she said. "That is strange, is it not, when I have feared it

for so long? I have no other fear to-night than that I shall outlive your love for me."

"I will love you until the stars fall," he said.

"They are falling to-night. When you are without the door look up, and you may see one pass swiftly down the sky. Once I watched them from the dark river" —

"I will love you until the sun grows old," he said. "Through life and death, through heaven or hell, past the beating of my heart, while lasts my soul! . . . Audrey, Audrey!"

"If it is so," she answered, "then all is well. Now kiss me good-night, for I hear Mistress Stagg's voice. You will come again to-morrow? And to-morrow night, — oh, to-morrow night I shall see only you, think of only you while I play! Good-night, good-night."

They kissed and parted, and Haward, a happy man, went with raised face through the stillness and the moonlight to his lodging at Marot's ordinary. No phantoms of the night disturbed him. He had found the philosopher's stone, had drunk of the divine elixir. Life was at last a thing much to be desired, and the Giver of life was good, and the *sum-mum bonum* was deathless love.

XXX.

THE LAST ACT.

Before eight of the clock, Mr. Stagg, peering from behind the curtain, noted with satisfaction that the house was filling rapidly; upon the stroke of the hour it was crowded to the door, without which might be heard angry voices contending that there must be yet places for the buying. The musicians began to play, and more candles were lighted. There were laughter, talk, greetings from one part of the house to another, as much movement to and fro as could

be accomplished in so crowded a space. The manners of the London playhouses were aped not unsuccessfully. To compare small things with great, it might have been Drury Lane upon a gala night. If the building was rude, yet it had no rival in the colonies; and if the audience was not so gay of hue, impertinent of tongue, or paramount in fashion as its London counterpart, yet it was composed of the rulers and makers of a land destined to greatness.

In the centre box sat his Excellency William Gooch, Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, resplendent in velvet and gold lace; and beside him Colonel Alexander Spotswood, arrived in town from Germanna that day, with his heart much set upon the passage, by the Assembly, of an act which would advantage his iron works. Colonel Byrd of Westover, Colonel Esmond of Castlewood, Colonel Carter, Colonel Page, and Colonel Ludwell were likewise of the Governor's party, while seated or standing in the pit, or mingling with the ladies who made gay the boxes, were other gentlemen of consequence, — Councilors, Burgesses, owners of vast tracts of land, of ships and many slaves. Of their number, some were traveled men, and some had fought in England's wars, and some had studied in her universities. Many were of gentle blood, sprung from worthy and venerable houses in that green island which with fondness they still called home, and many had made for themselves name and fortune, hewing their way to honor through a primeval forest of adversities. Lesser personages were not lacking, but crowded the gallery and invaded the pit. Old fighters of Indians were present, and masters of ships trading from the Spanish islands or from the ports of home. Rude lumbermen from Norfolk or the borders of the Dismal Swamp stared about them, while here and there showed the sad-colored coat of a minister, or the broad face of some Walloon from Spotswood's

settlement on the Rapidan, or the keener countenances of Frenchmen from Monacan-Town. The armorer from the Magazine elbowed a great proprietor from the eastern shore, while a famous guide and hunter, long and lean and brown, described to a magnate of Yorktown a buffalo capture in the far west, twenty leagues beyond the falls. Masters and scholars from William and Mary were there, with rangers, traders, sailors ashore, small planters, merchants, loquacious keepers of ordinaries, men — now free and with a stake in the land — who had come there as indentured servants, or as convicts, runaways, and fugitives from justice. In the upper gallery, where no payment was exacted, were many servants with a sprinkling of favorite mulatto or mustee slaves; in the boxes the lustre and sweep of damask and brocade, light laughter, silvery voices, the flutter of fans; everywhere the vividness and animation of a strangely compounded society, where the lights were high and the shadows deep, and the colors laid by a master eye for contrast.

Nor did the conversation of so motley an assemblage lack a certain pictorial quality, a somewhat fantastic opulence or reference and allusion. Of what might its members speak while they waited for the drawing aside of the piece of baize which hung between them and an Oriental camp? There was the staple of their wealth, a broad-leafed plant, the smoke of whose far-spread burning might have wrapped its native fields in a perpetual haze as of Indian summer; and there was the warfare, bequeathed from generation to generation, against the standing armies of the forest, that subtle foe that slept not, retreated not, — whose vanguard, ever falling, ever showed unbroken ranks beyond. Trapper and trader and ranger might tell of trails through the wilderness vast and hostile, of canoes upon unknown waters, of beasts of prey, creatures screaming in the night-time through the ebony woods;

of Indian villages, also, and of red men who, in the fastnesses that were left them, took and tortured and slew after strange fashions. The white man, strong as the wind, drove the red man before his face like an autumn leaf; but he beckoned to the black man, and the black man came at his call. He came in numbers from a far country, and the manner of his coming was in chains. What he had to sell was valuable, but the purchase price came not into his hands. Of him also mention was made to-night. The master of the tall ship that had brought him into the James or the York, the dealer to whom he was consigned, the officer of the Crown who had cried him for sale, the planter who had bought him, the divine who preached that he was of a race accursed, — all were there, and all had interest in this merchandise. Others in the throng talked of ships both great and small, and the quaintness of their names, the golden flowers and golden women, the swift birds and beasts, the namesakes of Fortune or of Providence, came pleasantly upon the ear. The still-vexed Bermoothes, Barbadoes, and all the Indies were spoken of; ports to the north and ports to the south, pirate craft and sunken treasure, a flight, a fight, a chase at sea. The men from Norfolk talked of the Great Dismal and its trees of juniper and cypress, the traders of trading, the masters from William and Mary of the humanities. The greater men, authoritative and easy, owners of flesh and blood and much land, holders of many offices and leaders of the people, paid their respects to horse-racing and cock-fighting, cards and dice; to building, planting, the genteel mode of living; and to public affairs both in Virginia and at home in England. Old friends, with oaths of hearty affection, and from opposite quarters of the house, addressed one another as Tom, or Ned, or Dick, while old enemies, finding themselves side by side, exchanged extremely civil speeches, and so put a keener edge upon

their mutual disgust. In the boxes, where glowed the women, there was comfit talk, vastly pretty speeches, asseverations, denials, windy sighs, the politest oaths, whispering, talk of the play, of Mr. Haward of Fair View, of Darden's Audrey.

Haward, entering the pit, made his way quietly to where a servant was holding for him a place. The fellow pulled his forelock in response to his master's nod, then shouldered his way through the press to the ladder-like stairs that led to the upper gallery. Haward, standing at his ease, looked about him, recognizing this or that acquaintance with his slow, fine smile and an inclination of his head. He was much observed, and presently a lady leaned from her box, smiled, waved her fan, and slightly beckoned to him. It was young Madam Byrd, and Evelyn sat beside her.

Five minutes later, as Haward entered the box of the ladies of Westover, music sounded, the curtain was drawn back, and the play began. Upon the ruder sort in the audience silence fell at once: they that followed the sea, and they that followed the woods, and all the simple folk ceased their noise and gesticulation, and gazed spellbound at the pomp before them of rude scenery and indifferent actors. But the great ones of the earth talked on, attending to their own business in the face of Tamerlane and his victorious force. It was the fashion to do so, and in the play to-night the first act counted nothing, for Darden's Audrey had naught to do with it. In the second act, when she entered as Arpasia, the entire house would fall quiet, staring and holding its breath.

Haward bent over Madam Byrd's hand; then, as that lady turned from him to greet Mr. Lee, addressed himself with grave courtesy to Evelyn, clothed in pale blue, and more lovely even than her wont. For months they had not met. She had written him one letter, — had written the night of the day upon which

she had encountered Audrey in the Palace walk, — and he had answered it with a broken line of passionate thanks for unmerited kindness. Now as he bent over her she caught his wrist lightly with her hand, and her touch burned him through the lace of his ruffles. With her other hand she spread her fan. Mr. Lee's shoulder knot also screened them while Mr. Grymes had engaged its owner's attention, and pretty Madam Byrd was in animated conversation with the occupants of a neighboring box. "Is it well?" asked Evelyn, very low.

Haward's answer was as low, and bravely spoken, with his eyes meeting her clear gaze, and her touch upon his wrist. "For me, Evelyn, it is very well," he said. "For her, — may I live to make it well for her, forever and a day well for her! She is to be my wife."

"I am glad, — very glad."

"You are a noble lady," he answered. "Once, long ago, I styled myself your friend, your equal. Now I know better my place and yours, and as from a princess I take your alms. For your letter — that letter, Evelyn, which told me what you thought, which showed me what to do — I humbly thank you."

She let fall her hand from her silken lap, and watched with unseeing eyes the mimicry of life upon the stage before them, where Selima knelt to Tamerlane, and Moneses mourned for Arpasia. Presently she said again, "I am glad;" and then, when they had kept silence for a while, "You will live at Fair View?"

"Ay," he replied. "I will make it well for her here in Virginia."

"You must let me help you," she said. "So old a friend as I may claim that as a right. To-morrow I may visit her, may I not? Now we must look at the players. When she enters there is no need to cry for silence. It comes of itself, and stays; we watch her with straining eyes. Who is that man in a cloak, staring at us from the pit? See, with the great peruke and the scar!"

Haward, bending, looked over the rail; then drew back, with a smile. "A half-breed trader," he said, "by name Jean Hugon. Something of a character."

"He looked strangely at us," said Evelyn, "with how haggard a face! My scarf, Mr. Lee? Thank you. Madam, have you the right of the matter from Kitty Page?"

The conversation became general, and soon, the act approaching its end, and other gentlemen pressing into the box which held so beautiful a woman, so great a catch, and so assured a belle as Mistress Evelyn Byrd, Haward arose and took his leave. To others of the brilliant company assembled in the playhouse he paid his respects; speaking deferentially to the Governor, gayly to his fellow Councilors and planters, and bowing low to many ladies. All this was in the interval between the acts. At the second parting of the curtain he resumed his former station in the pit. With intention he had chosen a section of it where were few of his own class. From the midst of the ruder sort he could watch her more freely, could exult at his ease in her beauty both of face and mind.

The curtain parted, and the fiddlers strove for warlike music. Tamerlane, surrounded by the Tartar host, received his prisoners, and the defiant rant of Bajazet shook the rafters. All the sound and fury of the stage could not drown the noise of the audience. Idle talk and laughter, loud comment upon the players, went on, — went on until there entered Darden's Audrey, dressed in red silk, with a jeweled circlet like a line of flame about her dark, flowing hair. The noise sank, voices of men and women died away; for a moment the rustle of silk, the flutter of fans, continued, then this also ceased.

She stood before the Sultan, wide-eyed, with a smile of scorn upon her lips; then spoke in a voice low, grave, monotonous, charged like a passing bell with warning and with solemn woe. The

house seemed to grow more still; the playgoers, box and pit and gallery, leaned slightly forward: whether she spoke or moved or stood in silence, Darden's Audrey, that had been a thing of naught, now held every eye, was regnant for an hour in this epitome of the world. The scene went on, and now it was to Moneses that she spoke. All the bliss and anguish of unhappy love sounded in her voice, dwelt in her eye and most exquisite smile, hung upon her every gesture. The curtain closed. From the throng that had watched her came a sound like a sigh, after which, slowly, tongues were loosened. An interval of impatient waiting, then the music again and the parting curtain, and Darden's Audrey, — the girl who could so paint very love, very sorrow, very death; the girl who had come strangely and by a devious path from the height and loneliness of the mountains to the level of this stage and the watching throng.

At the close of the fourth act of the play Haward left his station in the pit, and quietly made his way to the regions behind the curtain, where, in the very circumscribed space that served as green-room to the Williamsburgh theatre, he found Tamerlane, Bajazet, and their satellites, together with a number of gentleman invaders from the front of the house. Mistress Stagg was there, and Selima, perched upon a table and laughing with the aforesaid gentlemen, but no Arpasia. Haward drew the elder woman aside. "I wish to see her," he said, in a low voice, kindly but imperious. "A moment only, good woman."

With her finger at her lips Mistress Stagg glanced about her. "She hides from them always, she's that strange a child; though indeed, sir, as sweet a young lady as a prince might wed! This way, sir, — it's dark; make no noise."

She led him through a dim passage-way, and softly opened a door. "There, sir, for just five minutes! I'll call her in time."

The door gave upon the garden, and Audrey sat upon the step in the moonshine and the stillness. Her hand propped her chin, and her eyes were raised to the few silver stars. That mock crown which she wore sparkled palely, and the light lay in the folds of her silken dress. At the opening of the door she did not turn, thinking that Mistress Stagg stood behind her. "How bright the moon shines!" she said. "A mocking bird should be singing, singing! Is it time for Arpasia?"

As she rose from the step Haward caught her in his arms. "It is I, my love! Ah, heart's desire! I worship you who gleam in the moonlight, with your crown like an aureole" —

Audrey rested against him, clasping her hands upon his shoulder. "There were nights like this," she said dreamily. "If I were a little child again, you could lift me in your arms and carry me home. I am tired. . . . I would that I needed not to go back to the glare and noise. The moon shines so bright! I have been thinking" —

He bent his head and kissed her twice. "Poor Arpasia! Poor tired child! Soon we shall go home, Audrey, — we two, my love, we two!"

"I have been thinking, sitting here in the moonlight," she went on, her hands clasped upon his shoulder, and her cheek resting on them. "I was so ignorant. I never dreamed that I could wrong her . . . and when I awoke it was too late. And now I love you, — not the dream, but you. I know not what is right or wrong; I know only that I love. I think she understands, forgives. I love you so!" Her hands parted, and she stood from him, with her face raised to the balm of the night. "I love you so," she repeated, and the low cadence of her laugh broke the silver stillness of the garden. "The moon up there, she knows it; and the stars, — not one has fallen to-night! Smell the flowers. Wait; I will pluck you hyacinths."

They grew by the doorstep, and she broke the slender stalks and gave them into his hand. But when he had kissed them he would give them back, would fasten them himself in the folds of silk that rose and fell with her quickened breathing. He fastened them with a brooch which he took from the Mechlin at his throat. It was the golden horse-shoe, the token that he had journeyed to the Endless Mountains.

"Now I must go," said Audrey. "They are calling for Arpasia. Follow me not at once. Good-night, good-night! Ah, I love you so! Remember always that I love you so!"

She was gone. In a few minutes he also reëntered the playhouse, and went to his former place, where, with few of his kind about him, he might watch her undisturbed. As he made his way with some difficulty through the throng, he was aware that he brushed against a man in a great peruke, who, despite the heat of the house, was wrapped in an old roquelaure tawdrily laced; also that the man was keeping stealthy pace with him, and that when he at last reached his station the cloaked figure fell into place immediately behind him.

Haward shrugged his shoulders, but would not turn his head and thereby grant recognition to Jean Hugon, the trader. Did he so, the half-breed might break into speech, provoke a quarrel, make God knew what assertion, what disturbance. To-morrow steps should be taken — Ah, the curtain!

The silence deepened, and men and women leaned forward, holding their breath. Darden's Audrey, robed and crowned as Arpasia, sat alone in the Sultan's tent, staring before her with wide dark eyes; then, slowly rising, began to speak. A sound, a sigh as of wonder, ran from the one to the other of the throng that watched her. Why did she look thus, with contracted brows, toward one quarter of the house? What inarticulate words was she uttering?

What gesture, quickly controlled, did she make of ghastly fear and warning? And now the familiar words came halting from her lips: —

"Sure 't is a horror, more than darkness brings,

That sits upon the night!"

With the closing words of her speech the audience burst into a great storm of applause. 'Gad, how she acts! The world hath seen no such paragon. What now? Why, what is this? She is leaving the stage —

It was quite in nature and the mode for an actress to pause in the middle of a scene to curtsy thanks for generous applause, to smile and throw a mocking kiss to pit and boxes, but Darden's Audrey had hitherto not followed the fashion. Also, it was not uncustomary for some spoiled favorite of a player, between her scenes, to trip down the step or two from the stage to the pit, and mingle with the gallants there, laugh, jest, accept languishing glances, audacious comparisons, and such weighty trifles as gilt snuffboxes and rings of price. But this player had not heretofore honored the custom; moreover, at present she was needed upon the stage. Bajazet must thunder, and she defy; without her the play could not move, and indeed the actors were now staring with the audience. What was it? Why had she crossed the stage, and slowly, smilingly, beautiful and stately in her gleaming robes, descended those few steps which led to the pit? What had she to do there, throwing smiling glances to right and left, lightly waving the folk, gentle and simple, from her path, pressing steadily onward to some unguessed-at goal? As though held by a spell they watched her, one and all. — Haward, Evelyn, the Governor, the man in the cloak, every soul in that motley assemblage. The wonder had not time to dull, for the moments were few between her final leave-taking of those boards which she had trodden supreme and the crashing and terrible

chord which was to close the entertainment of this night.

Her face was raised to the boxes, and it seemed as though her dark eyes sought one there. Then suddenly she swerved. There were men between her and Haward. She raised her hand, and as at the command of a queen indeed they made for her a path. Haward, bewildered, started forward. But her cry was not to him. It was to the figure just behind him,—the cloaked figure whose hand grasped the hunting knife which, from the stage, as she had looked to where stood her lover, she had seen or divined. “Jean! Jean Hugon!” she cried.

Involuntarily the trader pushed toward her, past the man whom he meant to stab to the heart. The action, dragging his cloak aside, showed the half-raised arm and the gleaming steel. For many minutes the knife had been ready. The play was nearly over, and she must see this man who had stolen her heart, this Haward of Fair View, die. Else Jean Hugon’s vengeance were not complete. No warning cried from the stage could have done aught but precipitate the deed, but now, for the moment, amazed and doubtful, he turned his back upon his prey.

In that moment the Audrey of the woods, a creature lithe and agile and strong of wrist as of will, had thrown herself upon him, clutching the hand that held the knife. He strove to dash her from him, but in vain; the house was in an uproar; and now Haward’s hands were at his throat, Haward’s voice was crying to that fair devil, that Audrey for whom he had built his house, who was balking him of revenge, whose body was between him and his enemy! Suddenly he was all savage; as upon a night in Fair View house he had cast off the trammels of his white blood, so now. An access of furious strength came to him: he shook himself free. The knife gleamed in the air, descended. . . . He drew it from the bosom into which he

had plunged it, and as Haward caught her in his arms, who would else have sunk to the floor, the half-breed burst through the horror-stricken throng, brandishing the red blade and loudly speaking in the tongue of the Monacans. Like a whirlwind he was gone from the house, and for a time none thought to follow him.

They bore her into the small white house, and up the stair to her own room, and laid her upon the bed. Dr. Contesse came and went away, and came again. There was a crowd in Palace Street before the theatre. A man, mounting the doorstep, so that he might be heard of all, said clearly, “She may live until dawn,—no longer.” Later, one came out of the house and asked that there might be quiet. The crowd melted away, but throughout the mild night, filled with the soft airs and thousand odors of the spring, people stayed about the place, standing silent in the street or sitting on the garden benches.

In the room upstairs lay Darden’s Audrey, with crossed hands and head put slightly back. She lay still, upon the edge of death, nor seemed to care that it was so. Her eyes were closed, and at intervals one sitting at the bedhead laid touch upon her pulse, or held before her lips a light ringlet of her hair. Mary Stagg sat by the window and wept, but Haward, kneeling, hid his face in the covering of the bed. The form upon it was not more still than he. Mistress Stagg also stifled her sobs, for it seemed not a place for loud grief.

In the room below, amidst the tinsel frippery of small wares, waited others whose lives had touched the life that was ebbing away. Now and then one spoke in a hushed voice, a window was raised, a servant bringing in fresh candles trod too heavily; then the quiet closed in again. Late in the night came through the open windows a distant clamor, and presently a man ran down Palace Street, and as he ran called aloud some tidings.

MacLean, standing near the door, went softly out. When he returned, Colonel Byrd, sitting at the table, lifted inquiring brows. "They took him in the reeds, near the Capitol landing," said the Highlander grimly. "He's in the gaol now, but whether the people will leave him there" —

The night wore on, grew old, passed into the cold melancholy of its latest hour. Darden's Audrey sighed and stirred, and a little strength coming to her parting spirit, she opened her eyes and loosed her hands. The physician held to her lips a cordial, and she drank a very little. Haward lifted his head, and as Contesse passed him to set down the cup caught him by the sleeve. The other looked pityingly at the man into whose face had come a flush of hope. "Tis but the last flickering of the flame," he said. "Soon even the spark will vanish."

Audrey began to speak. At first her words were wild and wandering, but, the mist lifting somewhat, she presently knew Mrs. Stagg, and liked to have her take the doctor's place beside her. At Haward she looked doubtfully, with wide eyes, as scarce understanding. When he called her name, she faintly shook her head; then turned it slightly from him and veiled her eyes. It came to him with a terrible pang that the memory of their latest meetings was wiped from her brain, and that she was afraid of his broken words and the tears upon her hand.

When she spoke again, it was to ask for the minister. He was below, and Mistress Stagg went weeping down the stairs to summon him. He came, but would not touch the girl; only stood, with his hat in his hand, and looked down upon her with bleared eyes and a heavy countenance.

"I am to die, am I not?" she asked, with her gaze upon him.

"That is as God wills, Audrey," he answered.

"I am not afraid to die."

"You have no need," he said, and going out of the room and down the stairs, made Stagg pour for him a glass of *aqua vitæ*.

Audrey closed her eyes, and when she opened them again there seemed to be many persons in the room. One was bending over her who at first she thought was Molly; but soon she saw more clearly, and smiled at the pale and sorrowful face. The lady bent lower yet, and kissed her on the forehead. "Audrey," she said; and Audrey, looking up at her, answered, "Evelyn."

When the dawn came glimmering in the windows, when the mist was cold and the birds were faintly heard, they raised her upon her pillows and wiped the death dew from her forehead. "Audrey, Audrey, Audrey!" cried Haward, and caught at her hands.

She looked at him with a faint and doubtful smile, remembering nothing of that hour in the room below, of those minutes in the moonlit garden. "Gather the rosebuds while ye may," she said; and then, "The house is large. Good giant, eat me not!"

The man upon his knees beside her uttered a cry, and began to speak to her, thickly, rapidly, words of agony, entreaty, and love. To-morrow and for all life habit would resume its sway, and lost love, remorse, and vain regrets put on a mask that was cold and fine and able to deceive. To-night there spoke the awakened heart. With her hands cold in his, with his agonized gaze upon the face from which the light was slowly passing, he poured forth his passion and his anguish, and she listened not. They moistened her lips, and one opened wide the window that gave upon the east. "It was all a dream," she said; and again, "All a dream." A little later, while the sky flushed slowly and the light of the candles grew pale, she began suddenly, and in a stronger voice, to speak as Arpasia: —

"If it be happiness, alas! to die,
To lie forgotten in the silent grave!" —

"Forgotten!" cried Haward. "Audrey, Audrey, Audrey! Go not from me! Oh, love, love, stay awhile!"

"The mountains," said Audrey clearly. "The sun upon them, and the lifting mist."

"The mountains!" he cried. "Ay,

we will go to them, Audrey, we will go together! Why, you are stronger, sweetheart! There is strength in your voice and your hands, and a light in your eyes! Oh, if you will live, Audrey, I will make you happy! You shall take me to the mountains, — we will go together, you and I! Audrey, Audrey" —

But Audrey was gone already.

Mary Johnston.

(The end.)

LINCOLN'S RIVAL.

HAMILTON and Jefferson, Clay and Jackson, Douglas and Lincoln, — these have been the three great rivalries of American politics. The third was not the least. If it fell short of the others in variety of confrontments; if it was not so long drawn out, or accompanied with so frequent and imposing alignments and realignments of vast contending forces on a broad and national field, it surpassed them in the clearness of the sole and vital issue it involved, in a closer contact and measuring of powers, in the complete and subtle correspondence of the characters of the rivals to the causes for which they fought.

In March, 1834, Stephen Arnold Douglas, an unknown youth from Vermont, poor, delicate, almost diminutive in physical stature, and not yet of age, was admitted to the bar of Illinois, and opened an office at Jacksonville, in the county of Morgan. From that day he rose faster than any other man in the state, if not in the whole country, notwithstanding that he rose on the lines along which many and many a young American was struggling toward eminence, and notwithstanding that Illinois was full, as later years were to prove, of young men exceptionally fit for such careers as he was seeking.

Within a month he had got the leadership of the Democrats of his neighborhood and county. At twenty-one he was public prosecutor, or district attorney, of the judicial district, — an office which at twenty-three he resigned in order to enter the legislature. At twenty-four he was register of public lands at Springfield. At twenty-five he was his party's candidate for Congress in a Whig district, the largest in the country, and was beaten by five votes in a total poll of more than 36,000. At twenty-seven, after serving a few weeks as secretary of state, he was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois. At thirty he was in the lower house of Congress. At thirty-three he took the seat in the Senate which he held until he died. From 1848, when he was thirty-five, until 1860, when he was nominated, his name was presented to every Democratic National Convention as a candidate for the presidency.

When he was elected to the Illinois legislature, Abraham Lincoln, a Whig representative from Sangamon County, was already well known for his ungainly length of body, for his habit of reasoning in parables which were now Scriptural and now vulgar to the point of obscenity, and for a quaint and rare

honesty. He was four years older than the new member from Morgan, and nearly two feet taller. Douglas, many years later, declared that he was drawn to Lincoln by a strong sympathy, for they were both young men making an uphill struggle in life. Lincoln, at his first sight of Douglas, during his canvass for the attorneyship, pronounced him "the least man he ever saw."

When Douglas, as register of public lands, went to live at Springfield, which was just become the capital, he found Shields, McClernand, Lincoln, and other rising young men already gathered there; and thereafter he and Lincoln knew each other well, for they lived together several years in an atmosphere of intimate personal scrutiny. For searching study of one's fellows, for utter disregard of all superficial criteria of character and conventional standards of conduct, there is but one sort of life to be compared with the life of a Southern or Western town, and that is the life of students in a boarding school or a small college. In such communities there is little division into classes, as of rich and poor, educated and illiterate, well and obscurely born. On the steps of the courthouse, in the post office while the daily mail is sorted, in the corner drug store on Sundays, in lawyers' offices, on the curbstone, — wherever a group of men is assembled, — there is the freest talk on every conceivable subject; and the lives of men are open to their fellows as they cannot be in cities by reason of the mass, or in country districts by reason of the solitude, and the shyness which solitude breeds. Against Douglas there was the presumption, which every New England man who goes southward or westward has to live down, that he would in some measure hold himself aloof from his fellows; but the prejudice was quickly dispelled. No man entered more readily into close personal relations with whomsoever he encountered. In all our accounts of him he is represented as sur-

rounded with intimates. Not without the power of impressing men with his dignity and seriousness of purpose, we nevertheless hear of him sitting on the knee of an eminent judge during a recess of the court; dancing from end to end of a dinner table with the volatile Shields, — the same who won laurels in the Mexican War, a seat in the United States Senate, and the closest approach anybody ever won to victory in battle over Stonewall Jackson; and engaging, despite his height of scarce five feet and his weight of a hundred pounds, in personal encounters with Stuart, Lincoln's athletic law partner, and a corpulent attorney named Francis.

On equal terms he mingled in good-humored rivalry with a group of uncommonly resourceful men, and he passed them all in the race for advancement. Buoyant, good-natured, never easily abashed, his maturity and *savoir-faire* were accentuated by the smallness of his stature. His blue eyes and dark, abundant hair heightened the physical charm of boyishness; his virile movements, his face, heavy-browed, round, and strong, his firm, rich voice, and his well-formed, extraordinarily large head gave him an aspect of intellectual power. He had a truly Napoleonic trick of attaching men to his fortunes. He was a born leader, beyond question; and he himself does not seem ever to have doubted his fitness to lead, or ever to have agonized over the choice of a path and the responsibilities of leadership. There is some reason to believe that Lincoln, strange as it seems, was successful as his rival in a love affair, but otherwise he left Lincoln far behind.

Twenty years later, in 1858, when he went back to Illinois to take the stump in his campaign for reelection to the Senate, he was by far the most conspicuous figure in American public life. He had been for some years the most active and the most brilliant man in Congress, and he was the leader of his

party as Clay had been the leader of the Whigs. He had given it a policy on the uppermost question of the day, — the question of slavery in the territories. The Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, which threw open to slavery the vast region consecrated to freedom by the Compromise of 1820, was entirely his work. He had written it of his own motion, by himself, in his own house, and, as he truly declared, he had passed it himself. "I had," he said afterwards, "the authority and power of a dictator throughout the controversy in both houses." The famous measure had altered the whole face of American politics. The Democrats had adopted the principle of it — the principle which Douglas called "popular sovereignty," and which its opponents nicknamed "squatter sovereignty" — in their platform of 1856. It made the South so solidly Democratic that for a time all semblance of opposition disappeared in that quarter. In the North it summoned the Republican party into life.

From motives of expediency the Democrats chose Buchanan, and not Douglas, to be their candidate in 1856; but he was no sooner in office than, in his subserviency to the Southerners, he took a course with Kansas in which Douglas would not follow him. The administration tried to force upon the Kansans the pro-slavery Lecompton Constitution, and Douglas, with a handful of followers in Congress, joined the Republicans, and defeated the daring last attempt to bring Kansas into the Union as a slave state, contrary to the will of the great majority of her people. He went home a victor in that stirring parliamentary contest, and Chicago, which in 1854 had hooted and hissed and stoned him into silence when he tried to defend the Kansas-Nebraska Act, now welcomed him uproariously. The whole North, in fact, which had but a little while before reviled him and burnt him in effigy, was now beginning to praise him. Horace Greeley and

other important persons were even suggesting that he might after all prove to be the very man to lead the new party to victory on a more moderate platform. But there awaited him in Illinois treason in the ranks of his own party, — for the administration, beaten in Congress, attacked him at home, — and an opposition now completely formed and led by the man whom Douglas himself in his own heart dreaded as he had never dreaded the ablest of his rivals at Washington. The Republicans had taken the unusual course of holding a convention to nominate their candidate for the Senate, and the candidate was Lincoln.

Douglas was the very type of that instant success which waits on ability undistracted by doubt and undeterred by the fear of doing wrong, — the best exemplar of that American statesmanship which accepts things as they are and makes the most of them. Facile, keen, effective, he had found life a series of opportunities easily embraced. Precocious in youth, marvelously active in manhood, he had learned without study, resolved without meditation, accomplished without toil. Whatever obstacles he had found in his path, he had either adroitly avoided them or boldly overleaped them, but never laboriously uprooted them. Whatever subject he had taken in hand, he had swiftly compassed it, but rarely probed to the heart of it. With books he dealt as he dealt with men, getting from them quickly what he liked or needed; he was as unlikely to pore over a volume, and dog-ear and annotate it, as he was with correspondence and slow talk and silences to draw out a friendship. Yet he was not cold or mean, but capable of hero worship, following with ardor the careers of great conquerors like Cæsar and Napoleon, and capable, too, of loyalty to party and to men. He had great personal magnetism: young men, especially, he charmed and held as no other public man could, now Clay was dead.

His habits were convivial, and the vicious indulgence of his strong and masculine appetites, the only relaxation he craved in the intervals of his fierce activities, had caused him frequent illnesses; but he was still a young man, even by American standards, for the eminence he had attained. At the full of his extraordinary powers, battling for the high place he had and the higher he aspired to, there was nowhere to be seen his equal as a debater or a politician, — nowhere but in the ungainly figure, now once more erected into a posture of rivalry and defiance, of the man whom he had long ago outstripped and left behind him in the home of their common beginnings.

Slower of growth, and devoid altogether of many brilliant qualities which his rival possessed, Lincoln nevertheless outreached him by the measure of two gifts which Douglas lacked, — the twin gifts of humor and of brooding melancholy. Bottomed by the one in homeliness, his character was by the other drawn upward to the height of human nobility and aspiration. His great capacity for pain, which but for his buffoonery would no doubt have made him mad, was the source of his rarest excellencies. Familiar with squalor and hospitable to vulgarity, his mind was yet tenanted by sorrow, a place of midnight wrestlings. In him, as never before in any other man, were high and low things mated, and awkwardness and ungainliness and uncouthness justified in their uses. At once coarser than his rival and infinitely more refined and gentle, he had mastered lessons which the other had never found the need of learning, or else had learned too readily and then dismissed. He had thoroughness for the other's competence; insight into human nature and a vast sympathy for the other's facile handling of men; a deep devotion to the right for the other's loyalty to party platforms. The very core of his nature was truth, and he himself is re-

ported to have said of Douglas that he cared less for the truth, as the truth, than any other man he knew.

Hanging for some years upon the heels of his rival's rapid ascent, Lincoln had entered the House as Douglas left it for the Senate; but at the end of the term he retired from politics, baffled and discouraged. Tortured with the keen apprehension of a form and grace into which he could never mould his crudeness, tantalized with a sense that there must be a way for him to get a hold upon his fellows and make a figure in the history of his times, he had watched the power of Douglas grow and the fame of Douglas spread, until it seemed that the voice of Douglas was always speaking, the hand of Douglas everywhere. Patiently working out the right and wrong of the fateful question Douglas dealt with so boldly, he came into the impregnable position of such as hated slavery and yet forbore to violate its sanctuary. Suddenly, with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Douglas himself had opened a path for him. He went back into politics, and took a leading part in the Anti-Nebraska movement. Whenever opportunity offered, he combated Douglas on the stump. The year Trumbull won the senatorship Lincoln had first come within a few votes of it. Risen now to the leadership of the Republicans in Illinois, he awaited Douglas at Chicago, listened to his opening speech, answered it the next evening, followed him into the centre of the state, and finally proposed a series of joint debates before the people. Douglas hesitated, but accepted, and named seven meeting places: Ottawa and Freeport, in the northern stronghold of the Republicans; Galesburg, Quincy, and Charleston, in a region where both parties had a good following; and Jonesboro and Alton, which were in "Egypt." The first meeting was at Ottawa, in August; the last at Alton, in the middle of October. Meanwhile, both spoke incessantly at other places, — Douglas oftener

than once a day. First the fame of Douglas and then Lincoln's unexpected survival of the early meetings drew the eyes of the whole country upon these two foremost Americans of their generation, face to face there on the Western prairie, fighting out the great question of the times.

Elevated side by side on wooden platforms in the open air, thrown into relief against the low prairie skyline, the two figures take strong hold upon the imagination: the one lean, long-limbed, uncommonly tall; the other scarce five feet high, but compact, manful, instinct with energy, and topped with its massive head. In voice and gesture and manner Douglas was incomparably the superior, as he was, too, in the ready command of a language never, indeed, ornate or imaginative, and sometimes of the quality of political commonplace, but always forcible and always intelligible to his audience. Lincoln had the sense of words, the imagination, the intensity of feeling, which go to the making of great literature; but for his masterpieces he always needed time. His voice was high and strained, his gestures ungraceful, his manner painful, save in the recital of those passages which he had carefully prepared or when he was freed of his self-consciousness by anger or enthusiasm. Neither of them, in any single speech, could be compared to Webster in the other of the two most famous American debates, but the series was a remarkable exhibition of forensic power. The interest grew as the struggle lengthened. People traveled great distances to hear them. At every meeting place, a multitude of farmers and dwellers in country towns, with here and there a sprinkling of city folk, crowded about the stand where "Old Abe" and the "Little Giant" turned and twisted and fenced for an opening, grappled and drew apart, clinched and strained and staggered; but neither fell. The wonder grew that Lincoln stood up so well under the on-

slaughts of Douglas, at once skillful and reckless, held him off with so firm a hand, gripped him so shrewdly. Now the wonder is that Douglas, wrestling with the man and the cause of a century, kept his feet and held his own.

He was fighting, too, with an enemy in the rear: when he turned to strike at the administration, Lincoln would call out: "Go it, husband! Go it, bear!" Apart from that diversion, however, the debate, long and involved as it was, followed but three general lines. The whole is resolvable into three elements, — personalities, politics, and principles. There were the attacks which each made upon the other's record, the efforts which each made to weaken the other's position before the people, and the contrary views which were advanced.

Douglas began, indeed, with gracious compliments to his opponent, calling him "an amiable, kindly, and intelligent gentleman." Lincoln, unused to praise from such a source, protested he was like the Hoosier with the gingerbread: "He reckoned he liked it better than any other man, and got less of it." But in a moment Douglas was charging that Lincoln and Trumbull, Whig and Democrat, had made a coalition in 1854 to form the Black Republican party and get for themselves the two senatorships from Illinois, and that Trumbull had broken faith with Lincoln. Lincoln in turn made a charge that Douglas had conspired with Presidents Pierce and Buchanan and Chief Justice Taney to spread slavery and make it universal. The Kansas - Nebraska Act was their first step, the Dred Scott decision the second; but one more step, and slavery could be fastened upon states as they had already fastened it upon territories. Douglas protesting that to bring such a charge, incapable of proof or disproof, was indecent, Lincoln pointed out that Douglas had similarly taxed the administration with conspiring to force a slave constitution upon Kansas; and afterwards took up a charge

of Trumbull's, that Douglas himself had at first conspired with Toombs and other Senators to prevent any reference to the people of whatsoever constitution the Kansas convention might adopt. When they moved southward, Douglas charged Lincoln with inconsistency in that he changed his stand to suit the leanings of different communities. Of all these charges and countercharges, however, none was absolutely proved, and no one now believes those which Douglas brought; but he made them serve. And Lincoln's, though he sustained them with far better evidence, and pressed them home with a wonderful clearness of reasoning, — once he actually threw his argument into a syllogism, — did no great harm to Douglas.

It was Douglas, too, who began the sparring for a political advantage. He knew that Lincoln's following was heterogeneous. "Their principles," he jeered, "in the north are jet-black, in the centre they are in color a decent mulatto, and in lower Egypt they are almost white." His aim, therefore, was to fix upon Lincoln such extreme views as would alarm the more moderate of his followers, since the extremists must take him, perforce, as a choice of two evils, even though he fell far short of their radical standard. To this end, Douglas produced certain resolutions which purported to have been adopted by an Anti-Nebraska convention at Springfield in 1854, and would have held Lincoln responsible for them. In a series of questions, he asked if Lincoln were still opposed to a fugitive slave law, to the admission of any more slave states, and to acquiring any more territory unless the Wilmot Proviso were applied to it, and if he were still for prohibiting slavery outright in all the territories and in the District of Columbia, and for prohibiting the interstate slave trade. It soon transpired that Lincoln was not present at the Springfield convention, and that the resolutions were not adopted

there, but somewhere else, and Douglas had to defend himself against a charge of misrepresentation. Nevertheless, when they met the second time at Freeport, Lincoln answered the questions. He admitted the right of the South to a fugitive slave law. He would favor abolition in the District only if it were gradual, compensated, and accomplished with the consent of the inhabitants. He was not sure of the right of Congress to prohibit the interstate slave trade. He would oppose the annexation of fresh territory if he thought it would tend to aggravate the slavery controversy. He could see no way to deny the people of a territory, if slavery were prohibited among them during their territorial life, and they nevertheless asked to come into the Union as a slave state. These mild and cautious answers displeased the stalwart anti-slavery men. Lincoln would go their lengths in but one particular: he was for prohibiting slavery outright in all the territories.

Then he brought forward some questions for Douglas to answer. Would Douglas vote to admit Kansas, with less than 93,000 inhabitants, if she presented a free-state constitution? Would he vote to acquire fresh territory without regard to its effect on the slavery dispute? If the Supreme Court should decide against the right of a state to prohibit slavery, would he acquiesce? "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?"

Douglas had no great difficulty with the first three questions, and the fourth — the second, as Lincoln read them — he had in fact answered several times already, and in a way to please the Democrats of Illinois. But Lincoln, contrary to the advice of his friends, pressed it on him again, with a view to the "all hail hereafter;" for it was meant to bring out the inconsistency of the prin-

ciple of popular sovereignty with the Dred Scott decision, and the difference between the Northern and the Southern Democrats. Douglas answered it as he had before. The people of a territory, through their legislature, could, by unfriendly laws or merely by denying legislative protection, make it impossible for a slaveowner to hold his slaves among them, no matter what rights he might have under the Constitution. Lincoln declared that the answer was historically false, since slaves had been held in territories in spite of unfriendly legislation, and pointed out that if the Dred Scott decision was right, the members of a territorial legislature, when they took an oath to support the Constitution, bound themselves to grant slavery protection. Later, in a fifth and last question, he asked whether, in case the slaveowners of a territory demanded of Congress protection for their property, Douglas would vote to give it to them. But Douglas fell back upon his old position that Congress had no right to intervene. He would not break with his supporters in Illinois, but by his "Freeport Doctrine" of unfriendly legislation he had broken forever with the men who were now in control of his party in the Southern states.

It was Lincoln who took the aggressive on principles. A famous paragraph of his speech before the convention which nominated him began with the words: "'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." That was a direct challenge to Douglas and his whole plan with slavery, and throughout the debate, at every meeting, the doctrine of the divided house was attacked and defended. Douglas declared that Lincoln was inciting half his countrymen to make war upon the other half; that he went for a uniformity of domestic institutions everywhere, instead of letting different communities manage their domestic affairs

as they chose. But no, Lincoln protested, he was merely for resisting the spread of slavery, and putting it in such a state that the public mind would rest in the hope of its ultimate extinction. "But why," cried Douglas, "cannot this government go on as the fathers left it, as it has gone on for more than a century?" Lincoln met him on that ground, and had the better of him in discussing what the fathers meant concerning slavery. They did not mean, he argued, to leave it alone to grow and spread; for they prohibited it in the Northwest Territory; they left the word "slave" out of the Constitution, in the hope of a time when there should be no slaves under the flag. On the true meaning of the Declaration of Independence, however, Douglas had a certain advantage, for Lincoln found the difficulty which candid minds still find in applying the principle of equality to races of unequal strength. Douglas plainly declared that ours is a white man's government. Lincoln admitted such an inferiority in negroes as would forever prevent the two races from living together on terms of perfect social and political equality; and if there must be inequality, he was in favor of his own race having the superior place. He could only contend, therefore, for the negro's equality in those rights set forth in the Declaration. Douglas made the most of this, and of Lincoln's failure, through a neglect to study the economic character of slavery, to show clearly how the mere restriction of it would lead to its extinction.

But Douglas did not, and perhaps he could not, follow Lincoln when he passed from the Declaration and the Constitution to the "higher law," from the question of rights to the question of right and wrong; for there Lincoln rose not merely above Douglas, but above all that sort of politics which both he and Douglas came out of. There, indeed, was the true difference between these men and their causes. Douglas seems to shrink

backward into the past, and Lincoln to come nearer and grow larger as he proclaims: "That is the real issue. That is the issue which will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles, right and wrong, throughout the world."

Nevertheless, Douglas won the senatorship and kept his hold on the Northern Democrats. Immediately he paid a visit to the South. He got a hearing there, and so made good his boast that he could proclaim his principles anywhere in the Union; but when he returned to Washington, he found that the party caucus, controlled by Buchanan and the Southerners, had deposed him from the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories, which he had held so many years, and from this time he was constantly engaged with the enemies he had made by his course on Lecompton and by his Freeport Doctrine. His Northern opponents were no longer in his way. He had overmatched Sumner and Seward in the Senate and beaten the administration, and held his own with Lincoln; but the unbending and relentless Southerners he could neither beat nor placate. It was men like Jefferson Davis in the Senate, and Yancey at Southern barbecues and conventions, who stood now between him and his ambition. That very slave power which he had served so well was upreared to crush him because he had come to the limit of his subserviency. His plan of squatter sovereignty had not got the Southerners Kansas or any other slave state to balance California and Minnesota and Oregon. They demanded of Congress positive protection for slavery in the territories. The most significant debate of the session was between Douglas on the one side and a group of Southern Senators, led by Jefferson Davis, on the other. He stood up against them manfully, and told them frankly that not

a single Northern state would vote for any candidate on their platform, and they as flatly informed him that he could not carry a single Southern state on his.

He was too good a politician to yield, even if there had been no other reason to stand firm, but continued to defend the only doctrine on which there was the slightest chance of beating the Republicans in the approaching election. One method he took to defend it was novel, but he has had many imitators among public men of later years. He wrote out his argument for Harper's, the most popular magazine of the day. The article is not nearly so good reading as his speeches, but it was widely read. Judge Black, the Attorney-General of Buchanan's Cabinet, made a reply to it, and Douglas rejoined; but little of value was added to the discussions in Congress and on the stump. The Southerners, however, would not take warning. As they saw their long ascendancy in the government coming to an end, their demands rose higher. Some of them actually began to agitate for a revival of the African slave trade: and this, also, Douglas had to oppose. His following in the Senate was now reduced to two or three, and one of these, Broderick, of California, a brave and steadfast man, was first defeated by the Southern interest, and then slain in a duel. John Brown's invasion of Virginia somewhat offset the aggressions of the South; but that, too, might have gone for a warning. The elections in the autumn of 1859 were enough to show that the North was no longer disposed to forbearance with slavery. Douglas went as far as any man in reason could go in denouncing John Brown, and those who were thought to have set him on; and he supported a new plan for getting Cuba. But Davis, on the very eve of the Democratic convention at Charleston, was pressing upon the Senate a series of resolutions setting forth the extreme demand of the South concerning the territories. He was as

bitter toward Douglas as he was toward the Republicans. At Charleston, Yancey took the same tone with the convention.

Practically the whole mass of the Northern Democrats were for Douglas now, and the mass of Southern Democrats were against him. The party was divided, as the whole country was, by a line that ran from east to west. Yet it was felt that nothing but the success of that party would avert the danger of disunion; and the best judges were of opinion that it could not succeed with any other candidate than Douglas or any other platform than popular sovereignty. His managers at Charleston offered the Cincinnati platform of 1856, with the addition of a demand for Cuba and an indorsement of the Dred Scott decision and of any future decisions of the Supreme Court on slavery in the territories. But the Southerners would not yield a hair's breadth. Yancey, their orator, upbraided Douglas and his followers because they did not dare to tell the North that slavery was right. In that strange way the question of right and wrong was forced again upon the man who strove to ignore it. Senator Pugh, of Ohio, spokesman for Douglas, answered the fire eaters. "Gentlemen of the South," he cried, "you mistake us! You mistake us! We will not do it!" The Douglas platform was adopted, and the men of the cotton states withdrew. On ballot after ballot, a majority of those who remained and a majority of the whole convention stood firm for Douglas; but it was decided that two thirds of the whole convention were required to nominate. Men who had followed his fortunes until his ambition was become their hope in life, wearied out with the long deferment, broke down and wept. Finally, it was voted to adjourn to Baltimore. In the interval Davis and Douglas fell once more into their bitter controversy in the Senate.

At Baltimore a new set of delegates

from the cotton states appeared in place of the seceders; but they were no sooner admitted than another group withdrew, and even Cushing, the chairman, left his seat and followed them. Douglas telegraphed his friends to sacrifice him if it were necessary to save his platform; but the rump convention adopted the platform and nominated him. The two groups of seceders united upon the Yancey platform, and Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for a candidate. A new party of sincere but unpractical Union-Savers took the field, with John Bell, an old Whig, for a candidate, and a platform of patriotic platitudes. The Republicans, guided in ways they themselves did not understand, had put aside Seward, and taken Lincoln to be their leader.

The rivals were again confronted, but on cruelly unequal terms. From the first, it was clear that nearly the whole North was going Republican, and that the cotton states were for Breckinridge or disunion. Whatever chance Douglas had in the border states and in the Democratic states of the North was destroyed by the new party. But he knew he was at the head of the true party of Jefferson; he felt that the old Union would not stand if he were beaten. He was the leader of a forlorn hope, but he led it superbly well. He undertook a canvass of the country the like of which no candidate had ever made before. At the very outset of it he was called upon to show his colors in the greater strife that was to follow. At Norfolk, in Virginia, it was demanded of him to say whether the doctrine of a Black Republican President would justify the Southern states in seceding. He answered, no. Pennsylvania was again the pivotal state, and at an election in October the Republicans carried it over all their opponents combined. Douglas was in Iowa when he heard the news. He said calmly to his companions: "Lincoln is the next President. I have no hope and no destiny before me but to do my best to save

the Union from overthrow. Now let us turn our course to the South," — and he proceeded through the border states straight to the heart of the kingdom of slavery and cotton. The day before the election he spoke at Montgomery, Yancey's home; that night he slept at Mobile. If in 1858 he was like Napoleon the afternoon of Marengo, now he was like Napoleon struggling backward in the darkness toward the lost field of Waterloo. There was a true dignity and a true patriotism in his appeal to his maddened countrymen not to lift their hands against the Union their fathers made: —

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!"

An old soldier of the Confederacy, scarred with the wounds he took at Bull Run, looking back over a wasted life to the youth he sacrificed in that ill-starred cause, remembers now, as he remembers nothing else of the whole year of revolution, the last plea of Douglas for the old party, the old Constitution, the old Union.

He carried but one state outright, and got but twelve votes in the electoral college. Lincoln swept the North, Breckinridge the South, and Bell the border states. Nevertheless, in the popular vote, hopeless candidate that he was, he stood next to Lincoln, and none of his competitors had a following so evenly distributed throughout the whole country.

When all was over, he could not rest, for he was still the first man in Congress, but hurried back to Washington and joined in the anxious conferences of such as were striving for a peaceable settlement. When South Carolina seceded, he announced plainly enough that he did not believe in the right of secession, or consider that there was any grievance sufficient to justify the act. But he was for concessions, if they would save the country from civil war. Crittenden, of Kentucky, coming forward, after the manner of Clay, with a series of amend-

ments to the Constitution, and another Committee of Thirteen being named, Douglas was ready to play the same part he had played in 1850. The plan could not pass the Senate, however, and one after another the cotton states followed South Carolina. Then he labored with the men of the border states, and broke his last lance with Breckinridge, who, when he ceased to be Vice President, came down for a little while upon the floor as Senator, to defend the men whom he was about to join in arms against their country. Douglas engaged him with all the old fire and force, and worsted him in the debate.

His bearing toward Lincoln was generous and manly. When Lincoln, rising to pronounce his first inaugural address, looked awkwardly about him for a place to bestow his hat, that he might adjust his glasses to read those noble paragraphs, Douglas came forward and took it from his hand. The graceful courtesy won him praise; and that was his attitude toward the new administration. The day Sumter was fired on he went to the President to offer his help and counsel. There is reason to believe that during those fearful early days of power and trial Lincoln came into a better opinion of his rival.

The help of Douglas was of moment, for he had the right to speak for the Democrats of the North. On his way homeward he was everywhere besought to speak. Once he was aroused from sleep to address an Ohio regiment marching to the front, and his great voice rolled down upon them, aligned beneath him in the darkness, a word of loyalty and courage. At Chicago he spoke firmly and finally, for himself and for his party. While the hope of compromise lingered he had gone to the extreme of magnanimity; but the time for compromise was past. "There can be no neutrals in this war," he said; "only patriots and traitors." These were the best words he could have spoken. They

were the last he ever spoke to his countrymen, for at once he was stricken down with a swift and mortal illness, and hurried to his end. A little while before the end his wife bent over him for a message to his sons. He roused himself, and said, "Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States." He died on June 11, 1861, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

It was a hard time to die. War was at hand, and his strong nature stirred at the call. Plunged in his youth into affairs, and wonted all his life to action, he had played a man's part in great events, and greater were impending. He had taken many blows of men and circumstance, and stormy times might bring redress. He was a leader, and for want of him a great party must go leaderless and stumbling to a long series of defeats. He was a true American, and his country was in danger. He was ambitious, and his career was not rightly finished. He was the second man in

the republic, and he might yet be the first.

But first he never could have been while Lincoln lived, nor ever could have got a hold like Lincoln's on his kind. His place is secure among the venture-some, strong, self-reliant men who in various ages and countries have for a time hastened, or stayed, or diverted from its natural channel the great stream of affairs. The sin of his ambition is forgiven him for the good end he made. Yet for all his splendid energy and his brilliant parts, for all the charm of his bold assault on fortune and his dauntless bearing in adversity, we cannot turn from him to his rival without changed and softened eyes. For Lincoln, indeed, is one of the few men eminent in politics whom we admit into the hidden places of our thought; and there, released from that coarse clay which prisoned him, we companion him forever with the gentle and heroic of older lands. Douglas abides without.

William Garrott Brown.

THE FAME OF VICTOR HUGO.

THE purpose of this paper is to review the history of Victor Hugo's fame. It may thus be possible to arrive at an opinion, that shall not be founded on individual taste or mere caprice, as to the quality and order of his genius. We shall do well to defer to the judgment of the most competent among his countrymen. It has always been impossible for his English and American critics to find common ground. Matthew Arnold, for example, could say of him, in that apparently casual and parenthetical manner which veils some of his most audacious assumptions, that if the French were more at home in the higher regions of poetry "they would perceive with us

that M. Victor Hugo, for instance, or Sir Walter Scott, may be a great romance-writer, and may yet be by no means a great poet." In the eyes of Mr. Swinburne, Hugo was "the greatest Frenchman of all time," "the greatest poet of this century," "the spiritual sovereign of the nineteenth century," — no less! Mr. Dowden, in an eloquent and sympathetic essay, considers chiefly Victor Hugo's public aspect,—his relation to politics, his patriotism, his character as a representative Frenchman. Throughout at least the early half of Hugo's career a large part of our public knew him as a dramatist and romancer almost exclusively. And yet, of the eminent French writers who,

in this hundredth year from his birth, are estimating his place and importance in their literature, it is unlikely that many will take his romances into very serious account, or treat his dramas as if they possessed much vital and intrinsic excellence. Already, too, as in the case of Coleridge, it is being said of Victor Hugo that his value lies in the innovations which he made and the impulse he gave to other writers as much as in the power or the beauty of his works.

One might have expected less temerity of judgment. Even in these swiftly moving times, when men learn and forget so soon, sixteen years are a short period for so turbid and so vast a manifestation of literary effort to settle into clarity. And, moreover, there has been with us, all this time, the disquieting spectacle of Victor Hugo's spirit still stirring the waters; for, strong fighter that he was, even death did not silence him. A giant spectre of the man has projected itself, with grandiose and characteristic gesture, past the day that seemed to round off his earthly career. For sixteen years the enormous series of his volumes has kept on increasing, not by mere posthumous dribblings, but by substantial and characteristic books; and two of the most interesting contributions to literature in 1901 were from his hand.

Yet, in spite of his vigorous defense during a lifetime of amazing resourcefulness, — in spite, too, of a startling palingenesis, — time and the critics and the changing taste of the public have affected his reputation, and, on the whole, diminished it. It was, of course, inevitable that his mere popularity should thus dwindle, that his name should gradually become less frequent on men's lips. It must, indeed, have been easy to foresee that in his case the falling off would be very marked, because, for many reasons, only in part connected with the degree of his literary excellence, he was a man of extraordinary prominence in a period of rapid political and social

change. But apart from this mere fading of the light of day, — his day of actual presence before the public, — apart from this, and more unexpected, has been the diminution, already sensible to every eye, of that light of glory which he, and most other men also, took for the radiance of eternal fame. It may be that this centenary of his birth will witness a rally; but if so, it will be a rearguard pause in a swift retreat. Already newcomers in realms where he once held sway deny his ever having been a rightful sovereign there, and trace their lineage and legitimacy farther back. Already the importance of his innovations is disputed. Already the public realizes that, if it is to continue reading him, competent judges must first winnow out the best of him, and present this in a compass that shall be to his whole production as perhaps one to twenty. Already critics have qualified and minimized their former praise, even of his best. Already literary artists have become attached to new methods, ideals, and tendencies, and many of his disciples themselves are no longer in a humble attitude toward their master.

Still, even if Victor Hugo's fame were in ruins, which it is not likely to be within a time that can be predicted, enough might be saved from the wreckage of so colossal an edifice for posterity to erect therewith an imposing temple. Would the superscription on the frieze be to the Man of Letters in general, or to the Romancer, or to the Dramatist, or to the Epic Poet, or to the Lyric Poet, or to the Innovator in literary theory and practice? Toward answering this question some progress has really been made by French critics, despite the popular tendency to confound all distinctions in indiscriminating praise. But to discover the answer and appreciate its cogency, we shall do well to take a glance at the history of Hugo's reputation. The stages of its development succeeded one another by sudden and strongly marked movements, although it is true (and baffling enough

the fact is to the observer) that the advance was seldom made all along the front of his endeavor, but by detachments, like the charging of a modern line of battle. With respect to the general public, the advance was almost unchecked down to the year of Hugo's death. But criticism has had much to say at every important point, especially between 1835 and 1840, and after 1885.

If any excuse be required for considering with attention and even deference what the judgment of this higher court has been, it may be worth while to remember how very superior French criticism is. It has a substantive value of its own, — the best of it, — which rests both upon its formal excellence and upon its importance as a manifestation of human reason. In each of these elements it is at least equal to French poetry. Indeed, it would be difficult to point anywhere in the world, at present, to a more brilliant display of concerted literary talent than the writings of the French critics of our day. If in any large variety of intellectual success, any organization of the highest results of culture, France is distinctly a leader among the nations, it is in literary criticism; it is in applying to the problems of civilization that stored-up wisdom which her literature contains. No other country has had a succession of critics comparable for combined effectiveness to the French critics of the last eighty years. With all the individual genius of our own critics, from Coleridge and De Quincey to Mr. Dowden and Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells, English criticism presents less unity of purpose and has exerted less influence. The French critics possess much in common, and, in spite of wide differences of opinion among them, their influence, on the whole, moves in a definite direction. Their style, with all its infinite variety and the distinct personality which each of them has impressed upon it in turn, has unfailingly the quality of being perfectly adapted to the subjects which they treat. 'It

is alive and intelligent on every page, — almost every word a picture, almost every phrase a figure of speech. And how our respect for the French people is intensified when we reflect that such a style, so full of reference and allusion, so full of symbol and trope, presupposes a public capable of appreciating its qualities! It is true, indeed, in a wider sense, that the best we get from France, not merely in this form, but in every form of literature, is criticism, after all. We read even her poetry less for its sensuous beauty than for what in it appeals to our reason.

Victor Marie Hugo was born on the 26th of February, 1802. In 1817, two years after the century had, for France at least, begun a second time with the fall of Napoleon, he had already found recognition as a poet. Between that date and his death, on May 22, 1885, amid many political revolutions and many changes of literary fashion, he was a constant and conspicuous presence in the intellectual life of his country. He was a great figurehead, prominent by virtue of his own qualities, and representing tendencies of forces at his back. That he was a pilot of the thought of France has been less commonly taken for granted; yet, notwithstanding early opposition and recent obscurity, he has probably meant more to the world at large for the past seventy years than any other French man of letters in the same period. To be a public character in this sense required an unusual combination of strong elements: Hugo was intensely serious, and applied his personal force in many directions, now here, now there, but never failing to impart his individual touch. His public career in the narrow sense, as an influence in politics, is not without significance: he was almost officially the poet laureate of the Restoration; he was a member of the Assembly before the *coup d'état*; he was the Exile from 1851 to 1870; he sat in the Assembly in 1871, and in the Senate after 1876.

Moreover, he responded with ready sensibility to the spirit of the times, as it spoke in varied language at different epochs. In his early years he agonized between two ideals, — the dream of Napoleonic empire and the fiction of a permanently restored Bourbon kingdom, — and for a while found safe common ground in Roman Catholicism as a basis of conservative government. Toward the middle of the century, when scientific research was establishing realms independent of political boundaries, he became more detached from politics and dogma, and gave himself up more to what he regarded as his function of prophecy. But when a usurper forced politics back upon his attention, Hugo shared the feeling of almost all the literary men around him, and excelled them all in promptitude and decisiveness of action. In the closing years of his life, on his return from exile, he flung himself into every movement for the aggrandizement of his country, with a leaning always toward socialism.

On the whole, his existence made for the maintenance in France of what is most admirable in her recent history, of what has been perhaps her principal contribution to the world, — a culture urbane, practical, and most conservative, but ready to kindle into radical idealism upon occasion. Yet it appears that his influence of this general character was much less profound than men used to imagine. These, however, are considerations which concern more particularly his own countrymen. They may well be more interested than we can be in estimating his influence upon domestic life, upon public regard for religion and morality, upon the spirit of nationalism, upon social progress. Still, it may be worth while to observe that his reputation as the poet *par excellence* of domestic life became a subject of mirth to his detractors when he published *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, in 1865; and that his humanitarian ideals have been termed

naïve and hollow; and that he is declared to have been in general behind the spirit of the age, rather than its guide, in matters of religious and ethical thought, while, as to his political influence, he is held responsible more than any other man for the creation of the Napoleonic legend. Really, critics of the first order in France have come to regard Victor Hugo's mark upon the culture of his age as the impress of only a human hand, and not the compelling touch of a god, and they have almost ceased to discuss the matter.

What engages their attention still is the delimitation of his qualities as a literary artist, and the question of the permanency of his fame. It would be interesting to know how many times on the 26th of February of this year the words, "*Ce siècle avait deux ans*," will be quoted and these subjects opened for debate. It is an impressive thought that, although Victor Hugo's latest publication appeared in 1901, his place in French literature began to be warmly discussed more than seventy years ago. William IV. was not yet King of England, nor Andrew Jackson yet President of the United States, when Victor Hugo's rank and influence in literature were already matters of animated interest to French critics.

At that time — let us say in 1828 — it was almost generally conceded that the *Odes et Ballades*, notwithstanding the reactionary tone of their political ideas, were poetry of considerable merit. In versification they were just bold enough to give a sense of originality, though not so audacious as to excite alarm. But the drama *Cromwell*, published in 1827, with its preface challenging the sacred traditions of the French theatre, had awakened a storm of protest, and for many years to come, years that witnessed the publication of *Hernani*, *Marion Delorme*, *Le Roi s'amuse*, *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Marie Tudor*, *Angelo*, and finally *Ruy Blas* in 1838, his principles of dramatic composition and his methods of versifying in dramatic form were objects of

much hostile criticism and, in equal measure, of enthusiastic praise. It was not till about 1840 that it became clear how large a field was really in dispute between classicism and romanticism, — not the drama, merely, but every form of imaginative composition, and indeed every one of the fine arts. Victor Hugo, more than any other writer, had blown the spirit of romanticism wide over the dry grass in every quarter of the plain, throwing Notre Dame de Paris as a firebrand into the region of prose fiction, and four astonishing handfuls of sparks into the thirstier levels of lyric poetry. It was not till some time after the publication of these four volumes — *Les Orientales*, 1829, *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, 1831, *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, 1835, and *Les Voix Intérieures*, 1837 — that the public realized their import as contributions to the general struggle between the schools. When this realization came, and men began to look back upon the large and varied work of the poet, dramatist, and romancer, Hugo was recognized on all hands as a great force in contemporary literature, as perhaps the greatest living French writer, and certainly as a man of whom it was safe to predict that he would have a remarkable career. In and about 1840 the world came around to him, and his election to the Academy, early in 1841, only sealed and confirmed the popular admission of his extraordinary claims to honor.

Three men, however, whose suffrage really counted for almost as much as the favor of all the rest of France, held back in a manner that, as was afterwards made only too evident, embittered for Hugo the wine of success. One of them, Sainte-Beuve, offended by silence. Considering his interest in the points at issue, and how many contemporary celebrities were among the subjects of his discourse, we may well be surprised that the name of Victor Hugo occurs so seldom in his *Causeries* and *Portraits* after 1835. Sainte-Beuve was, ostensibly at least, among

the romanticists, though we know now that in reality he was a very uncertain convert and his heart was in the other camp. Many years later he wrote of himself: "I am a man most thoroughly suppld and broken in to metamorphoses. I began frankly and crudely with what was most advanced in the eighteenth century, — with Tracy, Daudou, Lamareck, and physiology: there is the real basis of my intellectual character, after all. Thence I passed through the doctrinaire and psychological school of the *Globe* newspaper, but with mental reservations and without adhering to it. From that stage I went on to poetic romanticism and into the circle of Victor Hugo, and there I appeared to make a complete surrender of myself. . . . In all these voyages of my spirit I never alienated my will and my judgment, except for a brief time in the circle of Victor Hugo and under the influence of a charm." These last words are said to be at once an explanation and a confession, and to allude to Madame Hugo. In 1868, on re-editing his *Portraits Contemporains*, which contained flattering reviews of Hugo's work between 1831 and 1835, Sainte-Beuve appended a footnote which explains his silence after that period: "On reading them over again to-day, I admit that these articles on Victor Hugo satisfy me very imperfectly. And yet they are (if we add to them two old articles, the first of all, on the *Odes et Ballades*, inserted in the *Globe* of the 2d and 9th of January, 1827) the only pieces of criticism which I have written expressly about his works. I have not treated of his dramas or his later romances or any of his collections of poetry subsequent to 1835; or if I have perchance written anything for my private view, I have suppressed it." And he goes on to say that, dazzled though he has often been by Hugo's genius, he has never, since those early days, yielded him complete admiration: "Always, in praising or blaming him, I have wished him to be a little

different from what he was or could be; always I have drawn him more or less toward me, according to my tastes and individual preferences; always I have set up, instead of the puissant reality before which I found myself, a softened or embellished ideal, which I detached from the reality to suit myself."

Sainte-Beuve has had enemies enough, who have insinuated that jealousy, either literary or private and very personal, was the real cause of his negative attitude toward Hugo after 1835. But knowing, in the light of his whole career, that his delicate and after all classical taste could not have surrendered to Ruy Blas or La Légende des Siècles, we may easily now admit that, whatever the temptation to unfairness may have been, he really was perfectly true to himself in refusing further homage to Hugo. If he rejected Balzac, who thrashed about like leviathan in the sea of prose fiction, which to Sainte-Beuve was comparatively remote and uninteresting, by how much the more must the great critic have turned his eyes away from the monstrous *ébats* of Hugo in the home waters of drama and lyric poetry! If to bring the public back from its temporary infatuations to what has always been pleasing and elevating, if to dispel *engouements* by recalling attention to classic beauty and eternal truth, — if this be, as Sainte-Beuve declared it was, the properest function of criticism, he was never more truly fulfilling his mission, according to his light, than in maintaining with regard to Hugo a disquieting and piquant reserve.

But Nebuchadnezzar-Hugo could never forgive. And as the three stanch men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, refused, what time they heard "the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music," to fall down and worship the image which the king had set up, so not only Sainte-Beuve, but two other critics of firm judgment and cultivated even if somewhat old-fash-

ioned taste were cast into the fiery furnace of Hugo's rage and fury, and "the form of his visage was changed against" Désiré Nisard and Gustave Planche.

The music of Babylon was not more varied and captivating than the harmonies which Hugo's orchestra was at this time performing. Between the publication of *Les Orientales* in 1829 and *Les Rayons et les Ombres* in 1840 three other notable collections of lyric poetry appeared, — *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, and *Les Voix Intérieures*.

Here were enough, if quantity, variety of form, novelty of matter, and personality of tone suffice to make a poet great, — here were surely enough, we might suppose, to compel the adhesion of every reader. Indeed, if Hugo had died in mid-career, these volumes would go far to establish a very considerable fame for him. Nisard and Planche, with what now seems perfect impartiality and good temper, with seriousness and deference and a high sense of responsibility, wrote discriminatingly, and incurred Hugo's lasting hatred, though they really gave enthusiastic acknowledgment of his lyric genius. Nisard, indeed, was at first wholly favorable to Hugo. In reviewing *Notre Dame de Paris* and *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, in 1831, his praise was without reserve; and from him, a most conservative critic, it meant much, and was of great service to the poet. Why, then, does Hugo, thirty years later, in the time of his apotheosis, when mildness might have been expected from the god, go out of his way to vent his rancor on Nisard, with grotesque ingenuity of insult? It is because Nisard, admirer of his poetry though he was, yet ventured to qualify and to offer suggestions.

No man was better fitted to do this, and it had been well for Hugo if he had lent a less credulous ear to adulation, and paid some attention to Nisard's kindly advice. The immediate cause

of Hugo's bitterness was an article by Nisard, published in the *Revue de Paris* in 1836, which began inauspiciously as follows: "The last three productions of Victor Hugo have given some anxiety to his best friends." The essay is, however, sufficiently impersonal, and deals with general principles. The following extract, for example, is criticism of the highest order, penetrating, illuminating, large, and based on exact knowledge: "An imagination fecundated by a powerful memory, — here is the whole of M. Hugo's talent: it is by this that he is truly an innovator in our country, where we have no instance of a great writer who possessed nothing but imagination; it is by this that he has made a great stir, that he has aroused the younger generation, that he has acquired a tumultuous kind of glory. An imagination at once exact and abundant, with no element of feeling and without the balancing restraint of reason, but able sometimes to make a show of the former, and stumbling sometimes upon the sound and correct views of the latter, — this is all there is to M. Victor Hugo. And when we say that he has been an innovator, it is not meant as praise. In France, a country whose literature is essentially practical and full of sense, a writer who has only an imagination, even though it be of the rarest kind, cannot be a great writer. The honor of our great poets consists especially in having expressed in perfect language some of the verities of practical life, — in having created, in some sort, the poetry of reason. Genius, in France, is an admirable concourse of all the fitnesses at once." And in the same article Nisard remarks: "If there is truth in what you have just read, you must conclude that what we appeared to fear at the beginning of this article as a thing possible is perhaps a thing close at hand and inevitable, — to wit, the literary death of M. Victor Hugo."

It cannot have been agreeable for Hugo to read this prophecy, even

though it was followed, two pages later, by the admission that a poet so richly though defectively endowed might die and rise again, purified and strengthened, to run a more glorious course. This resurrection, Nisard ventured to suggest, could come about only if the poet, turning a deaf ear to flatterers, should "tear himself away from his false glory, and dip his soul in the double source of eternal thoughts, — solitude and reason." And this is what Hugo did, in part, difficult as it must have been for him; and to this retirement to deeper feelings and the solitude of grief he owed unquestionably the new birth of his genius which we observe in *Les Contemplations*.

It was not a voluntary retirement and Nisard had little enough to do with it. We must attribute Hugo's nearest approach to genuine human sympathy, and, in the opinion of many readers, his most affecting poetry, to his daughter's death, in 1843. Until then his life had been precociously progressive. He had reached the various stages of his domestic happiness and his public celebrity very early. His successes had been uninterrupted and cumulative. It is the general testimony of his contemporaries that this had spoiled his personal character; that he was self-willed, self-centred, and vain. His personality may be pertinent to our purpose if, as his critics began to observe about 1835, he was too egotistic to give up his literary mannerisms, fertilize the barren portions of his mind, enrich his individuality by going outside of himself in sympathetic projection, and strengthen his reason by exact discipline.

A few characteristic passages from Hugo's poetry of that period will indicate what his critics had in mind. There is something of Shelley's doctrine, though none of the poignant appealingness of Shelley's pain, none of Shelley's convincing seriousness, in the lines from the poem to the Greek hero Canaris, in *Chants du Crépuscule*: —

"Car le héros est fort et le poète est saint !
Les poètes profonds qu'aucun souffle n'éteint
Sont pareils au volcan de la Sicile blonde
Que tes regards sans doute ont vu fumer sur
l'onde :
Comme le haut Etna, flamboyant et fécond,
Ils ont la lave au cœur et l'épi sur le front."

Again, from the poem *Sunt Lacrymæ Rerum*, in *Les Voix Intérieures* : —

"Nous, pasteurs des esprits, qui du bord du
chemin,
Regardons tous les pas que fait le genre humain,
Poètes par nos chants, penseurs par nos idées,
Hâtons vers la raison les âmes attardées."

And again, the amazing line in praise of poets : —

"Tous ceux en qui Dieu se concentre."

These assertions of the poet's prerogative, these exaggerated statements of the poet's function, are not the "sound and correct views" which Nisard considered essential to great poetry. We have in Shelley many passages of the same import, but expressed plaintively rather than bombastically. What seems pompous in a man fed full on praises may have the dignity of a brave challenge to fate in one whom the world has treated ill, or who sincerely believes himself afflicted. Of the note of merely personal vanity instances are to be found on almost every page of the volumes to which Nisard referred. In the poem on the death of his brother Eugène, in *Les Voix Intérieures*, we have in one stanza several of the elements that gave offense: the eternal *Moi*, the consciousness of being a celebrated poet, and an unnecessary ostentation of grief, — grief without cause, often, and evidently a poetical "property" : —

"Et moi, je vais rester, souffrir, agir et vivre ;
Voir mon nom se grossir dans les bouches de
cuivre

De la célébrité ;

Et cacher, comme à Sparte, en riant quand on
entre,

Le renard envieux qui me rouge le ventre,
Sous ma robe abrité."

He was careful enough not to hide "the fox." It was a "property."

And Gustave Planche, to merit the insults which Hugo fastened to his name in after years, — what was the enormity of his offense? Only that he followed Nisard, two years later, with a more thoroughgoing examination of the poet's tendencies, and expressed dissatisfaction with the monotony and insignificance of his ideas, and amusement at his vanity, his *jactance*. He wrote with cruel courage as follows: "M. Hugo has reached a decisive hour: he is now thirty-six years old, and lo! the authority of his name is growing less and less. . . . As for the works which he has signed with his name during the last twenty years, he must make up his mind to see them disappear soon under the invading flood of oblivion. This is a hard saying, I admit, and yet it expresses without exaggeration a thought to which many minds have already given admittance. However, the hard saying need not be taken in an absolute sense; if the works of M. Hugo seem to us to be condemned to speedy forgetfulness, the name of M. Hugo will find a place among those of the boldest, the most skillful, the most persevering innovators, and surely this incomplete glory is not without value. . . . If he tries a new course, if he transforms himself, if he seeks a new birth, if he renounces the love of words for the love of ideas, in two years criticism will have to pronounce upon a man whom we do not yet know." Admitting that Hugo's original endowment had been well cultivated in one respect, and that he had wonderful command of words, Planche continues: "He says all he wishes to say, but I must add that he has nothing to say. . . . He forgets to feel and to think." He dismisses Hugo's dramas with something like disdain: "The dramas of M. Hugo are, in our opinion, the feeblest part of his works."

The critics of that day were very little affected by Hugo's romances, except as throwing light on the poet's temperament and resources of mind and

heart. In their view, the dramas, also, while extremely important as "innovations," possessed far less intrinsic value than the poems. Indeed, as we shall see, the critics of our own day maintain essentially the same attitude.

These "hard sayings" date from 1838. Within five years Hugo did much to make them seem unjustly severe by writing a large part of *Les Contemplations* and of *Les Misérables*. Yet as we read the works upon which Nisard and Planche based their criticism we must admit its cogency. Much as the poetry of those early volumes may stir us, we feel how unfortunate it would have been for Hugo and for the world if he had allowed himself to become more confirmed in his mannerisms, and had continued to be satisfied with his emotional and intellectual range. The poems of *Les Contemplations* show perhaps no very marked technical advance; but that was not necessary. No one could ask for better technique than Hugo had already acquired; and if he afterwards made wonderful progress, it was simply heaping up the measure of perfection. But it is a new man speaking now. It is a man who has suffered. Varied as are the subjects in this collection, and great as is the advance in emotional and intellectual maturity shown by many of the poems, one series of pieces is the real heart of the whole, and their superior loveliness indicates what was no doubt the principal cause of the improvement. These are the poems which commemorate his daughter's death. They fulfill the requirement of his critics, that he should make self subordinate, and write at the dictation of love or some other universal passion. Hence this *dolce stil nuovo*. Modern French poetry has nowhere expressed more touchingly the deep heart of man.

In 1841 Hugo was received into the Academy, and in 1845 he was made a peer of France. After the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, he left the country, and was formally banished. He

sojourned at Brussels and on the island of Jersey, and finally settled in Guernsey, where he made his home till September, 1870. When offered amnesty he declined it, and returned to France only when the empire had dissolved. In 1853 he published a volume of poetical satire against Louis Napoleon and his adherents, called *Les Châtiments*. Three years later he published *Les Contemplations*, a large part of which, however, had been written before his exile. The first series of *La Légende des Siècles* appeared in 1859, *Les Misérables* in 1862, *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois* in 1865, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* in 1866.

The romances being, after all, of inferior importance as compared either with the novels of the best French writers of fiction — Balzac, let us say, or George Sand — or with the poetry of Hugo himself, we may, in this brief sketch, leave them out of consideration. Their most striking qualities, perhaps, are a vague but emphatic humanitarianism and an inconsecutive style, which set them apart from the writings of other men, in a place honorable or low according to the reader's feeling for reality and prose. But whatever one's opinion of their artistic excellence may be, their fervid didactic passages, their soaring flights of vision, and their pervading lyric afflatus possess independent value, and make a strong appeal, especially to the young.

La Légende des Siècles is a collection of narrative poems, in epic style, but often unmistakably lyric in spirit. They were designed to present in concrete episodes a history of civilization. Some of them, a great many of them, are of a very high order. Victor Hugo nowhere else performs more astounding miracles of versification and diction, his fertility is nowhere else so abundantly illustrated; whether true to history or not, many of these narratives give to the dead past an undeniable vitality. We almost forget what critics like M. Lemaître have called to

our attention, namely, that the general ideas which are insisted on so strenuously are few and commonplace. It is, for the time being, enough for us to realize, with admiration and gratitude, that this great lyric poet was also a narrative poet, endlessly resourceful, with almost as much virtuosity at his command as a Chaucer even, or a Schiller, and able here and there to write with entire objectivity.

Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois are masterpieces in a lighter vein. Their subjects, it may be said in general, are the same as those favorite topics of Béranger, the mansard and alcove of the Latin Quarter. The songs of Béranger, however, are gayety itself, and sufficiently unreal to possess a certain innocence, a certain detachment. But Hugo's reminiscences — if they are reminiscences — dwell feelingly upon points which Béranger touched lightly. We look curiously at the date of the volume.

L'Année Terrible, published in 1872, is a collection of poems occasioned by the war, the siege of Paris, and the Commune. *Quatrevingt-treize*, Hugo's third monumental romance, was published in 1874. Between that date and his death appeared two more series of *La Légende des Siècles*; *L'Art d'être Grand-père*, a delicious picture of his home life in old age; *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*; and other less notable but equally large volumes of poetry, which contain signs of failing genius. Several new volumes of his poetry have been printed since his death, among them *Toute la Lyre*, which includes many poems of high quality, dating from various periods of his life.

It may be said that between 1838 and 1885 Hugo's literary reputation received scarcely a single check. On his return to France he entered upon such a period of idolization as no other man of letters ever enjoyed, — longer than the period allotted to Voltaire. Of his popularity there can be no doubt. But literary criticism in France is admira-

bly independent of mere popular vogue. The two most authoritative critics twenty years ago, not to say the two most magisterial, were probably Faguet and Schérer. About the time of Hugo's death the former wrote an analysis of his qualities, which marks an epoch in the history of opinion on this subject. M. Faguet did not hesitate to avail himself of what was known of Hugo the man, in order to understand his works, and he says, "The truth is that Victor Hugo was an ordinary and mediocre character." In support of this judgment he mentions Hugo's rancor, his swollen vanity, his want of tact, his having no sense of the ridiculous, — in short, his pedantry. "Of real wit, such as was possessed by La Fontaine, Molière, Voltaire, and Heine, Victor Hugo had not a trace," although he did, M. Faguet admits, have an inferior species of wit, "a certain dashing, unbridled, and adventurous fancy." M. Faguet grants him, also, a certain kind of sensibility: not the finest kind, but rather, indeed, a common, bourgeois kind, which most men possess, though few have ever turned it to so much account in literature. Proceeding in his analysis, M. Faguet remarks: "It is easily seen that he has few ideas, and even that he does not care for ideas, nor for men who possess them; and at the same time we behold him talking incessantly about ideas, and forever exalting 'thinkers,' 'great minds,' and 'sublime verities.' . . . It is a commonplace to say that he is a trivial moralist and not well acquainted with man, and that the heroes of his novels and dramas are not alive and have no concreteness and complexity, being only the magnificent speaking-trumpets of his sonorous muse, and by the same token hollow as a horn." It may, at first thought, seem as if a mediocre man, deficient in refined sensibility and in wit, and so ill equipped with general ideas, could hardly, then, be a great poet; but M. Faguet, with some deli-

cate manœuvring, presently discovers, in Hugo's power of composition, his mastery of diction, and his gift of rhyme and rhythm, quite sufficient grounds for concluding: "He is our greatest lyric poet. He is almost our only epic poet. He would be, for style and rhythm, our most skillful artist in verse if La Fontaine did not exist."

Is it not going too far, however, to call Hugo an epic poet? If words mean anything, and if distinctions are to be preserved at all, he wrote no epic poem; and his narrative poems in epic style are disparate in tone, and possess no unity of subject. They are not even, therefore, branches of an epic cycle. Moreover, just as we may say that Browning, though employing for the most part lyrical and narrative forms, is really dramatic in temperament, and has imparted a dramatic spirit to nearly all his work, so Hugo, whatever form he may adopt, be it dramatic, narrative, or critical, verse or prose, is always and inevitably a lyric poet. He is a singer, and the subject, almost the only subject of his song, is himself, with his views, his feelings, his ideals.

Among judgments pronounced by men of eminent authority at the end of Hugo's life, Schérer's is one of the most favorable. It occurs, to be sure, in an article which is little more than a note, dated May 22, 1885, the day of Hugo's death, and entirely eulogistic, as the occasion demanded. He writes: "Hugo has been more and better than the head of a school: he has been a creator, an initiator. I see no one to compare with him in this, — neither Ronsard, nor Corneille, nor Voltaire." He remarks "Hugo's continual development, unceasing fresh departures, and new surprises; his force of temperament, power of hard work, and length of life; the immensity of his production, the variety of his forms of expression." In conclusion he calls attention to Hugo's generous ideas and to his personal qualities, — his patriotism, humanity, and faith. "Yes, his

faith!" he exclaims. "Victor Hugo was an optimist, — that is to say, a believer; he had confidence in human nature, in society and its future. Glory will never fall to the skeptics; the people love only those who share the certitudes or the illusions on which they live themselves." This is a sufficient account of the causes of Hugo's popularity; but fame is a different kind of glory, and we may find more to enlighten us as to the progress of Hugo's fame in writings more remote from the day of his death.

M. Brunetière and M. Lemaitre will suffice for our purpose, both because of their eminence and because they represent two different manners of criticism. M. Brunetière, being especially interested in all that concerns the drama, has much to say about Hugo; but the long and short of it is that he dismisses his dramatic productions as of far less consequence than his lyric poetry, and concentrates attention upon this. In an essay written in 1886, his attitude reminds us that the point of view of the best judges has not changed since 1836. His appreciation of Hugo's real excellence is enthusiastic, but even Planche does not analyze his defects with so much mordant energy. He admits that Hugo is the greatest lyric poet of France, and agrees with earlier critics in thinking that imagination was his master faculty. But he is keenly aware of his decadence, of the inferiority of much of his later work. "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois," he says, "marked the beginning of the decline, and, by imperceptible degrees, there remained of this poetical imagination in the Solitary of Hauteville House only an inimitable versifier, an astonishing rhetorician, and the old satyr who, if he showed his face already in *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, displayed himself more cynically in *Le Théâtre en Liberté*." This judgment is not too morose, in view of the documents. It is, indeed, disillusioning to find that the poet of

domestic life, the inconsolable mourner, the celebrant of an old religion and the prophet of a new faith, "le songeur profond," "l'exile farouche," "l'homme à l'œil morne," "le vieux marcheur sombre," should sing even more ardently of Suzon and Fanchette than of his favorite archangels, and make the ludicrous admission that

"Aucune délicatesse
N'est plus riante ici-bas
Que celle d'une comtesse
Mouillant dans l'herbe ses bas."

"What was the use," cries M. Brunetière, "of having poured forth so many Pleurs dans la Nuit, and of being called Victor Hugo, if one is to end thus like the singer of Lisette, but without ever having had his gayety?"

In a passage which is less expressive of offended taste, and, therefore, perhaps, has greater weight, M. Brunetière remarks that "it is not by his ideas, which are few, of little import, of little originality, and seldom his own, that Hugo has influenced our age, but by his rhetoric." He also concludes, with the older critics, that in French literature "Victor Hugo is perhaps the only poet who has never recognized any other law or submitted to any other domination than those of his imagination." "While all the others," he continues, "and — without mentioning our classics — while Lamartine, Musset, Vigny, in this century, realize, complete, and illuminate the idea by the image, Hugo alone never thought except in so far as he imagined; and as it is the rhyme that constitutes the core of his verses, so, even in his prose, one may say literally that the image creates the idea." Is not this, we are impelled to ask, the natural and usual order of poetic creation? But M. Brunetière has his ideals, which he finds in "the poetry of reason," and it is a long time since the poetry of reason has been regarded as the highest standard in English. M. Brunetière shows that he is not inaccessible to Hugo's charm, in the following enthu-

siastic terms: "Of the Victor Hugo of Les Contemplations and La Légende des Siècles, one may say that his fecundity of invention, and especially his poetic imagination, are more than incomparable, and are veritably unique in our literary history."

M. Lemaitre, in his amusing but fundamentally serious way, has been even less respectful to Hugo than M. Brunetière. Yet, like his predecessors, from Nisard to M. Faguet, he finds a saving quality in Hugo's command of language. "If then," he writes, "we attempt to define Hugo's genius by what is essentially his own, I fear we must set aside his ideas and his philosophy; for they do not belong to him, or belong to him only by the excess, the enormity, the prodigious redundancy, of the translation he has made of them. And, moreover, he has adopted them only because they lent themselves to this enormity and this excess of expression. With him, it is the manipulator of words, the man of style, who dominates the man of thought and feeling. To analyze and describe his poetics and his rhetoric is to define the whole of Hugo, — or almost." Then M. Lemaitre shows how this virtuosity itself furnishes ideas, or at least produces great poetry: "He was the king of words. But words, after so many centuries of literature, are impregnated with sentiments and thought: they necessarily, then, by virtue of their combinations, forced him to think and feel. Thus this dreamer, who was so far from being philosophical, has at times deep verses, and this poet of much more imagination than tenderness has delicate and tender verses. Then, since the slightest idea suggests to him an image, and as images call up others and link themselves together in his mind with supernatural rapidity, the subject which he treats may be never so meagre and insufficient in its essence, yet the form in which he clothes it is a vast enchantment." M. Lemaitre protests, however, that even this en-

chantment fails with him, for he says, "Hugo never had more than one manner," and remarks that the facility with which he has been parodied "proves at least that there is in the poetry of the author of *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit* an enormous share of almost mechanical and automatic fabrication, something in which neither the heart nor the mind is concerned." And he asserts furthermore that "his failure to understand men's souls and human life with its complexities is incredible."

It is needless to say that the opinions quoted in this paper, though they faithfully represent the judgment of those men in France, during the last sixty-five years, who have been best qualified to write about Victor Hugo, do not coincide with the popular judgment. An account of Hugo's literary reputation with the reading public would be a story of continued successes and accumulating praise, at least up to the time of his death. The public has not even made, in regard to his works, the primary discrimination which the critics one and all make tacitly and as a matter of course; for the public still thinks of Hugo as not merely a great poet, but a great dramatist and (*pace* Matthew Arnold) a great romance-writer. It is not often that an artist of any kind or degree has so thoroughly utilized all his resources in the service of the public. None of Hugo's qualities were wasted. None of them, except perhaps the finest parts of his excellence as a versifier, were over the heads of the public. The steady-going world has appreciated, also, those elements of his success which bear a close analogy to business virtues, — the shrewdness, calculation, and foresight, the sense of opportuneness, the careful consideration of demand and supply, — and all this in a poet, in a romanticist, in a contemporary of Musset and Béranger! Length of days and quantity of work done, — the public is deeply impressed by these. To the

critics, however, who realize how small an amount ultimately survives of the production of almost any writer, quantity is of little account. Will there be more of Hugo than of Musset in the anthologies five hundred years hence? Which of the two utters the note of deeper feeling? Which speaks more nearly from the inmost heart of the age? Criticism asks such questions as these, and cares less than the public about the variety and amount of an artist's productiveness. If we remember how secure in English literature is the fame of Gray and of Keats, we shall find it easy to understand that criticism is probably right in affirming that quality is all.

On one point criticism and the popular mind are agreed. The optimism which Schérer notes with such lively appreciation was one source of Hugo's acceptability with the world at large. Modern French poetry is dyed deep with melancholy. From André de Chénier down to the singers now alive, it is tinged with a vague sadness, which often seems to have no meaning. Of all these poets, Hugo has perhaps least often lent his ringing voice to tones of world-weariness or nervous distress or moral despair. His was a life so happy that even through his darkest expressions of sorrow there shines forth an acknowledgment of gratitude.

It would seem that in one respect the arbiters of his fame have failed to do him justice. To a foreign observer, they appear to make too little account of the reforms he effected in versification, in dramatic principles, and in literary standards generally. In other words, they seem scarcely to appreciate his importance as the chief of the romantic school. If we try to imagine the history of nineteenth-century French drama and poetry without Victor Hugo, surely these arts would have been poorer not only by the loss of their most accomplished and productive master, but also by the absence of those innovations for which more credit is due to him than

to any other man, and which have by this time been so generally accepted that we fail to realize their value. A comparison from English literature will make the case clearer. Suppose that in 1817 English literature had been where it was in 1789, dominated almost entirely by classical ideals; and suppose that then a man had begun to be prominent whose works combined in themselves some of the most novel lyrical qualities of Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and Mr. Swinburne, besides dramatic qualities with which our recent literature affords no parallel! This man would indeed have been an innovator. And if he had lived to be eighty-three years old, and remained productive and resourceful to the last, his career would have been comparable to that of Victor Hugo.

On the whole, however, it may as well be admitted that the verdict of the critics is just. It might perhaps here and there be a little more generous. But we must remember that Sainte-Beuve and Nisard and Lemaitre, at least, began by being ardent admirers of Hugo. If they lost their enthusiasm and freed themselves from his domination, we may believe them when they tell us that the process was involuntary and painful. They could no

longer constrain their better judgment. And their verdict will stand.

More and more, as education brings the masses up to a level where current literature becomes one of their interests, popularity and fame will have to be carefully distinguished. They rest on quite different bases. There is no longer any ground for the assumption that what the reading public enjoys will be approved by persons who know most or have the most refined taste. In Victor Hugo's case, there is at present every indication that what literary history will say a hundred years hence will be something like this: "He was immensely popular in his day and long afterwards. Although he was a character and an intelligence of secondary order, he was popularly accepted as a leader of opinion and feeling in the nineteenth century. But posterity has hearkened not so much to the popular voice as to the great French critics of his time; and they found him wanting in many qualities which the larger public thought he possessed. In compensation, the critics appreciated, and posterity appreciates, more than the general public of his day ever did, Hugo's wonderful mastery of the French language, Hugo's energy and versatility, Hugo's exuberant imagination."

George McLean Harper.

THE LITTLE COYOTE.

WITHOUT doubt a man's son is his son, whether the law has spoken or no, and that the Little Coyote was the son of Moresco was known to all Maverick and the Campoodie beyond it. In the course of time it became known to the Little Coyote. His mother was Choyita, who swept and mended for Moresco in the room behind the store, which was all his home. In those days Choyita was young, light of foot, and pretty, — very pretty for a Piute.

The Little Coyote was swart and squat, well-knit but slow-moving, reputed dull of wit, though that, people said, he did not get from Moresco. Moresco was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and sharp, so that they said at Maverick "as sharp as Moresco," and there was an end of comparison. Land and goods gravitated to Moresco. His Bed Rock Emporium was the centre of their commercial world, running out threads of influence to the farthest corners of

the desert hills. Everybody at Maverick owed or had owed Moresco, and would be glad, if opportunity offered, to owe him again.

Moresco dealt in merchandise and miners' supplies at a profit that made men swear as they continued to buy. Moresco grubstaked prospectors, and outfitted miners for the working of prospect holes, for a lion's share of the findings. To do him justice, if there were no findings he was not heard to complain. Moresco had always the cash in hand for the backing of new enterprises, for a consideration. In short, Moresco was the burning glass that focused at Maverick whatever of bustle and trade was left in the depleted hills.

What the people perceived chiefly was, that as the country grew poorer Moresco waxed richer, and they grumbled accordingly. But the real sore spot in Maverick was his relation to the Campoodie.

It was said, and believed, that Moresco dealt brotherly by the Piutes. He gave them plain terms, forbore to haggle, preferred them for small employments, warmed them at his fire, gave them good-morrow and good-night. The fact was, Moresco had the instincts of a patriarch. To outwit Maverick was business, to despoil the Gentile might be religion; but the hapless, feckless people who dwelt gingerly beside them were his dependents, his beneficiaries, — in a word, his children. In reality they cost him very little. He was amused, he was diverted, he expanded with paternal graciousness. For their part, the Indians revered him, and Choyita was envied of the women to have borne him a son.

Not that Moresco admitted anything of the kind, but there are no secrets in a Campoodie. Choyita left the child behind when she went to clean and mend for Moresco. What was she or her son that her lord should be mindful of them? Once, when the child was about a year old, and she sat with the Mahalas by the sun-warmed wall,

watching the daily pageant of white life as it passed through the streets of Maverick, Moresco called her into the store, and gave her a pair of shoes for the child, and red calico for a frock. Thereafter Choyita walked proudly. To her mind the child was acknowledged, and so it was received in the Campoodie. Happy was she among women, though her son should be called the Coyote.

Among Piutes, Coyote as a name to be called by is a matter for laughter or killing, as the case may be. For the coyote, though evilly bespoken, is of all beasts the most gullible; the butt, the cat's-paw, the Simple Simon, of four-footed things, — the Jack Dullard of Piute folk lore. So from the time he stumbled witlessly about the Campoodie on his fat, bowed legs, Choyita's son was the Little Coyote; and the time is past when a man may win a new name for himself, — long past with the time when there were deeds worth naming. The Little Coyote he remained when he was come to his full size, which was something short of the stature of a man.

By that time, Choyita, who had lost her prettiness and grown fat, had gone to keep house for a miner down Pan-niment way, and Moresco had married a wife, who bore him only daughters, and spent much of her time and most of his money in San Francisco. By that time, too, the Coyote knew whose son he was. It came to him as a revelation, about the time his slow wit perceived that the other children mocked him for his tainted blood.

"Nana," he asked, when the savory smell of the cooking pots drew the children in from their long day's playing, — "Nana, whose son am I?"

"Moresco's," she answered, and there fell a long silence between them. If she had said the alpenglow had fathered him, he would not have been more amazed. It lay all about them now, the diurnal benediction of high altitudes, the transfiguration of the rifted hills, and the boy at the heart of it

thought of Moresco, — Moresco, who stood for power and pleasance, the quintessence of all things desired or feared, the little god of the Piutes.

"Moresco, Moresco," he repeated softly, under his breath. He did not call him "father," and he told no man, but he never forgot.

When the Little Coyote was, as nearly as he could guess, about seventeen, he killed his first big game. It was a deer, shot at the time of piñons, when all the tribe went up to the annual harvest. The Coyote made next to nothing of it, for he had the good manners of his tribe; but he put by the best cut, wrapped in fern leaves, and the next day walked the eleven miles to Maverick that he might bring it to Moresco. He stood at the door of the Bed Rock Emporium until the merchant noticed him.

"Vell, Kyode, vat you wandt?" said Moresco.

"That you should have this," said the Coyote, and then he went away.

A few days later the merchant called him into the store, and gave him a box of sardines and two tins of corn. Nobody understood the etiquette of present-giving better than Moresco.

After that, when it began to be observed there was a kindliness between the Hebrew and the Coyote, people crooked one finger to the curve of an aquiline nose and winked slyly.

Although Maverick could not deny Moresco's ultimate winnings in the financial game, it permitted itself the luxury of questioning the several moves by which he achieved them. Never, in the opinion of Maverick, had he behaved more foolishly than in the matter of Jean Rieske's sheep. Jean Rieske was a sheep-owner in a small way, shepherding his own flock in the windy passes of the hills, made his exclusive pasture by the strip of barrenness that encompassed them. Jean Rieske had been several other things in a small way, and had thoughts other than belong properly to sheep-herding.

He collected bits of ledges and outcrops, and carried them to Maverick to be assayed, until at last he conceived that he had made a "strike." Forthwith he would be a miner.

Making a mine out of a prospect hole is an expensive business, but if Moresco was willing to risk the money, Jean Rieske would risk his sheep. He worked at it ten months, and at the end of that time he discovered that he had no mine and no flock. So he went a-shepherding again, and to the same flock, but as a hireling, not an owner, — at which he considered himself aggrieved, and was comforted with strong waters. At the end of other ten months Moresco discharged him, and gave his place to the Little Coyote.

Whatever Jean Rieske swore and Maverick prophesied, the Coyote proved himself born for it. He knew the hills; he scented pasture from afar; he had an instinct for short cuts like a homing pigeon; he was weather-wise as — an Indian. The flock prospered. The Little Coyote was happy: he did a man's work, and he served Moresco. Two or three times in a year he came in to replenish his stores and to make report. He stood at the door of the store, grave and still, until Moresco came out and spoke to him: "Vell, vat you wandt, Kyode?" The shepherd gave the tale of his flock in straight-spoken words and few, with long pauses. When he had quite done, Moresco would say, with his hand withdrawn from his left breast pocket, "Take a cigar, Kyode." Then he would light his own, and they smoked together, the man and his son, for a sign of good understanding, and went each his own way.

The flock increased and became notable. Moresco trusted his shepherd. It was a responsible employment, and there were men in Maverick who coveted it. Persons who felt the situation to be indefensible probed it a little, gingerly. Why should the likes of that job fall to a Piute, when there

were better men wanting it? "Vell, for one ting, id is cheaber," said the merchant, with his bland, inclusive smile. And that was as much as most people got out of Moresco.

Three, four, five years the Little Coyote worked the flock from Keynot across the summit to Rose Springs, and in all the foodful hollows that lie between. He saw little of men, and missed them not at all. If in the wickiups beyond Maverick there were young breasts and bright, desirous eyes, he took no thought of them: he thought only of Moresco and the flock, how he might prosper it. All the slow heat of his being burned in a passion of service for the man who treated him as if he were white. He ran at the head of his flock; he lay down with it by night; he carried the lambs in his bosom. He lived as simply as one of his own sheep, and looked a young god, walking clear on the skyline with the nimble flock, or coming up out of streams on summer mornings, with the sun shining on his fine gold-colored limbs. And oh, but he was a silent one, was the Little Coyote. He had no pipes to play, nor any song; but at times, as he walked in the full tide of the spring, near naked and unashamed, throwing up the tall stalk of some hill-side flower and catching it, his lips moved in the minor croon of his people, the "*he-na, ah-na, há-na*," that is the burden of their songs, — an old word of a forgotten tongue, never to be laid aside. It seemed as if the morning prime of earth persisted in him with that word.

By this time the flock had trebled, and the Coyote, going down to make report, so far forgot his Indian training as to admit his pride.

"Id is too much for you, Kyode," said Moresco. "I vill ged Chopo to helb you."

"Chopo is a fool," said the Coyote. "I would rather have another dog."

"Two dogs, if you like," returned Moresco.

The Coyote considered. "No," he said, "one, if I may choose him."

So Moresco's shepherd had one of the famous dogs of Del Mar, and Maverick outdid itself guessing the price Moresco paid for it. Maverick had other things to talk about before the season was over, for that was the winter of the "great snow." Snows came occasionally to Maverick, in the wake of storms fleeting over from ridge to crest. They whitened the hills, crusted the streams, and snuggled away into the roots of the pines by the bare rock gullies. They came in a swirl of wind sometimes, that packed them deep in the cañons, and left the high places bare to days of twinkling cold, but afforded nothing by way of contrast to the great snow. For two days the sky lowered and brooded, and the valleys filled and filled with a white murk, dry, and warmer than should be for the time of year. The moon of nights showed sickly white and cast no shadow.

The Little Coyote smelled snow in the air, and began to move the flock toward the Marionette. The Marionette was the hole in the ground that Jean Rieske hoped would turn out a mine. It was a deep, wide gouge in the face of the hill, at the head of a steep gully. The Coyote had built corrals in the gully, and used it at lambing time. The Indian's instinct proved him right. The third morning snow fell, wet and clogging. It increased with the day, and grew colder. The man and the dogs put all their skill to the proof, but the sheep huddled and stumbled. They were half a day's journey from the mine in the best of weather, and every hour the storm thickened. Crossing Cedar Flat, two miners, going hastily down from a far, solitary mine, gave the Coyote a friendly hail.

"Leave the sheep to the dogs, and get out of this!" they cried. "It's going to be a hell of a storm."

But that the cold had stiffened his face into immobility the Coyote would

have smiled. They to talk to him of the weather and the sheep!

He saw what his work was to be, and settled to it. He lightened the camp burro of his pack and let him go. The little beast trudged doggedly beside him, until presently they came to a wind-tilted cedar in the lee of a hill. The burro considered; he looked at the shepherd, and put his nose to the thick, sodden snow; he backed under the cedar and dropped his head. It was a hard shift, but he would see what came of it. The shepherd spoke to his dogs: they lagged and whimpered, but they heard his voice. He who had been chary of words grew voluble: he shouted, he urged, he adjured them; he wrestled with them in the white silence of the snow. The Piute had none of the white man's gift for expedients to save himself and as many of the sheep as he could. The sheep were Moresco's, and Moresco trusted him: he must bring them all in. If one halted and stumbled, the Coyote carried it until it was warmed and rested a little. They floundered in a drift, and he lifted them out upon his shoulders, the dogs whining a confession of helplessness. It grew dark, and the snow still fell, sharp, and fine, and most bitter cold. The wind came up and snatched his breath from him; but there was no longer any need for crying out,—the dogs understood. They had passed the first revolt of physical terror, and remembered their obligations; their spirits touched the man's spirit and grappled with their work. They were no longer dogs, but heroes. Moreover, they knew now where they went, and helped him with their finer sense. Happen what would to the man and the dogs, the sheep would all come in.

Late, late they found the ravine of the Marionette. The Little Coyote had lost all sense of time and feeling. He drowsed upon his feet, but moved steadily about the flock. The dogs bayed, and he heard the sharper clang of the bells given back by the rocks as

the sheep began to pour into the cavern of the mine. His head floated in space; he was warm and comforted, and he knew what these things might mean. His feet slipped in the yielding drifts.

"Moresco! Moresco!" he cried, as a man might call, in extremity, on God.

The morning broke steely blue and cold upon a white wonder. At Maverick, people looked up from their path-shoveling to ask if the men from the mines had all come in, and what was to be done for those who had not. Two miners, arriving late the previous day, had told redoubtable tales of the trail and the wind and the snow. Incidentally, they mentioned having seen the Little Coyote. By ten o'clock it was known in all the saloons that Moresco was offering inducements for men to go to the rescue of his shepherd. Opinion gained ground that the Coyote was a fool for not looking out for himself better, and that cold never hurt a Piute anyway, and if he was at the Marionette he was all right.

"Yes," said a man nursing a frozen foot, — "yes, if he got in."

Within an hour there were three found willing to start, — Salty Bill, an Indian called Jim, and one Duncan, a miner from Panniment way, — and who else but Moresco! People said it was ridiculous; Moresco was short and fat, and turned fifty. The barkeeper at the Old Corner wanted to know if anybody thought Moresco would trust the counting of his sheep to any other.

It is fifteen miles from Maverick to the Marionette, and all uphill. By the time they came to the turn of the trail they were knee-deep in the snow. It was soft and shifty, and balled underfoot. They kept as much as possible to the high places; this avoided the drifts, but made more climbing. Crossing the flats they floundered hip-deep, wide of the trail. Perspiration rolled from their foreheads and froze upon their beards. Their bodies were warm

and wet, and their lungs wheezing; they had lost the sense of their feet under them. The sun on the snow made them blind and sick. They had been out four hours, and were little more than halfway. The white men cursed with what breath they had; only the Indian kept a stolid front. Moresco was purple and gasping.

"Give up," cried Salty Bill, — "give up, Moresco! We'll never make it. Such a peck of trouble about a Piute and a parcel of sheep. Better for the Coyote to freeze than us four. Give up, I say."

"Ah yes, der Kyode," said Moresco, dazed and feebly, — "der Liddle Kyode. He vas my son," and he burrowed on through the snow.

The men stared, but they followed. Salty Bill kept the lead; he was in a ferment to have the thing over with, that he might go home and tell his wife.

Six hours out, quite spent, and drunk with fatigue, they came to the ravine of the Marionette. They heard the sheep bleat and the dogs yelp, trailing frozen-footed across the snow. At the foot of the gully a white heap lay, covered but well defined, spread out in the symbol of a sacrifice that the Hebrew repudiated and the Indian had never known. Moresco brushed the snow from it with his hands, and, as he stooped above it, tears fell upon a face grown white in death and strangely like his own. It was the Little Coyote.

Mary Austin.

MR. SCUDDER'S LIFE OF LOWELL.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL occupied a unique position in the history of American literature. In the first place, he was a poet of a high order. At the age of twenty-two he published a volume of poetry, and from that time his gift was recognized: he was spoken of as the coming American poet. Although the promise of his youth was never quite fulfilled, his poetry alone would entitle him to distinction and remembrance. He is not so widely read nor so popular as Longfellow and Whittier; there is too much metaphysical subtlety, and often difficult and remote allusion, in his poetry; yet by the few he is cherished as having done some exquisite things. But as he did not give himself exclusively to poetry, we are not called upon to speculate on the possibilities wrapped up in his imaginative art. He devoted himself to other lines of intellectual activity, and, as his biographer¹ intimates, his critical

¹ *James Russell Lowell. A Biography.* By HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER. In two volumes.

powers were developed at the expense of his poetry. Thus he became a professor in Harvard College, holding the position for nearly twenty years; lecturing on Dante and on German and Spanish literature, and acquiring influence and repute as a teacher and philosophical critic. And still further, from his youth he was interested in political issues, taking a prominent part in the anti-slavery movement. He never became a professional reformer, as did many of his contemporaries, and he was never quite identified with the abolitionist party, but yet was regarded as a most valuable ally. He continued to follow the course of politics, and with intenser interest, in the years immediately preceding the Civil War; in his capacity as editor successively of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, he wrote numerous articles by which he exerted a deep and far-reaching influence, especially on the Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

more thoughtful minds. In the third stage of his career he appears as a statesman, sent as American minister first to Spain, and then to England, where his reputation and popularity reached the fullest measure. He rose to be one of the foremost citizens of America, making his country respected in other lands, and receiving at home and abroad honorable recognition, such as comes but rarely and to the few. When his term of service as minister to England expired, the English people would gladly have retained him in some other capacity; and had he been willing to accept it, he would have been elected to a professorship of literature in Oxford University. He returned to America to enjoy the few remaining years of his life. In 1891 he died, at the age of seventy-two.

As we muse over this record of a life, Lowell appears not only as the poet, the man of letters, and the minister of the state, but as having fulfilled in his age something of the rôle which Petrarch played in the time of the early Renaissance, or Erasmus in the sixteenth century. His high character as a man, his capacity for affairs, his entire devotion to ideal ends,—these qualities, combining with his endowment of imagination and his acquirements as a scholar, placed him upon a pinnacle in the eyes of the world. Such a life deserved a careful and an ample record; there was called for in the biographer a rare union of gifts in order to do justice to so rich and complex a career. No one who reads the life of Lowell, by Mr. Horace Scudder, can rise from its perusal without a profound sense of gratitude that it was given to him to write this biography. He has wrought out his task with painstaking and conscientious fidelity, bringing to it qualifications which no one else possesses in equal degree. Tenderness and reverence, delicacy and restraint, are everywhere apparent. There is criticism and comment, but always subordinate to telling the story of a life. The hand of

the accomplished literary artist is manifest in the disposition of the material. But especially valuable to the reader is the insight which serves for the interpretation of Lowell's work. Incidentally, also, the book becomes a history of American literature in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

To do justice to this biography in a brief review is not possible, nor is it here attempted. Only a few comments are offered, which are suggested by some of the more striking aspects of Lowell's life as Mr. Scudder has described them. And in the first place, we are impressed with a certain vagueness of purpose running through all the years, a tone of dissatisfaction with himself and with his work, as though Lowell did not feel that he had ever quite found or completely realized his mission to the world. The history of the first stage of his life, from the time he left Harvard College in 1838 till his appointment to the chair of literature in 1855, is like that of many young men, with a consciousness of undeveloped power, blindly feeling their way in search of the motive or the opportunity of self-expression. What to say, how and where to say it, in order to the fulfillment of the moral obligation which life by its very law imposes,—that was Lowell's problem. The inference would seem to be that to know definitely, without shadow of misgiving, what one's task is in this world, and exactly how it is to be performed, is not always, at least, essential to the highest success. Lowell is one of many illustrations of this groping after a vocation, to which one may know he is called without knowing what the vocation is. In these cases a fascination attaches to the seeking and the groping, no longer felt so keenly when the vocation has been found. St. Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola are more interesting as we watch them in their uncertainty, eager to pour their lives into some new mould, unwilling to follow tamely in the steps of their prede-

cessors, and yet forced at last to accommodate themselves to the world's order, to combine somehow the new impulse with past achievement. John Henry Newman, on his way back to England, burning with intense purpose to do something, he knew not what, is more thrilling than the record of what he achieved. It was so with Lowell for many years. There were tentative efforts, in all of which he was more or less successful, until at last it was evident that, consciously or unconsciously, he had devoted his life to the promotion of American literature, helping to win for it natural expression and also native independence, in contrast with the imitativeness and the servile sensitiveness to foreign criticism which had marked its previous history.

Mr. Scudder has not failed to point out some of the defects in Lowell's attitude and in his mental make-up in the earlier years. There were traces of crudeness and of flippancy, an apparent effort always to be saying new or smart things, an air of jauntiness and of forced jocularly, as though these were essential features of the literary attitude. To some extent, it appeared in Lowell as a sort of intoxication with life, exuberant and tumultuous. Perhaps it was likewise a reminiscence of what may be called the Knickerbocker phase in our history, when affectation became almost natural, and to give humorous expression to life was the aim of every literary aspirant. But in Lowell's case the wit, the humor, and the satire had deeper roots and touched more closely the springs of life, yielding fruit as in the Fable for Critics, and finally, in its perfected form, the Biglow Papers. Here also deep moral purpose underlay the humor. It is an interesting incident, which Mr. Scudder records, that Lowell's second wife could not endure the Biglow Papers. She was not without a sense of humor, but she told Mr. Stillman that she thought this line of expression was unworthy of her husband's genius.

Humorous satire often verges on irreverence, and we get a glimpse of this in Lowell's youth, in his criticism on Daniel Webster. The criticism, of course, was anonymous, appearing in the *Standard*, an anti-slavery newspaper; but it hardly seems quite right for so young a man to be taking the venerable statesman to task for his supposed deficiencies, even to be twitting him with his defeat and sore disappointment. Here are a few of Lowell's sentences:—

“ ‘What will Mr. Webster do?’ asks Smith. ‘Greatest man of the age!’ says Brown. ‘Of any age!’ adds Jones triumphantly. Meanwhile the greatest man of any age is sulking at Marshfield. It has had its rattle taken away from it. It has been told that nominations were not good for it. It has not been allowed to climb up the back of the presidential chair. . . . We would not be understood as detracting in the least from Mr. Webster's reputation as a man of great power. He has hitherto given evidence of a great force rather than of a great intellect. But it is a force working without results. It is like a steam engine which is connected by no band with the machinery which it ought to turn. A great intellect leaves behind it something more than a great reputation. The earth is in some way the better for its having taken flesh upon itself. We cannot find that Mr. Webster has communicated an impulse to any of the great ideas which it is the destiny of the nineteenth century to incarnate in action. His energies have been absorbed by Tariff and Constitution and Party, — dry bones into which the touch of no prophet could send life.”

But Lowell, it may be said by way of apology, was for the moment in a somewhat exceptional mood, unable to recognize the great principle for which Webster stood, — the cause of national unity, endangered alike by Southern devotees and Northern abolitionists. The Lowell of later years was a differ-

ent man from the young Lowell who was anonymously assaulting the great statesman.

At the age of twenty-one Lowell had become engaged to Miss Maria White, of Watertown, near Cambridge, a young lady of beautiful appearance and possessing marked intellectual and spiritual gifts. She was also of a transcendental tendency, of which Emerson was then the spokesman; but she was practical withal, and her influence upon Lowell was profound. She interested him in reforms, especially in the anti-slavery movement, to such an extent that he was almost ready to identify himself with it, and in danger of making his poetry "a handmaid to wait upon Reform." But there was an inward protest which he could not silence, and in the final outcome he refused to go to the full extent of the abolitionist dream. Thus he saved his art from degradation, while yet also he helped the cause of anti-slavery by his poetry as well as by his prose. During the period of his engagement to Miss White, which lasted for five years, Lowell seems to have been living in exalted, ecstatic mood, writing much poetry to be compared with that of Petrarch as giving the language of love. No one can understand Lowell who does not dwell on this episode in his life, fully described by Mr. Scudder:

"Maria White and her brother belonged to a group of young people on most friendly terms with one another, and known offhand by themselves as the Band. They lived in various places, Boston, Cambridge, Watertown, Salem, and were constantly seeking occasions for familiar intercourse. . . . To this coterie Lowell was now introduced, and the relations between him and Miss White made the pair the centre of attraction. Miss White's spirituelle beauty and poetic temperament and Lowell's spontaneity of wit and sentiment were heightened in the eyes of these young people by the attachment between them, and they were known with affectionate jesting as the

Queen and King of the Band. In the exalted air upon which the two trod, stimulating each other, their devotion came to have, by a paradox, an almost impersonal character, as if they were creatures of romance; their life was led thus in the open. . . . The letters exchanged by them were passed about also among the other young people of the circle. . . . The two young poets — for Maria White was not only of poetic temperament, but wrote verses, some of which found place in current magazines — were lifted upon a platform by their associates, and were themselves so open in their consciousness of poetic thinking and acting that they took little pains to abscond from this friendly publicity. It is a curious instance of freedom from shamefacedness in so native a New Englander as Lowell, but his letters, his poems, and common report, all testify to an ingenuousness of sentiment at this time, which was a radical trait and less conspicuous later in life only because, like other men, he became subject to convention."

Lowell was married in 1844, and went for a while to Philadelphia, managing to support himself and his wife by his writings, although, it must be admitted, in a somewhat meagre way. He soon returned to Cambridge, where his father and mother were living, taking up his residence with them at Elmwood; writing articles for various newspapers and magazines with forgotten names, for which he received slight compensation, and sometimes none at all. One is struck with the amount of his literary productiveness, and with his ingenuity in the suggestion of schemes of works, or plans for articles and books. It was, or seems, a desultory process, but he thought he detected beneath it all a unity of purpose. Thus he proposed to classify his poetry into four divisions: 1, Love; 2, Freedom; 3, Beauty; 4, Life. All of his projects, with a complete summary of his accomplished work, have been carefully collated by

his biographer, as they deserved to be, for they stand in vital relation to his development. It also appears that poverty or a straitened income was the experience of Lowell for many years, and, indeed, with one brief period of release, was the normal tenor of his life. There came a small legacy from his wife's father, and this, together with money received from the sale of his ancestral acres, enabled him to spend the year 1851-52 in Europe, with his family. Hardly had they returned when the health of his wife gave way, and she died in 1853. Of four children who had been born to him but one survived, so that he was left alone with a little girl as the only salvage from the wreck of his life.

Yet this bereavement, as Mr. Scudder has remarked, proved an end and a beginning. His life gained concentration and steadier purpose from the time when he entered upon his Harvard professorship in 1856, though attended with the bitter regret that his wife could not share in the enrichment it brought. In preparation for his teaching he spent another year in Europe, mostly in Germany, for the purpose of acquiring the language. In 1857 he married Miss Frances Dunlap. He had only begun his work in the college when he accepted an invitation to become the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Scudder has enumerated the successive efforts to establish some kind of monthly magazine as a vehicle for the best literature, in many of which schemes Lowell was interested to the extent of sending contributions; once even making himself financially responsible, — of course to his loss. These literary journals, with queer names, and with no financial support pledged in advance, were short-lived; sending out two or three interesting numbers, and then passing out of existence. With the *Atlantic Monthly*, however, a journal was projected destined to live and to exert a wide and profound influence. Lowell, as its first editor, stamped his

impress so powerfully that, after nearly fifty years, it still perpetuates his spirit.

But it may be questioned whether his assumption of the duties of an editor helped Lowell to greater efficiency in his college work. He was indeed an inspiring teacher, as is evidenced by the testimony of his pupils. The routine of his position, however, was irksome. He took little interest in faculty meetings, nor could he bring himself to perform certain functions of his office — such as conducting examinations or assigning to pupils their rank — without feeling a degradation of himself or of the subject he was teaching. Thus a story is told of him that, on one occasion, a student asked for the mark assigned to some thesis he had written. Lowell, in reply, after inquiring what grade was expected, offered to give it rather than undergo the drudgery of reading the paper. That his vocation in life was not that of a college teacher is shown in other ways. Not only did he complain that his duties were wearisome, interfering with creative work, but he also exhibited a serious defect in that he did not apparently individualize his pupils, treating them rather as opportunities for self-expression. He stimulated powerfully a few who were anxious to learn, by informal conversations in the classroom or at his home, when he poured himself forth in generous freedom, exerting the spell of a wonderful fascination. And yet one of these students, Mr. Barrett Wendell, who was also an enthusiastic admirer, found that Lowell did not remember him in after years.

The influence of his professional work on Lowell himself was marked and important; for it led him out of the provincial sphere of American literature with which he had been preoccupied, as in his *Fable for Critics*, into the study of the masterpieces of human thought. He had made his first beginning in this larger field when, still a youth, he had turned to the English

dramatists, laying the foundation for his knowledge and observation of life. Yet in a letter to a student inquiring about methods of reading, he answers that in his own experience it had been the study of Dante which had opened to him the interrelations of human knowledge, and proved the beginning of exact scholarship together with the acquisition of learning. Some impression of Lowell's work as a teacher may be gained from the volumes of his collected essays, where criticism is seen to have real and positive value, because the critic himself is also a producer in the line of creative, imaginative work. The wide range of Lowell's studies is apparent in the list of authors on whom he comments, from Chaucer down to Wordsworth. Charming as these essays are, revealing as they do the student, the scholar, the philosophical thinker, yet they must be regarded as yielding, both in interest and in importance, to another phase in the author's career. With Lowell life was always larger than literature, and its claim more pressing. The years of the Harvard professorship coincide with the preparation for the Civil War. Into that event he threw his soul with entire devotion, writing articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* and for the *North American Review*, — whose editor he became after closing his connection with the *Atlantic*, — articles whose appearance constituted sensations in the literature of the war. But this phase of Lowell's activity goes back in its origin to those early years when he began writing for the anti-slavery papers.

Lowell was from the first and preeminently an American citizen, glorying in his country, believing in its future, striving to make the American people realize their divine calling and their high destiny among the nations of the world. He sought to expound and to vindicate the superiority of distinctive American principles, and in so doing emancipate his countrymen from the weakness which led them to

look to the Old World for the standards of literary criticism. Lowell's Americanism had thus an aggressive quality, and was easily challenged. He will always be remembered by an essay entitled *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*. The tendency among Americans to feel that European countries possess advantages which their own country can never hope to gain, or to ask of foreigners their opinion of America, as though it had any special value; the disposition to wait upon the judgment of European journals as to the merit of our literature; the fear of being laughed at or condemned by English critics, as though they were any better judges than ourselves of literary or artistic worth, — all this was obnoxious to Lowell in the last degree. It was a phase in our national experience which has now, for the most part, passed away. Indeed, it would be humiliating, if it were not also amusing, to recall that there was ever a time when, as a people, we were hurt by the criticism of a Dickens, or were afraid lest we should be despised abroad if our writers dared to let themselves "go" with the abandon of native enthusiasm. It would be with a sense of shame, if it were not for a present consciousness of equality, not to say superiority, that we remember the depression caused by the English remark, "Who ever reads an American book?" We have learned better now, and it is to Lowell in great measure that we owe our larger self-respect. He was not afraid of enthusiasm; he even proposed, at one time, to write in defense of fanaticism. He has taught us that if people of other countries do not read our books, it is they who are to be pitied, and not we. It is because Americans read all books, of whatever country, that they carry the promise of the future.

But now what is Americanism, and how shall it be defined? In Lowell's case the answer is apparent. There have been two potent influences acting

upon American society at large, and with a special force upon Lowell and such as he, — influences which are like the circulating waves of the invisible ether, known to exist by the manifestation of their results in American life. One of these is Puritanism, and the other is the French Revolution. The first asserted the grandeur and the urgency of moral ideals even to the extent of resisting, and, if necessary, overthrowing every power, however strongly enthroned, which stands in the way of moral advance. That spirit or tendency has passed into American life as one of its chief constituents. Lowell was inspired by it when he wrote his poem *Prometheus*, or again the lines which he puts into the mouth of Cromwell: —

"Freedom hath yet a work for me to do;
So speaks that inward voice which never yet
Spake falsely, when it urged the spirit on
To noble emprise for country and mankind.
And, for success, I ask no more than this, —
To bear unflinching witness to the truth.
All true whole men succeed; for what is worth
Success's name, unless it be the thought,
The inward surety, to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end,
Although it be the gallows or the block?"

The other influence, proceeding from France, is closely akin to Puritanism, and yet differs from it widely. Its ideal is human freedom in terms of human brotherhood and equality. How profoundly Lowell yielded to this mood is apparent in his early poetry, especially in the anti-slavery poems, where his utterance is inspired by a concrete motive and a tangible appeal. To the principles of the Declaration of Independence, drawn as they were from French writers who became the precursors of the French Revolution, Lowell, at least in his earlier years, gave an unqualified approval. Thus he spoke of Jefferson, who was saturated with French ideas, as the "first American." When again in 1848 another revolution broke out in France, Lowell was stirred by his glowing enthusiasm into writing an *Ode to France*, together

with an article in which he exultingly celebrates the triumph of the idea of the people.

These two influences have contributed more powerfully than any other to make America what she is; they form the qualities in which Lowell gloried as distinctively American. They are distinctive, for no other country has felt them both or in like degree. England, for example, never accepted the Puritan movement to the same extent; indeed, it would be nearer the truth to say that she rejected it, banishing it beyond the seas or breaking its backbone at home, so that it ceased to exert a controlling influence. Nor did England receive with such enthusiasm as America the principles of the French Revolution; Burke's protest was the typical English attitude. France, on the other hand, never gained the moral force of the Puritan movement, and the aspiration for liberty, fraternity, and equality suffered from its absence. But it is not necessary to test the nations of Europe by this American standard, in order to demonstrate the existence of distinctive American characteristics; nor should we be justified in having introduced the subject here, were it not so prominent in the thought and experience of Lowell. While the Civil War was in process, he spoke of it as being waged for the "Americanization of all Americans;" that is, their more thorough fusion into a nationality by the operation of distinctive American forces. It was because Lincoln seemed to embody these truths in his personality as no one had done before to the same extent that Lowell proclaimed him the greatest American.

It should be added, however, that Lowell was far from being a mere visionary or theorist in these matters. He was not what is called a doctrinaire, pushing devotion to moral causes, like that of anti-slavery, to such an extreme as to endanger the nationality. The anti-slavery men could never be made to see that nationality was a higher

cause than their own. Hence their treatment of Daniel Webster, as in Whittier's poem entitled *Ichabod*. If Lowell were tempted for a moment, as we have seen, into a similar mood, he soon escaped from it. Thus he writes in 1848: "I do not agree with the abolitionists in their disunion and non-voting theories. They treat ideas as ignorant persons do cherries. They think them unwholesome unless they are swallowed stones and all." And again, he speaks of Reform as though he had entirely measured it as an ideal of living and found it impossible: "I find that Reform cannot take up the whole of me, and I am quite sure that eyes were given us to look about us with sometimes, and not to be always looking forward. If some of my good, red-hot friends were to see this, they would call me a backslider; but there are other directions in which one may get away from people besides the rearward one."

Lowell's enthusiasm for freedom and human brotherhood, but combined in organic fusion with his devotion to the cause of national unity, culminated in the Civil War. It was a proud moment in his life, as marking the fulfillment of his hopes, when he read his memorable Ode at the Harvard Commemoration in 1865. In that poem he reached the high-water mark of his poetic power and inspiration, and it is interesting to read what Mr. Scudder has told us of its composition, — that it was written at white-heat, the night before its delivery. To those who were looking forward, as was Lowell, to a period of moral advance and national honor, after the nation should have vindicated its unity and wiped away the stain of human slavery, — to such as those the revelation of corruption in the high offices of the state, in the years immediately following the Civil War, brought a sense of moral revulsion which words are inadequate to express. So deep was the sense of degradation as to make one blush to own that he was an

American citizen. No one felt more keenly than Lowell the disgrace which had befallen the state, nor did any one express more vividly the sense of the common shame. He was now satirizing the Republican party, as previously he had directed his satire against their opponents. When efforts to reform the Republican party, where corruption was intrenched in high places, proved hopeless, Lowell joined the band of independents, — "Mugwumps" they were called, — and became one of their leaders, presiding at their meetings and making speeches in behalf of civil service reform.

To his prominence as an independent politician Lowell may have owed in part his promotion — if so it may be considered — from private life to public office. In Massachusetts, where the independent voters were most numerous, he was chosen in 1876 as a presidential elector, in which capacity he cast his vote for Mr. Hayes. Many will recall the strange proposal made to him, in the emergency which for a moment thrilled the country with its awful possibilities, that he should fall back upon the original conception of the function of an elector, in the exercise of his freedom cast his vote for Tilden, and thus save the state from the threatening peril. It was the choice between personal honor and the salvation of the state from anarchy. If that were the issue, it contained the elements of tragedy.

The appointment of Lowell as American minister to England gave almost universal satisfaction, the only exception being certain discredited politicians who distrusted the appearance of the literary man in politics. In England, also, it was a welcome appointment; for Lowell was known and appreciated by his writings, and had been honored with degrees from Oxford and Cambridge. Among the incidents of the time spent in England Lowell's speeches are prominent, remembered for their grace and felicity, — the speech at Birming-

ham on Democracy, or in honor of Longfellow when his memorial was placed at Westminster, or again in memory of Coleridge when his bust was placed in the Abbey, after long years of unmerited neglect. While Lowell was our minister, what was known as the "Irish Question" was embarrassing the English government. There were possibilities of complication with America, which were treated by Lowell with practical wisdom in the interest of peace between the two nations. But Lowell's course none the less drew down on him the suspicion and the charge of sympathizing with the English against the Irish, and of pursuing an un-American policy. Some color for the suspicion may have been found in his popularity with the English people, but in anything said or done by him there was no ground for accusation. He performed the duties of his office as any other incumbent would have done, whatever his political sympathies or affiliations.

Yet a change had passed over Lowell in the latter part of his life, so that his attitude was not quite the same toward political issues, and in his mode of expression the difference was marked. Not that he had lost his faith in those elemental convictions which constitute the hope and foundation of great possibilities in the future of America. This point his biographer has made clear. But he had no longer the same confidence in political parties as agencies for carrying on the government, nor did he clearly see the way by which existing evils were to be abolished. He could not have written now the enthusiastic poems of his youth, nor the political papers where human brotherhood hovers in the air, as if almost ready for materialization. He was no longer under any illusions in regard to America, though still retaining his faith in democracy. The truth was, he had not recovered from the sore experience which had destroyed his faith in the Republican party. He had found, when in Europe, that the case of America

was being urged as the best argument against republican forms of government. From this abomination of desolation, with its frauds and defalcations, he saw no method of escape. In his own community in Massachusetts the men who were opposed to the removal of abuses were most in evidence: Butler running for office as governor, Boutwell the chief obstacle to civil service reform, and Banks returned to Congress by a large majority. And yet he writes: —

"These fellows have no notion what love of country means. It is in my very blood and bones. I am no pessimist, nor ever was. . . . What fills me with doubt and dismay is the degradation of the moral tone. Is it or is it not a result of democracy? Is ours a government of the people, by the people, for the people, or a kakistocracy rather, for the benefit of knaves at the cost of fools? Democracy is, after all, nothing more than an experiment like another, and I know only one way of judging it, — by its results. Democracy in itself is no more sacred than monarchy. It is Man who is sacred; it is his duties and opportunities, not his rights, that nowadays need reinforcement."

From this mood of moral revulsion, deep and intense as had been the previous mood of hope and exultation, Lowell did not live to recover, nor did he live to see the Republican party rise from its degradation under the influence of new motives and opportunities. The corruption had been but temporary and superficial, — the reaction, it may have been, after a period of prolonged tension, when for the moment the way of the state led through paths of dullness and monotony. However it may have been, Lowell did not live to discern the change which would bring moral purification. In his address *The Place of the Independent in Politics*, he falls back on the doctrine of the remnant as the only hope of the country, — a doctrine quite the opposite of

the democratic creed, that the opinion of the many is the ground of faith. He saw the dangers from the immigration of ignorant foreigners; he groaned over the degradation of the civil service; he had lost faith in political parties. If the attempt to reform these parties from without should fail, then "the failure," as he writes, "of the experiment of democracy would follow." Here is a notable utterance from an essay on Democracy, written in his last years: —

"No ideal [of democracy] is to substitute the interest of the many for that of the few as the test of what is wise in polity and administration, and the opinion of the many for that of the few as the rule of conduct in public affairs. That the interest of the many is the object of whatever social organization man has hitherto been able to effect seems unquestionable; whether their opinions are so safe a guide as the opinions of the few, and whether it will ever be possible, or wise if possible, to substitute the one for the other in the hegemony of the world, is a question still open for debate."

In the same essay he asserts the authority of the state as the supremely important thing, and deprecates the principle of natural rights: "The claim to any selfish hereditary privilege because you are born a man is as absurd as the same claim because you are born a noble. In a last analysis there is but one natural right, and that is the right of superior force." There is one sentence toward the close of his address on Democracy which deserves to be quoted, for it is significant as connecting the stages of Lowell's life in continuous and natural piety: "Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies or aristocracies or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and a wiser humanity."

It is in the word "humanity" that we have the clue to Lowell's life and to his development, to any changes of

opinion he may have undergone. Gradually and more and more he was emancipating himself from theories, from crude experiments, because he was reverting to deep and enduring human ways and convictions. Whatever humanity as a whole had loved or had lived and labored for; whatever was essentially human, the necessary outcome of the spirit in man, — to that his soul responded. In this connection, it is to be noted of Lowell's intellectual history that he passed through life almost wholly unaffected by the scientific influence which was revolutionizing his age. It does not appear that he had given his allegiance to the doctrines of natural selection, the survival of the fittest, and heredity. He remarks on them that if they should be accepted they must profoundly modify the thought and action of men. Mr. Scudder has called attention to Lowell's "aversion" to the speculations of science: "he had but a bowing acquaintance with the investigations of Darwin and Huxley;" he was "impatient of the encroachments of science on the formation of intellectual beliefs." In his famous address on the occasion of Harvard's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, when he was listened to eagerly by the large audience, he contended earnestly for the humanities as the chief interest of a university. His objection to the elective system was its appearance of making a departure "from the unbroken experience and practice of mankind."

From this point of view we may turn to Lowell's attitude on the subject of religion. Here again he seems to have resented the encroachments of science, which in the interest of a theory was condemning as superstitious those deeper impulses of the human soul, demonstrated to be essentially human by their existence in every age and land. Thus, in his great poem *The Cathedral*, he defends the religious doctrine of a divine Providence, and the doctrine also of the creation of the world and of man by

omnipotent will, in full consciousness of scientific opposition or denial. Again, after reading Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Essays on Free Thinking and Plain Speaking*, he writes: —

"Science has scuttled the old Ship of Faith, and now they would fain persuade me that there is something dishonest as well as undignified in drifting about on the hencoop that I had contrived to secure in the confusion. They undertake to demonstrate to me that it's a hencoop, and an unworthy perch for a philosopher. But I shall cling fast. 'Tis as good as a line-of-battle ship, if it only keep my head above water."

To Mr. Stephen himself he writes: "My only objection to any part of your book is, that I think our beliefs more a matter of choice (natural selection, perhaps, but anyhow not logical) than you would admit, and that I find no fault with a judicious shutting of the eyes." During the last illness of Frances Dunlap Lowell, his second wife, he writes: "We took great comfort together in the twenty-third Psalm. I am glad I was born long enough ago to have had some superstitions left. They stand by one, somehow, and the back feels that it has a brother behind it." To his English friend Mr. Thomas Hughes he says, in a similar strain: "I hate farewells: they always seem to ignore another world by the stress they lay on the chances of never meeting again in this. We shall meet somewhere, for we love one another."

Once more the subject of religious faith is referred to in the poem *The Oracle of the Goldfishes*, where doubt of spiritual realities alternates with belief; yet both are human moods, accompanying each other as light and shadow. But the doubts must not be turned by science into dogmatic conclusion, for that were to err with the theologian, who raises belief to a virtue, and condemns doubt as a sin. Lowell refuses, therefore, to permit his doubts to dismay him, as in the lines, —

"And I am happy in my sight
To love God's darkness as His light."

During the last six years of his life (1885-91) Lowell spent most of his summers in England, and when at home lived partly at Southborough, the residence of his daughter, and partly at Elmwood, employing his time in literary work and to the bringing out of a complete edition of his writings. Ten volumes there are in all: three are given to poetry, two are occupied with his political papers, and the rest are devoted to literature and literary criticism. There is unity running through all that he has written, fusing together even contradictory utterances in its ample embrace, — ample enough to allow for a development whose latter end differed from its beginning. And the principle of the unity is the human outlook. Lowell is our great humanist, almost our solitary one in the closing part of the nineteenth century. He slowly escaped into his native air from the dogmatism of Puritanism, whether Orthodox or Unitarian; refusing also to allow himself to be identified with reforms which would have weakened his simple human sympathies by making him a partisan or an advocate of a theory, instead of an artist whose mission was a larger and a higher one, — to enlighten, to elevate, and to cheer humanity in its march through the world. To this end he held himself aloof from the scientific atmosphere: and here again he seems like an exception, a humanist in an age almost wholly given up to scientific interests or overcome by scientific presumptions. He became, as it were, the mouthpiece of humanity, and for this reason grew dear to his world, receiving in life and in death its highest honors. His wit and humor, as the years went on, became more simple and mellow, — more like that of Laub or of Goldsmith. It may be said of his writings as Walter Scott said of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, that their charm lies in their power to reconcile us to life.

UNIVERSAL EMINENCE.

THERE is a curious, unconscious inconsistency which may be noted in some travelers in the United States, who enjoy an aristocratic or monarchical form of government at home. They complain of the monotony and lack of distinction and variety in democratic institutions, where, as they say, all are reduced to a dull level of uniformity, and with the same breath they jeer at the fact that every other man here has a title of distinction. The fact is that they are so blinded by preconceptions as not to see that we are really on an Alpine level of universal distinction, instead of a low level of uniformity. For though "distinction" and "eminence" are only relative, and all cannot be equally eminent at the same time and in the same way, because the idea implies that one stands out from the rest, each one may be distinguished in his own line and time. For instance, to be the chief justice of a supreme court is one of the most distinguished positions that man can conceive. In accordance with American principles, in Michigan, instead of one man being chief justice for life, each member of the supreme bench becomes such in turn, so that in the course of time, if he lives long enough, each justice becomes a chief justice.

It is true, of course, that monarchical institutions may be picturesque. I remember seeing at one time the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary going to mass upon Corpus Christi. Before him, under a baldachin richly embroidered, the most exalted Roman Catholic dignitary of the realm, the Cardinal Archbishop and Primate of Hungary, carried the viaticum. Then came the Emperor, bareheaded, in full uniform, surrounded by his Hungarian bodyguard of nobles, mounted on superb chargers, and dressed in full uniforms of white and

gold, with leopard-skin capes and drawn sabres. The streets were strewn with freshly cut grass and completely lined with close-set files of soldiers, who, as the imperial procession passed, headed by the emblems of God on earth, saluted and fell on their knees. It was indeed a picturesque spectacle. However, the figures in such a spectacle, in a monarchy or an aristocracy, remain much the same. Thus there is less variety than in this country, where each procession brings forth into conspicuous place a different aggregation of distinguished men.

I recall that once I marched in the great annual parade of the Boston school regiment, practically a brigade. I was on the colonel's staff, and I remember thinking no small pumpkins of myself, as we followed, well spaced, just behind him, and close behind the band. But certainly the most conspicuous figure that day was the colonel himself, at the head of the procession, or as he gave orders to the long-drawn-out line at the closing dress parade. He was distinguished that day, — almost enough so to last a lifetime, — and in fact, so far as I know, has not been so markedly honored since. Thus it goes in turn. One day it is a procession of militia; another day it is the Knights Templars, made knights, not by royal appointment, but by coöptation. Another day it may be the Knights of Khorassin; another day the Knights of Pythias, the Maccabees, the Woodmen or the Foresters, or the world-renowned and illustrious equestrian artists of Barnum and Forepaugh's mammoth aggregation. I recall seeing, in one special procession, a man who struck me as a fit emblem of our American idea of rotation in glory. It was on St. Patrick's Day, and one of the aides, or possibly the marshal himself, galloped by in very gorgéous, picturesque, and

martial dress, a magnificent picture of green and gold. One inch of blue overalls peered below his trousers. That day he was raised to distinction. The next day he was carrying brick.¹

Then, again, each one may be eminent in his special line. It is an age of specialists. Once in a while, indeed, we find a man who is a Reverend Honorable Colonel Doctor, and seems to be a big toad in every puddle, but he is not a type of Americanism. Ordinarily, one crowd leads in military processions, another in political processions, and still another in academic processions, which are becoming as picturesque as the others. In the daily papers I have seen half-tones of them, down in Chicago, where they proceed in state, arrayed in silken gowns, brilliant hoods, and mortar boards. I believe I myself am entitled to a brilliant hood, though I have never looked up to see what it is like.

I have said that every man can be distinguished in America, those not otherwise distinguished being twice distinguished by preëminent modesty. You can have yourself enrolled among the American Academy of Immortals, and your name emblazoned in colors on their roster, for only \$10. You can get a doctorate for \$25, and a slightly better article for \$50 and a thesis. It does not cost more than \$1500, I am told, to be a thirty-second degree Mason, and to enter arcana after arcana of mystery; or if that does not suit your fancy or your purse, there are other societies, of Knights and Lords and Nobles and Patriarchs and Prudent Patricians of Pompeii, where a moderate fee and regular attendance at lodge meetings will in time immortalize you as the Most Worthy, Right Honorable, and Worshipful Grand Master or Outside Sentinel. Imagine the glory, subdued yet effulgent, which the modest but eminent Supreme Potentate of the Pillars of Posterity sees

stream from him as he moves along, a bipedal arc light!

Down in Georgia, I am told, every governor appoints one colonel upon his staff, from each county, each year. I do not know the ratio of births per annum per county, but it is clear that the Georgia colonels must be numerous.

By these means our American desire for democratic equality is gratified, — an equality in which no other one is as good as you are in your line and time, but because of that fact you are as good as any one. Thus our government remains on stable foundations; for as long as a vast majority consider themselves distinguished, they will not go into any revolution which might reduce them to the ranks of high privates.

In this our society is only fulfilling Spencer's all-embracing law of evolution, that progress is from the homogeneous undifferentiated to the heterogeneous differentiated; that is to say, from the uniform, undistinguished man — one who is simply a hand, and remains all his life simply a hand, except to his wife — to those, each of whom is different, has a peculiar rôle to play, and is in some way, and at some time uniquely distinguished.

The lowly myriapod which scuttles off from beneath the overturned board is composed of a series of joints so like that one can hardly tell head from tail, until one sees him go. The more highly organized lobster has some segments which are quite different, while others are very much alike. Finally, in the highest animals each part has its own individuality, its own use and function, so that we cannot even use our right hands interchangeably with our left. Similarly, in a low grade of society, as among the American Indians, no man had any special training, but all could hunt and fish and fight more or less well. Halfway up the ladder of development some men have special training, while there is yet a great mass of unskilled, unspecialized, and undistinguished labor. In the per-

¹ See Booker T. Washington's Life for the ex-lieutenant-governor bricklayer. .

fect society each peg will stand proudly forth from the one peculiar and unique hole whose curves it, and it alone, will fit. When that time comes, no one can be above another, for each will be equally essential. The captain is the greatest man on the ship, and the conductor on board the train, though the President himself be a passenger.

There is only one dark spot in the outlook. We find, in studying the history of the life in rocks, that a great degree of specialization is often the forerunner of extinction. When an animal is perfectly and thoroughly adapted to one set of conditions, he is very likely to find a change in conditions too much for him, and to be overwhelmed by them. We see something of this in so-

ciety. The frontiersman and the typical American were handy men and jacks-at-all-trades, ready to do a little repairing, farming, or what not. Such men it is hard to throw out of employment. But with the growth of specialization, unless care is taken, a class of men is formed who do, and can do, only one thing, so that the least change of adjustment, like the introduction of new machinery, sets them adrift. It is the problem of conscious social evolution so to keep up the intelligence and flexibility of the individual by early training and by avocations, and so to plan the industrial machine, that the whole organism of society may not perish from the rheumatic stiffening and lack of adaptability characteristic of old age.

Alfred C. Lane.

POEMS.

LET ME NO MORE A MENDICANT.

Let me no more a mendicant
Without the gate
Of this world's kingly palace wait.
Morning is spent;
The sentinels change and challenge in the tower;
Now slant the shadows eastward hour by hour.

Open the door, O Sentinel! Within
I see them sit,
The feasters, daring destiny with wit,
Casting to win
Or lose their utmost, and men hurry by
At offices of confluent energy.

Let me not here a mendicant
Without the gate
Linger from dayspring till the night is late,
And there are sent
All homeless stars to wander in the sky,
And beggared midnight winds alone go by.

Arthur Colton.

FORGETFULNESS.

SHE was so recent. She had not yet learned
 The sweet observances that make their days
 Beautiful to the angels. She went dim
 Among their shining, and unoccupied
 Wistfully watched their pastimes. Then came one
 Who brought a fruit.

“Eat thou,” the splendor quoth.
 “I will not eat,” said she.

For in his eyes
 She saw forgetfulness, and was afraid.

Then to her love on earth an angel came.
 “We cannot heal her of her listlessness,
 Nor teach her the new ways, and memory
 Grieves her with tears. She will not eat that fruit
 That makes us wise and shows us to forget.”

Strange is the road that leads to heaven for one
 Who is not dead. No angel goes with him.
 Blind, and with torn, vague feet, and all alone,
 He came among them. Through the shining place
 They saw him rush, and saw his scarlet blood
 Drip through their brightness. To his Love he came,
 And, lifting in his haggard hands her cheek,
 He kissed her on the mouth, and showed the fruit
 The angel brought him, terrible and sweet.

“Eat, Love,” quoth he.

And she, that loved him, ate;
 Then smiled at him with unremembering eyes,
 And with her heavenly comrades turned away.
 With bleeding feet back to the earth he came,
 And through the barren days remembered her.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

THE CHARM.

I REACH my arms up to the sky,
 And golden vine on vine
 Of sunlight showered wild and high
 Around my brows I twine.

I wreath, I wind it everywhere, —
 The burning radiancy
 Of brightness that no eye may dare, —
 To be the strength of me.

Come, redness of the crystalline;
 Come, green; come hither, blue

And violet,— all alive within;
For I have need of you!

Come, honey hue and flush of gold,
And through the pallor run
With pulse on pulse of manifold
New ichor of the Sun.

Oh, steep the silence till it sing!
O glories from the height,
Come down, where I am garlanding
With light a child of light!

Josephine Preston Peabody.

WINTER DREAMS.

DEEP lies the snow on wood and field;
Gray stretches overhead the sky;
The streams, their lips of laughter sealed,
In silence wander slowly by.

Earth slumbers, and her dreams, — who knows
But they may sometimes be like ours?
Lyrics of spring in winter's prose
That sing of buds and leaves and flowers;

Dreams of that day when from the south
Comes April, as at first she came,
To hold the bare twig to her mouth
And blow it into fragrant flame.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE CRYPT.

BENEATH the edifice that men call Me,
Whose minarets attract the setting sun,
Whose portals to the passer-by are free,
Abides another one.

The heartbeat of the organ throbs not there,
To jar the heavy silence of the soul;
Nor low amen of acolytes at prayer,
Nor bells that ring or toll.

Unsought, undreamed, save by the solemn few,
Who with a lantern lit of love descend,
To find the buried arches grim and true,
On which the walls depend!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

A FAREWELL.

THOUGH I go forth, I face the dark with singing.
 Think not that for love's sake life starves for song;
 That which thou canst not give may yet be bringing.
 Bread to the soul, and wine that maketh strong.

Love is the manna that grows great with giving;
 Thine is the gift, but mine the endless store;
 Pain, the keen note that thrills to fuller living,
 Calls to the heart across a boundless shore.

Into the night I go, but not without thee,
 Though nevermore beside me whilst I sing;
 The splendor of the stars is round about me,
 And with the dawn life mounts on higher wing!
Virginia Woodward Cloud.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

To one who reads and runs, a work of biographical reference, complete in sixty-three volumes, is not likely to appear a proper inspiration to rhetorical panegyric. Yet no one who has had occasion to summon the aid of the *Dictionary of National Biography*¹ in any serious literary undertaking, or has studied the work as a whole with a due regard to the conditions and qualifications of good biographical composition, will find it easy to write with sobriety of its merits. From the inception of the huge project every person connected with it has had an attentive ear for the counsels of perfection. It is obvious that the first qualification of such a work must be, so far as possible, absolute accuracy and completeness. It is true that from time to time, as the successive volumes of the set have come from the press, reviewers in the *Athenæum* and other periodicals have pointed out minor errors and some omissions; but when the scope of the undertaking is

considered, the number of faults in this kind will seem infinitesimally small. This will seem the more remarkable when we remember that, save by such obsolete collections as Anthony à Wood's or the *Biographia Britannica*, the field was virtually unbroken. The qualities of accuracy and completeness are shared by the *Dictionary of National Biography* with other biographical collections which have appeared, or are appearing, in France, in Germany, and in Belgium; but it has virtues — one may even say charms — all its own. It contains but few articles exhibiting the jejune traits of hackwork which characterize its fellows. Any writing directed to such an end will necessarily be, in a measure, depersonalized; under careful editorial control it will acquire a certain impressive homogeneity. But while the articles in the *Dictionary*, the work of several hundred different hands, — men of letters, scientists, publicists, specialists all, — are pervaded by a singular unity of tone, the reader is continually edified by flashes of vivid critical insight, or taken by

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by SIDNEY LEE. Supplement, Vol. I.-III. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

touches of humor. The most striking feature of all is that, under the leadership of Leslie Stephen, a master craftsman in biography, and Mr. Sidney Lee, into whose hands the torch was finally given, the prime end of biography has been realized. In most instances the writers have contrived to "seize their man," and, while keeping their feet planted on solid documentary ground, to select the significant among multitudinous detail, so to present the lively image of their subject.

A critic who would discuss minutely the whole Dictionary of National Biography must needs have taken all knowledge to be his province, — a quixotic adventure nowadays. For it is conceivable that one perfectly competent to discuss Elizabethan dramatists or Pre-Raphaelite painters might be lamentably short in his knowledge of pioneers in tropical colonization; and, as learning now is, a man may know much of Browning and little of Sir Thomas Browne, or he may have an intimate acquaintance with the dramas of Oscar Wilde, yet never have heard of Tom Killigrew. Still, it may not be out of place to present some curious synoptical conclusions drawn from the substance of the set. Probably only small minds will be deeply concerned to learn that 195 persons with the surname of Smith have risen to the standard of eminence necessary for admission to the pages of the Dictionary, or that the Joneses are a good second with 132; but surely all Scotchmen will rejoice to know that the Stewarts, with 112 eminent representatives, take the third place of honor.

From the table of the chronological distribution of the biographies one may derive a sound perspective, and just sense of relative values in life, together with some illuminating historic suggestions. Thus, in the sixteenth century, the time of the Renaissance, in which many and multifarious interests, long disused, came to new birth, in which manifold activity filled the stage, we

find the Dictionary commemorating four times as many worthies as in that relatively stagnant and barren century its precursor. In the seventeenth century, again, that complex age of subtle change and subterranean growth, the editors of the Dictionary found twice as many memorable names as in the sixteenth. That these significant phenomena do not arise wholly from the greater volume of biographical records as we approach our own time is shown by the striking fact that in the eighteenth century, preëminently a time of memoirs, letters, anecdotes, and human interest, but very few more names emerge than in the seventeenth century. In passing to the nineteenth, we discover that the operation of both sets of causes, fuller records and more varied activities, have again conspired to increase the representation twofold; and this disparity is still further increased by the publication of the three supplementary volumes, dealing chiefly with notable persons who died after their alphabetical position in the substantive work was passed. But in studying these later volumes one observation forces itself upon the attention: that is, the predominance in them of men distinguished in pursuits quite other than learned. Thus, for example, within two pages of one of the volumes we meet with records of an Oxford professor of poetry, a classical philologist, a colonial politician, and a biscuit manufacturer. Now this may indicate either one of two things. It may prove that new channels for the attainment of eminence have been opened to an aspiring people, or it may prove that only a lettered repute is perennial. It is wholly possible that there were, in the fifteenth century, say, purveyors of creature comforts who were much in the public eye, but that there is such scant record of these simply goes to show that a fame writ in water biscuits is considerably less enduring than bronze.

The first of the three volumes of the

Supplement is distinguished by a prefatory memoir, from the pen of Sidney Lee, of George Smith, the publisher of the Dictionary of National Biography, and in a very real sense its "only begetter." To Smith, doubtless, as much as to the editors, were due the conception, organization, and administration of the marvelous machine which produced thirty thousand biographical notices, comprehended within sixty octavo volumes of some five hundred pages each, which, with unbroken precision, came from the press upon the first day of each quarter throughout a period of fifteen years.

The career of George Smith, an *amicus* as well as an *obstetrix musarum*, has been so recently recounted in various magazines that it is not important to discuss it in detail here. He was a singularly attractive type of the man of high voltage, the all-round man of affairs. Coming, at the time of the breaking of his father's mind, suddenly, a very young man, into the administrative control of an intricate business not in the best of condition, Smith developed an organizing genius of the highest order. An extract from Mr. Lee's narrative will make this clear:—

"Astonishing success followed Smith's efforts. The profits rose steadily, and the volume of the business, which was well under £50,000 when he assumed control of the concern, multiplied thirteen times within twenty years of his becoming its moving spirit. The clerks at Cornhill in a few years numbered 150. An important branch was established at Bombay, and other agencies were opened at Java and on the West Coast of Africa. There was no manner of merchandise for which Smith's clients could apply to him in vain. Scientific instruments for surveying purposes, the testing of which needed the closest supervision, were regularly forwarded to the Indian government. The earliest electric telegraph plant that reached India was dispatched from Cornhill. It was an or-

dinary experience to export munitions of war. On one occasion Smith was able to answer the challenge of a scoffer, who thought to name an exceptional article of commerce—a human skeleton—which it would be beyond his power to supply, by displaying in his office two or three waiting to be packed for transit."

But, however various and titanic Smith's business affairs were, his first love and his chief concern were always for the printing and publishing of good literature. In this direction his mind proved to be eminently foreseeing and constructive. His relations with the Brontës, Miss Martineau, Trollope, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, and Browning are already known to most readers; and he is likely to be longer remembered for the Cornhill Magazine and the Dictionary of National Biography than for his share in the construction of the Ganges Canal. On the other hand, one is diverted to learn that a large proportion of his wealth proceeded from the shrewd and lucky purchase of an Apollinaris spring, which proved even more profitable to him than his trade in the flowings of the Castalian fount. In short, George Smith was a type we are wont to think more American than British, the modern equivalent of both Alexander and Midas.

Passing from the introductory memoir to the text of the Supplement proper, the reader encounters in the first volume many articles of timely interest. The first of consequence, and, all things considered, perhaps the most notable in the volume, is Matthew Arnold, by Dr. Garnett. This article is comparatively short, but, in view of the fact that its only considerable predecessor was Professor Saintsbury's idiosyncratic monograph, it is an exceedingly valuable summary document. It contains some lines of just and lucid criticism which will bear quotation:—

"If a single word could resume him [Arnold], it would be 'academic;' but,

although this perfectly describes his habitual attitude even as a poet, it leaves aside his chaste diction, his pictorial vividness, and his overwhelming pathos. The better, which is also the larger part of his poetry is without doubt immortal. His position is distinctly independent, while this is perhaps less owing to innate originality than to the balance of competing influences. Wordsworth saves him from being a mere disciple of Goethe, and Goethe from being a mere follower of Wordsworth. As a critic, he repeatedly evinced a happy instinct for doing the right thing at the right time. . . . His great defect as a critic is the absence of a lively æsthetic sense; the more exquisite beauties of literature do not greatly impress him unless as vehicles for the communication of ideas. . . . Yet if Arnold cannot be praised as he praises Sophocles for having 'seen life steadily and seen it whole,' he at all events saw what escaped many others; and if he exaggerated the inaccessibility of the English mind to ideas, he left it more accessible than he found it. This would have contented him; his aim was, not to subjugate opinion, but to emancipate it, contending for the ends of Goethe with the weapons of Heine."

Proceeding to the B's, we find an imposing array of memoirs, including Aubrey Beardsley, Mrs. Booth, John Bright, Browning, Burne-Jones, and Sir Richard Burton. Here is much attractive material to be commended to the diligent and discursive reader. Browsing through the succeeding volume, such an one will certainly pause over Canon Ainger's account of Du Maurier, and Mr. Joseph Knight's record of Helen Faucit, while Hunt's Freeman and Pollard's *Fronde* constitute an engaging pair of *parallels vivæ*. Reading onward, one is somewhat disconcerted to find that the important biography of Gladstone has been intrusted to that brisk but baffling writer, Mr. Herbert Paul. It

must be said, however, that the narrative of 35,000 words is surprisingly well done, full of information and anecdote, and, as a record of the more visible activities in Gladstone's career, tolerably sufficient.

The third volume is richest of the three in famous names, containing as it does, among others, Huxley, Jowett, Martineau, Max Müller, Millais, William Morris, Coventry Patmore, John Ruskin, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Queen Victoria. The life of Huxley, by Professor Weldon, will doubtless seem to many too exclusively concerned with Huxley's scientific teachings, with too scant notice of his position as a dialectician and man of letters. But it is a fair answer that the latter phases and aspects of Huxley's career have been duly recorded in the recent book by his son, whereas it is pretty certainly his work in pure science that is most likely to be the subject of intelligent inquiry by an appreciable number of persons in succeeding generations, which is the test the editors of the Dictionary have constantly proposed. Mr. Mackail's Morris is, of course, in the best tradition of condensed and pregnant biography. It is a little odd that he should repeat the trite and superficial opinion, savoring strongly of the parlor lecture, that Morris's poetry is Homeric in tone. As if there could be any analogy, other than the most superficial, between the fluent but languorous and unreal romanticism of *The Earthly Paradise* and Homer's grandeur, vivid reality, and bright speed! But in writing of Morris's work in other lines Mr. Mackail has much admirable criticism, very felicitously phrased.

"Morris," says Mr. Mackail, "was a singular instance of a man of immense industry and force of character, whose whole life, through a long period of manifold activity and multifarious production, was guided by a very few simple ideas. . . . In fact, all these varying energies were directed toward a single object, the reintegration of hu-

man life; and he practiced so many arts because to him art was a single thing."

Not far from the article upon Morris is a noteworthy account of the deeply lamented F. W. H. Myers. It is perhaps worth while to record the curious fact that this delightful poet and cautious investigator of psychic phenomena, the author of one of the best essays in the world upon Virgil as a romanticist and a humanist, should likewise have attained the rather Byronic notoriety of being the first Englishman to swim the Niagara River below the falls. The remainder of the minor notices we may pass summarily by, pausing only to note a fact of curious interest mentioned by Mr. Seecombe in his notice of Oscar Wilde. Wilde, it seems, left in manuscript an *apologia pro sua vita*; and this is now in the hands of his literary executor, and may presently be given to the world.

It was fitting that the work which is likely to remain — the Oxford Dictionary being incomplete as yet — the chief scholarly monument of the Victorian age should contain in its concluding volume a life of the Queen. Mr. Sidney Lee has written this in person, and has performed the delicate task with exceptional fidelity and tact. Both of these qualities were to be expected from the best biographer of Shakespeare. But there are qualities in the present work not found in the Shakespeare. There the ideal was *sic cum lumen*, but here, with no less care for accuracy, we have Mr. Lee writing in a more genial and romantic vein. Without any of the unbalanced rhapsody common in lives of great persons recently deceased, we have here some humor, and more pathos, informing a very clear and orderly account of the

Queen's life. The narrative approximates to 90,000 words, — about the length of the average novel. It is to be hoped that, as in the case of the Shakespeare, Mr. Lee may see fit to reprint the life of Victoria in a suitable separate form.

Notwithstanding the fact that the pages of a biographical dictionary are sure to be full of the records of high emprise and happy attainment, the continuous perusal of them is a melancholy proceeding, — a ramble in the "dormitories of the dead." At the conclusion of such a course of reading, one is less disposed to construct synoptical theories of the conditions of success than to quote Latin about the transience of sublunary achievement. But if quoting there is to be, no better choice can be made than part of Mr. Lee's final estimate of Queen Victoria, which, while it closely characterizes the Queen, is subtly symbolical of the temper of the age to which she gave her name: —

"Queen Victoria's whole life and action were, indeed, guided by personal sentiment rather than by reasoned principles. But her personal sentiment, if not altogether removed from the commonplace nor proof against occasional inconsistencies, bore ample trace of courage, truthfulness, and sympathy with suffering. Far from being an embodiment of selfish whim, the Queen's personal sentiment blended in its main current sincere love of public justice with stanch fidelity to domestic duty, and ripe experience came in course of years to imbue it with the force of patriarchal wisdom. In her capacity alike of monarch and woman, the Queen's personal sentiment proved, on the whole, a safer guide than the best devised system of moral or political philosophy."

Ferris Greenslet.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

MINOR AND MAJOR VERSE.

THE casual reader takes up Mr. Archer's new book¹ with wonder and some perturbation. Its cumbersome bulk, its price *net*, its large rude portraits, suggestive of the red-hot poker and the pine plank, remind him that this is the period of expansion, when even the critic may assume the right to imperial methods. A glance at the Introduction makes one doubtful of the snap judgment, for the author's plan is nothing if not modest: he is offering us, not a treatise on modern poetry, but a series of appreciations of certain modern poets. "The essays," he says, "are arranged in alphabetical order, and each writer is treated as if he or she were the only poet of the younger generation in England or America." The critic's taste is catholic, and his honest desire is to enjoy and to commend whatever he can in modern verse. The reader is never embarrassed, even on occasion of the most emphatic expressions of opinion, by the feeling that the writer is bending the facts to meet a theory, or trying to score a point for the sake of victory. His occasional generalizations are marked by the quiet common sense which is always an admirable quality of his work.

"It is impossible to set up one single and absolute standard of workmanship in poetry. Tennyson's workmanship was good for Tennyson, and no one admires it more than I; but I hold it no reproach to Burns that his ideal of workmanship was different. If, by some miracle, the Tennysonian ideal had been implanted in Burns's mind, and he had constantly struggled up to it, he would have been by so much the less Burns and the less enjoyable."

¹ *Poets of the Younger Generation.* By WILLIAM ARCHER. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

"The simple rule, 'Let your nouns be nouns, and verbs be verbs,' seems to me worthy of all acceptance, even at the hands of poets."

It is consistent with his method that this critic should begin by disinheriting the spendthrift phrase "minor poet." "The valid distinction, the only one that really matters, is between true poets and poets falsely so called. . . . I do not for a moment doubt that some of the writers whom I discuss will be reckoned by posterity among the major poets of our time; others, very probably, will take minor rank. I leave the distinction to posterity; it does not at present concern me." This unconcern Mr. Archer tries to maintain throughout the series of essays which follow. He disclaims, moreover, any set theory of poetry, and waives even the right of comparison, purposing simply to consider, one by one, the poets born since 1850, whose work "happens to chime with his idiosyncrasy," "gives him genuine pleasure." Yet it is natural that he should not quite succeed in giving the desired impression of detached merit. Of the thirty-three verse-writers whom he is considering there is always something conscientious to be said; but in many cases his pleasure is so guarded by reservations as to appear inconsiderable, and in others he is carried upward from his carefully chosen middle ground by an unblanketed enthusiasm. Having paid tribute to his gentlemanly versifiers, and acknowledged the less tutored charms of his Irish poetesses, he turns with obvious relief to the consideration of John Davidson, or Francis Thompson, or Stephen Phillips, or Rudyard Kipling. The human habit of weighing relative values, in short, is too much for him; and it is evident that to his feeling, if

not to his judgment, very few of the many poems which he quotes possess the vital power of the major poetry.

Fortunately, some of them do possess it. Not many of us, it is to be hoped, take the desperate view of the poetical situation which has been suggested recently by one of these poets of the younger generation, Mr. Santayana.¹

"Shall mimics, drunk with each Castilian rill,
Be any poet but themselves at will,
Luscious when Keats, when Spenser quaint
and dull,
When Browning turgid, and [when] Noodles
null?"

he inquires, on his way to the cheerless discovery that "all the living [poets] are useless." Many readers will think as much of Mr. Santayana's verse as if he did not happen to be living, and will find it neither more nor less imitative than that of most other versifiers, living and dead. The couplets just quoted might, with a mere change of names, hail from the Dunciad; Mr. Archer calls attention to this poet's Shakespearean rhythms; and one hardly needs to turn the page to come upon reminders of other singers, as, for example, of Tennyson in

"A thousand leagues of silence roll
Between the husband and the wife.
The spirit faints with inward strife
And lonely gazing at the pole."

In his present volume Mr. Santayana makes various experiments in subject and in form, but there is nothing in it which will be likely to change the English critic's opinion that his chief merit lies in an undoubted mastery of the sonnet. The long titular poem and its sequel, with all their grace of form, are not impressive; a certain attenuation of feeling and rigidity of phrasing leave us in doubt of their value except as poetical exercises.

¹ *A Hermit of Carmel, and Other Poems.* By GEORGE SANTAYANA. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

² *With Lead and Line.* By CHARLES HENRY WEBB. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

If the heroic strain is beyond this careful chamber musician, so is the colloquial music of "convivial and occasional verse." The attempts in this kind which conclude the volume just miss the qualities of delicate humor and hearty good feeling, which are slippers and dressing gown to the spirit tired, like Dr. Primrose, of being always wise. "Take me as lightly as you choose," the writer of this sort of verse seems to say; "only don't be bored." Of genuine poets who have frankly and happily chosen to be themselves rather than to be profound, who have steadily refused to enter the battle for the grand style, and contented themselves with civilian laurels, we have had nobody since Dr. Holmes so admirable as Mr. Charles Henry Webb. The publication of *Vagrom Verse*, thirteen years ago, was followed by a sigh of relief from a public overburdened with minor intensities, and his new volume² tempts the same greeting. To be sure, he does things that we should have said were unpardonable; his metres, we should have said, have very much the doggerel quality; he quibbles, sentimentalizes, chuckles, takes liberties with our ribs and our sensibilities,—is simply himself to all men. His later verses are less rough without being less spontaneous; indeed, there are several poems among them of an almost Landorian elegance.

In one department of occasional verse Dr. Holmes has left no American successor of eminence. Mr. Santayana's experiments in college verse lack the indescribable atmosphere of the quadrangle which belongs to the verse of the old-world Grecian, while Mr. Webb's muse is social rather than academic. The new edition of *Calverley*³ reminds us of what this kind of verse has meant

³ *The Works of Charles Stuart Calverley.* With a Biographical Notice by Sir WALTER J. SENDALL, G. C. M. G. London: George Bell and Sons. 1901.

to Englishmen, while the reprint of Owen Seaman's *Horace at Cambridge*¹ suggests that it still means much. Mr. Seaman's book is somewhat narrowly academic; indeed, much of it is so purely local in its quality as to make a somewhat limited appeal to other than Cantabrigians. There are, to be sure, not a few irresistible phrases, like that about "Hamlet quoting Shakespeare to the Queen," or the one about the parson whose aim in life is "a sinecure of souls;" and the *Cambridge Revisited* gives something like a final expression to the experience of the college man who goes back after ten years to find the "men" only boys, and to be unexpectedly satisfied with his own rôle of foggy. But this is 'prentice work; to enjoy Mr. Seaman at his best we shall turn to his later volumes, two books of parody which have not their equal in English. Even Calverley's imitations, admirable as they are, lack the refined subtlety of his successor's. That famous skit *The Cock and the Bull*, for example, is too obvious a caricature to endure many readings. One might perhaps cite in the older parodist's defense that masterly Tennysonian conclusion of *The Wanderers*: —

"Then I, 'The sun hath slipt behind the hill,
And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six.'
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall,
They to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been miss'd at Syllabub
Farm."

But the rest of the poem is in a broader vein of burlesque. The curious thing about Mr. Seaman's parodies is that they come so near being what the authors might have actually written. They make sense in themselves; they are real poems written in the characteristic mood of the poet in hand, and

given the least possible cant toward burlesque consistent with their character as parody. This seems to me the highest distinction in that form of art; for art it is, and its great masters are few indeed. A passing allusion to "that admirable metrist, Mr. Seaman," is all the notice that Mr. Archer has felt it possible to give to such a trifler.

Four volumes of verse² have been published recently which it is natural, if improper, to think of together. We have long since ceased to laugh, except with respectfully reverted throat, at the Great Cham's comparison of a writing woman and a dancing — quadruped. And we regard Macaulay's sublime condescension with something like awe. "We conceive," he wrote less than sixty years ago, in disposing of a certain luckless Miss Aikin, "that on such occasions a critic would do well to imitate the courteous knight who found himself compelled by duty to keep the lists against Bradamante. He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the champion, but before the fight began exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge." Indignantly as we may bridle at this form of masculine effrontery, now happily obsolete, it is only fair to wonder whether our own inverted chivalry, which considers "virility" the supreme attribution to feminine excellence, is altogether to be admired. To one reader, certainly, these four books of verse rate themselves distinctly according to their feminine quality, which may, it would seem, be to the work of a woman what the masculine quality is to the work of a man.

If by feminine quality were meant simply the atmosphere of the feminine

¹ *Horace at Cambridge*. By OWEN SEAMAN. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

² *The Cathedral, and Other Poems*. By MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

The Heart of the Road. By ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

From the Hills of Dream. By FIONA MACLEOD. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. 1901.

Marlowe. By JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

temperament, we should be abundantly satisfied with its presence in Miss Dickinson's poetry. She possesses, moreover, vigor of imagination, intensity of feeling, and the true lyrical sense of language as music; but something is lacking, — a quality more important than all of these in life, and not negligible in art. One does not lay down her new book of verse without disquiet, without a feeling of having taken a haphazard voyage in a craft uncertain of its bearings. We have felt the lack of that effortless poise and control which belongs to the strong spirit at peace with itself; we have wished for less of the emotional, and more of the spiritual. There have even been moments of a self-revelment bordering upon indiscretion, which we have hastened to attribute to the New England habit of introspection with doubt, working upon a nature which might have been happier and healthier under the Puritan régime. In verse born of such conditions we are likely to find, if not sheer morbidness, the flush of life grown a little hectic, emotional and intellectual impulse standing for aspiration, and love made much of as a painful though desirable obsession.

Will it be permitted to say that the charm of Miss Branch's verse is the charm of maidenliness? By means of the simplest metrical forms she achieves a delicately poetic expression of feminine refinement and sympathy. Now and then, as in *Lazarus*, the note deepens, but it is still — and we are very grateful for it — the woman's note: —

"MARTHA.

It was so far to come.

MARY.

Far? No, not far, I think —

A MAN.

But dost thou know?

MARY.

Ay! When I keep my thoughts all clean and large,

Open to sunlight as the roses are,
It lies along the margin of the air

With a soft shining, though I see it not."

We cannot help feeling the soundness of verse like this, and the feeling is not less assured because the strain runs so often into the minor. This gentle unrest is far enough from being morbid; it is, perhaps, no more than the normal reposelessness of some spiritual *Wanderjahr*, out of which is to come a calmer and more fruitful strength.

One may find himself thinking of Miss Dickinson's poems as rather heavily scented exotics produced under glass, and of Miss Branch's as half-opened roses leaning inquiringly over the wall of some quiet garden. The strange verses of Miss Fiona Macleod carry us into another world, — a world of gray mists and shadow, of a half-human nature and a half-elfin humanity, of solitary blossoms of song washed with the salt spray and blown by the rough winds of the farthest Hebrides. And indeed, with all our schooling in Celtic lore, the sad northern music still falls strange upon the Saxon ear. This passionate mysticism veiled in sombre acquiescence, this fierce abiding melancholy which has nothing to do with the nerves or the digestion, is hard for us to enter into. No folk poetry, surely, has so dogged a note of suffering, in both senses of the word, as that which still survives fragmentarily in the Gaelic of the old hill and coast peasantry. Miss Macleod labors under the disadvantage of giving utterance to the genius of one race in terms of another. She chooses to deal much in irregular metres, and in epithets literally translated from the Gaelic. Much of her work, in short, has the quality and the defect of translation; of the anthropological value of such verse we cannot but be aware, though we may not be sure of its value as English poetry. Yet Miss Macleod is not simply an interpreter; there is no mistaking here and there the "fec-grief due to some single breast," the quick bitterness of a thwarted life which remembers and waits, dwelling meanwhile in a land of dream and shadow.

"A white bird floats there like a drifting
leaf:
It feeds upon faint sweet hopes and perishing
dreams
And the still breath of unremembering grief.

"And as a silent leaf the white bird passes,
Winnowing the dusk by dim forgetful streams.
I am alone now among the silent grasses."

It is a relief to turn from this eerie, crooning strain, with the surprise of its occasional lilt into the major and the recurring monotony of its dying fall, to the warm, rich melody of verse like Miss Peabody's. Here the charm is not made up of mere delicacy or intensity or unusualness; the poet's view of life is the simple, healthy view of calm, perfectly poised womanhood. Marlowe is, like her former experiment in dramatic poetry, frankly after the Elizabethans. The fact that it deals with Elizabethan personages furnishes a ready excuse for the risky attempt; yet its warmest admirers will probably not wish for a repetition of the experiment; they will not like to substitute the enjoyment of imitations, however clever, for their delight in the pure modern beauty of Miss Peabody's lyrics. If, indeed, she could compass dramatic vigor with the retention of her own born diction—but that is an achievement one hardly dares hope for yet in English. And Marlowe hardly deserves to be spoken of with so conventional a reservation. It is no small triumph to have taken a theme which might have lent itself easily to decadent methods or to open moralizing, and to have made it the basis for a piece of pure, strong, creative work.

A similar experiment was tried some years ago by Dr. Mitchell in his *Francis Drake*, which is now before us in the book of selections from previously published verse (made by the English Macmillans).¹ This is also a dramatic study of an Elizabethan theme, treated consistently in the Elizabethan manner. It seems, on the whole, to possess less

¹ *Selections from the Poems of S. Weir Mitchell*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1901.

force and spontaneity than the earlier and less formal dramatic sketches. We do not know where to look, unless in Browning's *My Lost Duchess*, for such pitiless irony as that of *A Medal*. As for François Villon, he could have been created only by the chronicler of that other and more rascally François. Dr. Mitchell has more than once succeeded in making us oddly and somewhat disconcertingly sympathetic with villainy. Is Villon or De Luce the greater rascal, and could we wish either of them a different part in the story? We enter almost equally into the light recklessness of the poet-vagabond, and the chill, saturnine humor of his patron and enemy. And we are not quite sure, perhaps, which of the actors in that grim final scene we pity most:—

"Fiercely I lunged. He, laughing, scarce so
rash,
Parried and touched my arm. The rapier
clash

Went wild a minute; then a woman's cry
Broke from the hedge behind him, and near by
Some moonlit whiteness gleamed. He turned,
and I,
By heaven! 't was none too soon, I drove my
sword

Clean through the peasant dog from point to
guard,
And held her as I watched him. Better men
A many have I killed, but this man!—Then
He staggered, reeling, clutched at empty air
And at his breast, and pitching here and there,
Fell, shuddered, and was dead.

By Mary's grace,
The woman kneeling kissed the dead dog's
face."

To read the lyrics of which the volume is mainly composed, and which we now find together for the first time, is to renew our wonder at a versatility not only of craftsmanship, but of powers. The airy grace of *Dreamland*, the swing and surge of the lines *On a Boy's First Reading of the Play of King Henry the Fifth*, the measured stateliness of the *Ode on a Grecian Tomb*,—hardly elsewhere in American verse is there greater strength in variety than in these poems. We wish there were not so marked a suggestion of

leave-taking in the noble lines which close the book: —

"I know the night is near at hand,
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry;
But I have had the day.

"Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When at thy call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light."

Not only Yale men will be glad to have the recent firm utterance of another veteran poet preserved in exceptionally beautiful form. Mr. Stedman's bicentennial poem¹ has the union of grave fitness and breadth of tone which sometimes makes of occasional verse a very noble poetic form. The poet concerns himself less with retrospect than with prophecy; indeed, the whole poem is a hopeful call to arms.

"No feebling she that reared them, no forlorn
And wrinkled mother lingering in the gray;
Fadeless she smiles to see her shield upborne:
It is her morn, her morn!
The past, but twilight ushering in her day."

*Poems and Inscriptions*² is another of the slender volumes of carefully considered verse which Mr. Gilder produces from time to time. His poetry possesses a cool purity of temper and phrase which, if it does not at once compel the reader, is likely to lodge in the memory, there to grow by degrees into life and beauty. And indeed, it would be a shallow memory which did not offer foothold to the haunting simplicity of such lines as: —

"How fresh the woods, each separate leaf
Is shining in the jovful sun.
Strange! I have half forgotten grief:
I thin' that life is just begun."

It is a long step from the quiet Wordsworthian glow of verse like this

¹ *Mater Coronata*. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

² *Poems and Inscriptions*. By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. New York: The Century Co. 1901.

to the exultant passion of Mr. Henley's springtime poetry. To him we look for the musical utterance of a pure pagan zest in living. Whenever elemental emotion is to be expressed, the author of *Hawthorn and Lavender*³ strikes deep and sure. With the more elaborate forms he is less successful, as in the irregular, unrhymed verse of the *Praeludium*, which might almost have been written by a Le Gallienne. Of the London Eclogues, with all their cleverness, it is hard to know how much to make as poetry, though Mr. Archer is by way of hailing such things as "the new poetry." This poet of realism does here for London streets what he has already done for the hospital and the camp. He himself hints that this sort of verse is unlikely to be of permanent value: —

"None, none can keep the years in line,
And what to Ninety-Eight is fun
May raise the gorge of Ninety-Nine."

Even to Ninety-Eight much of this material must have been but dimly intelligible out of London. As for the songs, it is the hawthorn verses over which we are likely to linger, since the charm of paganism begins to fade as we draw away from youth and spring: —

"Shadow and gleam on the Downland
Under the low spring sky,
Shadow and gleam in my spirit —
Why?

"A bird, in his nest rejoicing
Cheers and flatters and woos:
A fresh voice flutters my fancy —
Whose?

"And the humour of April frolics
And bickers on blade and bough —
O, to meet for the primal kindness
Now!"

This voice of resonant joy is altogether lacking to Mr. Hardy's muse,⁴

³ *Hawthorn and Lavender*. By W. E. HENLEY. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1901.

⁴ *Poems of the Past and Present*. By THOMAS HARDY. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1902.

who is indeed a heathen rather than a pagan; or so we might say if we were sure of her existence. For Mr. Hardy's verse is, after all, a by-product, clearly a left-hand mode of expression. His use of metre is ingenious rather than flexible or musical; not seldom we come upon stanzas which seem not to be prose because of the accidents of verse division and rhyme:—

“The day is turning ghost,
And scuttles from the Kalendar in fits and
furtively,
To join the anonymous host
Of those that throng oblivion; ceding his place
may be
To one of like degree.”

Arbitrary metrical irregularities of this sort recall irresistibly the remark of old Bentley to a raw aspirant for Pindaric honors *numerus lege solutus*. “Pindar was a bold fellow,” said he, “but thou art an impudent one!” Mr. Hardy's verse certainly attains far greater dignity in its simplest forms. The little poem ‘To Life’ not only illustrates this fact, but may stand as the most perfect expression in the book of the skeptical melancholy which characterizes the writer's prose:—

“O Life with the sad seared face,
I weary of seeing thee,
And thy dragged cloak, and thy hobbling
pace,
And thy too-forced pleasantry!

“I know what thou would'st tell
Of Death, Time, Destiny—
I have known it long, and know, too, well
What it all means for me.

“But canst thou not array
Thyself in rare disguise,
And feign like truth, for one mad day,
That Earth is Paradise?

“I'll tune me to the mood,
And mum with thee till eve;
And may be what as interlude
I feign, I shall believe!”

If the last year, which has witnessed the publication of so many interesting books, had given us nothing else, it would be memorable for having pro-

duced *A Reading of Life*.¹ In nothing of Mr. Meredith's has it been made so evident that his manner is not mere mannerism. There are some very stiff lines in this book: it would not be chosen to loll through in a summer afternoon. But there is beauty in it from beginning to end, and in the main spontaneity; the reader is never in doubt that he is listening to a born poet, to whom thought and word are very nearly the same thing. To turn over the opening pages is to be reminded of Dr. Johnson's dictum, which the world has been falsifying now for a century and a quarter: “The heathen deities can no longer gain attention: we should have turned away from the contest between Venus and Diana.” It is just this mighty old myth in which the modern poet finds his reading of life.

“Or shall we run with Artemis,
Or yield the breast to Aphrodite?
Both are mighty;
Both give bliss;
Each can torture if divided;
Each claims worship undivided.”

So opens the brief prologue. It will not do to begin quoting from the three poems which follow. Nothing so strong and pure and deeply harmonious has been done since the greater Victorians stopped singing. The marvelous rush and melody of the seven-syllable verse (no longer a lost art) of *With the Huntress*, the graceful, varied pace of *With the Persuader*, and the triumphant if uphill march of *The Test of Manhood*,—the whole poem, whatever mood may be dominant in its parts, fills us with the wondering sense of completeness and vital power which only very real poetry can afford. It will be felt that in the poems which follow, the idiosyncrasy of the poet does not always yield itself sufficiently to lightness of theme or flexibility of mood. The spider in *A Garden Idyl*, for example, is poetized with an unso-

¹ *A Reading of Life*. By GEORGE MEREDITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

cial heaviness of touch which would be fair game for the mocking craft of a pen like Mr. Seaman's. The experiments in English hexameter of the Fragments from the Iliad once again fail to prove the fitness of that medium for expression in our sledgehammer tongue. Manifestly, it is the fighting Homer which attracts Mr. Meredith; for he reads life as a battlefield, where

neither Artemis nor Aphrodite must win the day.

"Not far those two great Powers of Nature
speed

Disciple steps on earth when sole they lead;
Nor either points for us the way of flame.
From him predestined mightier it came;
His task to hold them both in breast, and
yield

Their dues to each, and of their war be field."

H. W. Boynton.

COLLEGE PROFESSORS AND THE PUBLIC.

IN a recent number of the Harvard Graduates' Magazine there is a sketch entitled A Harvard Ascetic. It describes that singular gentleman and scholar, Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, with whose academic career anecdote and myth have long been busy. For some thirty-six years after his appointment as Greek tutor, in 1842, Professor Sophocles "lived by himself," we are told, "in the west entry of Holworthy, and there evoked and spread his frugal meals, amid his lexicons and papers and exercise books." Whether he bred his famous chickens in his sleeping room is still a matter for high debate among Cambridge humorists of an antiquarian turn. At any rate, he seems to have lived his own life in serene indifference to contemporary opinion. He preserved, throughout the most stirring period of the last century, the spiritual isolation of the exile. He remained from first to last a Greek monk, set to the somewhat incongruous task of teaching American boys.

I am so unfortunate as never to have known Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles. But I have often been inclined to moralize upon his monastic existence, in comparing it with the fuller if more interrupted lives of some of his contemporaries and pupils. For there have been many Grammarians, quite as anxious as Professor Sophocles to "settle

Hoti's business" and impart "the doctrine of the enclitic *de*," who have cheerfully surrendered their scanty hours for research at the call of public service; arguing in town meetings for better schoolhouses and better roads, visiting and burying the town poor, securing better terms from the all-invading trolley companies, addressing legislative committees in behalf of local improvements, — sparing, in short, no time or labor where the expenditure of time and labor might insure better conditions of living for the communities where the scholar's lot was cast. That this devotion to the claims of the town or city or general public is likely to interfere with Hoti's business is undeniable. The doctrine of the enclitic *de* is less clearly defined to-day than it might have been if all college teachers had lived, like Professor Sophocles, in the west entry of a dormitory, engrossed with lexicons and exercise books, and with a few chickens, possibly, to add speculative interest to the scene. There is, one must confess, a more or less constant antinomy between the instincts of pure scholarship and the impulses of citizenship. It is a warfare which accounts, at least in part, for the peculiar status of the college professor under the conditions of contemporary American life; and certain phases of the rather complex situation growing out of

these contradictory duties one may venture to discuss.

Few educated men will deny the imaginative charm that invests the existence of the solitary scholar. In his person we discover one man, in this confusing world, who knows what he likes. Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford, who had

"Ievere have at his beddes heede
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sawtrie,"

is something more than a type of mediæval devotion to the Aristotelian logic. Some breath of his ascetic spirit still abides in every scholar worthy of the name; the twenty books continue to yield to such a man a deeper delight than the robes or the fiddle. There is no college faculty without its Clerk of Oxenford, — some unworldly soul who grows old without tangible rewards, possibly without very tangible achievements, but who has nevertheless kept the pure flame of learning alive in his heart. Innocent eccentricities attach themselves to him. Young doctors from the great foreign and American universities find him a trifle old-fashioned in his views and unaware of the latest dissertations. Yet the blameless Clerk loves his twenty books to the end.

One such man I remember in particular. In his younger days he had been a Latinist, until the loss, by fire, of his manuscript Latin grammar disheartened him, and he accepted a casual offer of a chair of elementary mathematics, which he kept till his death. He fulfilled his duties as instructor with perfect gravity and fidelity, but cared wholly for other things: for his collections of Phædrus and black-letter Chaucers; for Scott's novels, which he used to read through once each year; for the elder dramatists; for Montaigne and Lamb. Weather permitting, he drove from twenty to forty miles a day in his rusty, mud-covered buggy; he knew every wild flower, every lovely or bold view, within reach of Williams-

town. To be his companion upon one of these drives was to touch the very essence of fine, whimsical, irresponsible scholarship. But Professor Dodd made no speeches in town meeting, was scantily interested in no-license agitation, was rather likely to forget election day altogether, and on pleasant Sundays used to patronize obscure churches that lay at an extraordinary driving distance from home. His sense of freedom from these compulsions that are laid upon the strenuous citizen of New England was very charming. The land of his habitation was "far from this our war."

The type of moral detachment which my old friend thus exemplified is not only charming; it is positively necessary, if the work demanded by productive scholarship — though he was quite frankly an unproductive scholar! — is adequately to be done. It is an encumbrance to the scholar, as it is to the soldier, to entangle himself overmuch with the affairs of this life. Certain members of every academic community seem drafted by nature and by achievement to special service. They are summoned out of the usual social order, away from the conventional, wholesome round of ordinary discipline, to lead some forlorn hope of science or letters, to explore the farthest boundaries of human knowledge, to chart unknown waters that will by and by be crowded with the funnels of the carrying trade of the world. There is a profound sense in which every such man must, like Newton, be

"forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought
alone."

He cannot keep in touch with the normal life of other men. If he brings back something to us at the end of his voyages, that is enough; he must not be held to rigid attendance upon ward meetings and Sunday school. The chances are that not twenty men in the world will recognize, at first, what these explorations mean to human progress; their significance is realized very

gradually. Meantime the man's neighbors will know merely that he is gone, — that he is absent-minded, forgetful of jury duty and registration and a hundred admirable "causes."

Since this type of intellectual pioneer is so essential to the true progress of the race, there is no likelihood that it will not persist. Indeed, there are more opportunities open to it and greater honors are paid to it to-day, in this country, than we have ever offered before. The Clerk of Oxenford, who was "not right fat," as it may be remembered, in the fourteenth century, is better clothed and fed and housed in the twentieth. Yet the college teachers who really make original contributions to human knowledge are few in proportion to the total numbers engaged in the profession. The passion for scholarship, like that for poetry, does not always imply a corresponding power of production; and because we are glad to release some picked man from the common social obligations and services, and bid him Godspeed upon his adventure, it does not follow that a similar freedom may be claimed for those who stay at home. The solitary scholar will always be the exception, not the rule. The college professor, under normal conditions, can escape neither his duties to the public nor the daily irresistible impact from the public. His endeavor to escape them may be an evidence of instinctive capacity for creative work of the highest value; but it has not infrequently been the badge of a mere Bohemianism, a mark of the reckless, selfish existence of an alien, — of a man with no stake in the community.

"I do not often speak to public questions," said Emerson, who, without formal academic relations, was nevertheless in so many ways our finest type of academic behavior: "they are odious and hurtful, and it seems like meddling or leaving your work. I have my own spirits in prison, — spirits in deeper prisons, whom no man visits if I do not. And then I see what havoc it

makes with any good mind, a dissipated philanthropy. The one thing not to be forgiven to intellectual persons is, not to know their own task."

Yet these serene sentences were uttered at the opening of his address on the Fugitive Slave Law, and he goes on to say that he never felt the crack of the slaveowner's whip until that measure, backed as it was by Daniel Webster, put a check on his free speech and action. Then, with words fairly incandescent with noble scorn, Emerson denounces a law which he believes to be an outrage alike upon the rights of private citizenship and upon the public honor. That speech upon the Fugitive Slave Law deserves to be read with the more famous Phi Beta Kappa oration of 1837 on *The American Scholar*. The earlier address describes the scholar's duty toward his work; the speech of 1854 states and exemplifies the scholar's duty as a citizen.

Scarcely half a century has elapsed since these later words of Emerson were spoken. Yet what far-reaching changes have been wrought in the relations of the academic scholar to the public! Many of the most characteristic phases of our modern industrial and social development are less than half a century old. Within that period the curriculum of the American college has been transformed. The professor of to-day, instead of occupying himself solely with the dead languages and a little mathematics and philosophy, pursues studies and gives instruction that bring him into touch, at a thousand points of contact, with the material interests, the practical concerns, of the American public. Some Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles still trims his solitary lamp in every college; and in every college there are still, as always, men whose instincts of citizenship are wholly independent of the work of their particular department. But a newer type of college professor is also everywhere in evidence: the expert who knows all about railroads and bridges and subways;

about gas commissions and electrical supplies; about currency and banking, Philippine tariffs, Venezuelan boundary lines, the industries of Porto Rico, the classification of the civil service, the control of trusts. I take my illustrations almost at random, and yet in connection with each topic upon that variegated list it would be possible to point to college professors who have lately been rendering a signal public service. These men combine technical training with practical capacity. They can no longer be brushed aside contemptuously as "mere theorists." They are helping to carry forward the detailed work of governmental departments; and as you and I are paying for their traveling expenses and their stenographers, they ought to meet every American definition of "the practical man"!

And we must take into account other facts besides these new professorial activities springing out of the new scientific and commercial energy of the nation. This energy has been felt by the universities, and it has produced university men who, judged by any previous academic standards, belong to a new species. But the college professor who represents the "humanities," rather than the distinctly scientific side of modern education, is likewise brought closer to the public than ever before. The newspapers report — and misreport — him. Editors offer him space to reply. Publishers weary him with appeals to write textbooks. He goes to conventions. He has become sophisticated. The great festivals of his university — like the rural college Commencements of sixty years ago — assume the character of a popular show. The President of the United States attends them. The professor's photograph, in full academic costume, assaults your eye in the market place. The college press club and the university's bureau of publicity give his lecture dates in advance. The prospectus of your favorite magazine bids you inspect his literary qualifications as well as his thoughtful

countenance. *Who's Who in America* informs you of the name of his second wife.

In all this familiarity of intercourse with the world, some of the fine old reserve of manner and reticence of speech has been lost. The secularized professor — like one of those gray Italian convents now secularized into orphan schools — is sometimes rather a noisy, middle-class affair. Yet if something of the traditional fastidiousness and exclusiveness has disappeared, other qualities, more robust and probably more useful, have been gained. It has been an advantage to the public to see the professor at closer range, and it has been a still more obvious benefit to the professor himself that he has found manifold modes of contact with his fellow citizens. For the lessons which the professor learns from the public are at least as important as those which he imparts. If, as the cant phrase has it, he does something occasionally to "purify politics," politics pretty constantly clarifies him.

This growth in mutual knowledge between a single class in the community and the community as a whole has already proved its value, but the limits of its usefulness have by no means been reached. Popular suspicion of the political theorist — a suspicion curiously active at the present moment — is still apt to find in the "college professor" a convenient symbol of ineptitude. The Philistinism which glorifies the so-called "man of action" minimizes by contrast the man of thought. Nor is it to be expected that the general public can ever develop a full sympathy with the academic scholar whose mind is bent solely upon discovering the truth. It may respect him if he keeps out of the way. But let him once lift his voice against some popular movement, and the hisses will be prompt enough. Most of us can remember the time when college professors of economics who advocated tariff for revenue were stigmatized as "British emissaries."

ries" with their pockets stuffed with "British gold." There is less said just now about British emissaries, and yet the college economist who does not, in football parlance, "buy the winning colors after the game" must still pay the penalty of his hardihood. Within a twelvemonth college teachers have been openly denounced as "traitors" for advocating self-government for the Filipinos. In many a pulpit and newspaper office, last September, it was declared that the utterances of college professors were largely responsible for the assassination of President McKinley. Singularly enough, the most bitter denunciations of the college professor in politics come from college-trained politicians and journalists; there is no such master of the sneer as the partisan who in his youth

"did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint."

In short, courage is still necessary if the college teacher desires to speak frankly upon disputable topics. In 1902 it is easy to be a champion of the gold standard, because the gold standard has fortunately prevailed; in 1896 the comfort of such a championship depended upon the longitude of the college. We are gradually learning to analyze the complex elements that enter into the question of "academic freedom," and to discover that human nature must not be left out of the reckoning; but meantime it must be confessed that academic freedom, like the Supreme Court in Mr. Dooley's epigram, "follows the election returns."

Yet there is something to be said for that instinct of self-preservation which forces the majority, in a democracy like ours, to silence demonstrative opposition and proceed with the public affairs. One must admit that a good many college professors have taken the Irish members of Parliament as their exemplars, and are boyishly pleased if they can merely obstruct the business of the House. Miss Evelina Burney once wrote of Sir Philip Jennings Clerk,

"He is a professed minority man." This type of man is familiar in academic circles. There is something very admirable in his bravery, in his consistency, and in the Cato-like — the Oxford-like — pride with which he clings to lost causes. But, like all of us, he needs to discriminate. John Milton, who was "a professed minority man" of the most militant order, declared that "when God commands to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal." Noble, heartening words are these, and as much needed now as ever. Yet there should be a reasonable certainty that the note is really blown at God's command; and one may concede that the professed minority man of the academic species sometimes mistakes for the Divine clarion what is merely a tin trumpet hanging on the wall of his private study, and that he blows it mainly for the exercise of his lungs.

It is easy to comprehend, and it should be easy to pardon, these professorial extravagances. They are the excitable utterances of men not habitually sobered by practical contact with affairs. Yet an excited participation in public debate is better, after all, than indifference; and as the solidarity of interests between all classes in the republic becomes more generally realized, there is likely to be less and less criticism of academic critics. While making fullest admission of the occasional peevishness and exaggeration of these men, it should never be forgotten that no class of American citizens bring to the discussion of current questions so wide a knowledge of the teachings of history, a deeper attachment to American ideals, and a more disinterested patriotism.

The field of political activity has been selected to illustrate some of the relations of the professor with the public, not only because the illustration lies conveniently near at hand, but also be-

cause it is typical of other activities as well. The benefits that have attended the more general participation of college teachers in current politics are undeniable. They justify the belief that many of the obstructions which still embarrass the commerce of the professor with the public will disappear upon better mutual acquaintance. There are many spheres of public activity in which college teachers need encounter none of the suspicion that is bred by partisan politics. In the fight for better tenements, for public parks, bath-houses, libraries, and training schools; in all the varied work of philanthropic, ethical, and religious organizations; in the immense task of securing and developing throughout this country a respect for law, a man is not handicapped because he earns his living in a college. He will discover, if he makes the effort, that he can come to closer quarters with his fellow Americans, not only without abandoning any old ideals worth keeping, but with the certainty of obtaining an invigorating supply of new ideals. His working hours may be devoted to investigation or to classroom instruction; he may hope to influence his generation through his pupils or through his books; but he will have at least certain moments of leisure. These may be spent, if he will, in widening his knowledge of the American people of to-day.

I have already referred to one delightful Williamstown personage, the late Professor Dodd, as an instance of academic detachment. I shall choose a phrase descriptive of a more normal scheme of life from a remark made about another resident of the Berkshire college town, named "Russ" Pratt. He was the one-armed and more stupid brother of the half-witted and locally famous "Bill" Pratt. As Russ was reputed to be the laziest man in Williamstown, — a village that had many claimants to that distinction, — I once asked his adopted daughter how her father spent his time. Her answer was

epigrammatic in its swiftness and scope: "He saws wood, sets in the house, and goes down street!" Is not that an admirable formula? Labor, reflection, social contact! Could there be a wiser counsel of perfection for the college professor? Poor fellow, he must "saw wood" or freeze; yet he has some opportunity to reflect, in a world which is just now little enough given to reflection; and surely he might "go down street" more often and to better advantage than he does. The street no less than the library has its whims, partialities, extravagances, panics. But the man of the library has much to learn from the man of the street, and a riper friendship between them will betoken a better service toward their common country.

A friend of James Russell Lowell has said that in Lowell's later life he sometimes spoke discontentedly of the years he had spent as a college professor. He complained humorously that he had been wont, in those earlier days, to lecture for an hour or two, go back to Elmwood, fill his pipe, and thank God that he had done a day's work. Now it is not easy to say what shall constitute a day's work, either for one's self or for another; the question is not so simple as the arithmetic of the labor unions would seem to imply. Yet that is a scant day's work, whether long or short, that does not bring the worker into some relation to human progress; that does not make men and women freer, wiser, better. Lowell's years of service in the Smith Professorship may have been as fruitful as any years of his life, although it was the nobler side of him, no doubt, that made him question it.

But who knows the pattern into which his days and years are being woven? I remember complaining, long ago, to a venerable professor, as we were walking together to morning chapel, that a required chapel service involved a costly expenditure of time; and that the German scholars were

steadily drawing ahead of their American rivals because, for one reason, they saved that half hour a day. His reply was very fine: "If you are turning a grindstone, every moment is precious; but if you are doing a man's work, the inspired moments are precious." Every fully endowed man believes that saying in his heart, whatever he may think about the specific question of compulsory chapel for the college-bred; and as our modern world gradually reveals to us both its complexity and its spiritual unity, the "inspired moments" are increasingly likely to be those, not of lonely intuition, but of organized social service. No Americans, above all no body of educated Americans, should imagine that they have a charter to live unto themselves. The whole contemporary movement is against it, — the

secularization of knowledge, the democratization of society, the fundamental oneness of interest among all peoples of this swiftly narrowing earth. For the members of any profession to insulate themselves from these currents of world-sympathy is to cut off that profession's power. The astonishing development of academic studies in our day, the evolution of these new types of professorial activity, the immense endowments and other evidences of public interest in the American college, are fortunate auguries for the republic. But they are also welcome because they invite the professor himself to make generous contribution to what the President of Harvard, in speaking at the bicentennial of Yale, characterized as "the pervasive, aggressive, all-modifying spirit of Christian democracy."

B. P.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHEN John Fiske died, on July 4th of last year, he was giving final directions

**Huxley's
Visit to
Fiske.**

for the removal of his library from his former home on Berkeley Street to his new house. He had called me in, one day when I was passing, to show me his beautiful new room, which was in an upper story, separated from the rest of the house, in order that he might have perfect retirement while working.

The room was long and low, with an atmosphere of comfort and repose. Above the ample fireplace was written the motto of his life: —

"Disce, ut semper victurus;
Vive, ut cras moriturus."¹

He turned, and said, with that slow, radiant smile which lighted his face so wonderfully, "This is the library of my dreams;" then remained silent.

¹ "Study, as if you were to live forever;
Live, as if you were to die to-morrow."

On that day the books and furniture were lacking, but now his working desk, books, and pictures of friends are all in the places which he had assigned them. Conspicuous among the contents of the library, on an easel is a fine oil painting of his intimate friend, Professor Thomas Huxley. This portrait recalls to me an early experience of my life, which I remember as a week of unique interest.

Twenty-five years ago, when Professor Huxley came to America on a vacation trip, he visited Mr. and Mrs. Fiske. Mrs. Huxley accompanied her husband, and they spent the week before their return to England at Petersham, the childhood home of Mrs. Fiske. Petersham is a typical old New England village, with its elm-surrounded meeting house standing on the village green. A few comfortable houses, built in the early part of the last century, border the principal street, which follows the high ridge

on which the town is placed. The pure air, the remoteness from railroads, but most of all the presence of Mr. Fiske and his family, had made the village a summer resort.

Here were gathered, in the old Brooks homestead and vicinity, an interesting group of people. The senior member of our party was Mr. Christopher Cranch, poet, artist, musician, and delightful companion,—always ready to help in entertainments of all kinds. Private theatricals were his special delight. Then came Professor J. K. Paine, of Harvard, and his wife. The genial composer, who was, perhaps, the nearest of all Mr. Fiske's friends,—“Brother Paine” was his affectionate term for him,—played to us his delightful music, some of it written in that region. George Parsons Lathrop and his wife, Hawthorne's gifted daughter, were also there. Besides these there were a dozen or more friends and relatives; and the Fiske children should not be forgotten, as they added much to the merriment of every occasion. The relation of Mr. Fiske to his children was most charming, and he was never tired of quoting their bright sayings.

Although this was vacation time, Mr. Fiske was not idle. He used to drive off in the morning, soon after breakfast, to a remote farmhouse, where he could be alone to work. The result of these solitary meditations was occasionally bestowed on the rest of us, who gathered about him and listened spellbound to his delightful reading. I think he was at work on *Myths and Myth-Makers* that summer; at least, I know he read us some chapters from this book.

Fiske's philosophic writings were often first thought out aloud in the companionship of his wife, as they strolled, according to their habit, through the woods and fields of Petersham. To see how easily and naturally these religious subjects suggested themselves to his mind, we have only to read the dedication of *The Idea of God*:—

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TO MY WIFE

In remembrance of the sweet Sunday morning under the apple-tree on the hillside, when we two sat looking down into fairy woodland paths, and talked of the things since written in this little book

I NOW DEDICATE IT.

Ἀργύριον καὶ χρυσίον οὐχ ὑπάρχει
μοι ὃ δὲ ἔχω, τοῦτό σοι δίδωμι.¹

One of Mrs. Fiske's most valued possessions is a beautiful photograph bearing this inscription in Mr. Fiske's familiar handwriting: “The apple-tree mentioned in the dedication to *The Idea of God*—planned under this tree Sunday morning, July 12, 1885.”

In the midst of our pleasant but uneventful life the news of the arrival of Professor and Mrs. Huxley produced a great excitement. The first sight of Mr. Huxley made us feel that he would fit easily into our circle. Though not a handsome man, Mr. Huxley had a fascinating and a mobile face. His eyes were rather small and his forehead low, but his eyebrows were heavy and shaggy, the nose was a most expressive feature, and the chin was fine and strong. His voice was delightfully modulated, every word perfectly chosen to express his meaning; and he was, besides, a very easy talker, ready to exchange ideas with any one in the most friendly way.

A characteristic which made everything he said interesting was his playfulness and keen sense of humor. The most serious and gravest subjects were relieved of dullness at his hands. He was a great smoker, and when he sat down with his pipe he always seemed uncommonly entertaining and sociable. Our meeting place in the evening was often at the office of Mr. Brooks, the brother of Mrs. Fiske. It was a small building near his house, and in former times had been his father's law office. There, before a fire of blazing hickory logs, went on much of what Mr. Fiske

¹ “Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee.”

has called "exuberant nonsense." I especially recall that the doctrines of evolution, then comparatively new, were the cause of much merriment. Mr. Huxley illustrated some amusing verses, written by Mrs. Huxley, with a funny sketch of the Garden of Eden, with apes climbing the tree of knowledge. At these times, when Mr. Cranch was called on for a song, our favorite was Little Billee.

In fact, there was always so much fun and amusing talk among the clever men that it was a great entertainment to listen. It takes a great man to bring out the finest wit of another great man: without Mr. Fiske's knowledge and cleverness we never should have had such a display of wit and brilliancy from Mr. Huxley. Our appreciation, though obvious, certainly did not displease the latter gentleman; for he wrote Mr. Fiske from England that nowhere in this country had he felt so perfectly at home and so in sympathy with his surroundings as in Petersham. There was also a good deal of friendly gossip between Mr. Huxley and Mr. Fiske about people in England whom they both knew. Many of the names were familiar to all of us, — Tyndall, Spencer, Browning, Forster, and particularly George Eliot. They thought the last a very unhappy woman; that her manners were forbidding in general society, but that she was wonderfully interesting to those who saw her at her best.

Mr. Huxley had a great store of anecdotes. He told us that one day the Queen wished all the "scientific lions" trotted out for her inspection. The "lions" were accordingly notified that they were to be summoned to her Majesty's presence, and were requested to wear court dress. Most of the scientists acceded to the request and custom; but one of them — I think it was Mr. Spencer — said that not even to please a queen would he make himself ridiculous. The Queen proved a most delight-

ful hostess, talked with each guest on his specialty as if she were quite at home in it, and her tact and kindness were unfailing.

Our host planned many delightful excursions, — drives along the breezy ridges of Petersham, which afforded fine views of Wachusett and Monadnock, picnics, and wonderful camp fires in the pine woods. One of the distant views of Petersham, with the church spires and housetops illumined by the setting sun, reminded Mr. Fiske of a scene in *Pilgrim's Progress*, the book he had loved since his childhood; and he would turn with intense pleasure and exclaim, "See the New Jerusalem and the walls of Salvation!"

Music was one of our chief pleasures. Mr. Fiske had an extraordinary love for it, and was himself no mean performer on the piano, which he had begun to study seriously at the age of twenty-nine. Amid all his intellectual activity he found time to practice, so that he became able to render with taste compositions which did not require too rapid performance. His knowledge of all composers was intimate, and there was no stronger proof of his great memory than his power to play by heart their most important works. His face shone with a peculiar glow of happiness when he would say, "Brother Paine, give us such an opus of Beethoven," and he would call for more and more, and listen with rapt attention. Time, for him, sped on unheeded, when he was listening to great music.

Fiske's love for Petersham was most ardent, for to him it meant peace and rest. He used to say, "Dying is to me only going to Petersham to stay." He has been laid in the little graveyard near the village street, beside his son Ralph, who shared his father's affection for the place, and on whose gravestone are inscribed these lines, written by himself: —
 "So be it, then, and here on thy green breast,
 When life is done, grant me a spot to rest."

FROM our vantage ground of three thousand miles' distance we have discerned with much complacency certain shortcomings in the English temperament. We have, in fact, come to take for granted a measure of sluggishness and a lack of system in it. In English eyes, to be sure, these failings were less plain; at any rate, they were not taken for granted. But in the searching of heart induced by the Boer war the faults have been made very obvious, and it is with some surprise that we find Englishmen in dismay and humiliation over the little imperfections in their character which we had grown so used to and taken so philosophically.

Given Englishmen once set on a course of humility, and it is natural enough for them to pursue it zealously. Repentance and reform are more than hinted at, and there seems to be a disposition to quarrel with certain deep-laid traits of the national temperament. Lord Rosebery, for example, has been finding fault with the unmethodical ways of Englishmen. He protests against the serene faith expressed in the phrase, "We shall muddle through somehow." Now, one cannot help sympathizing with Lord Rosebery in his irritation at the temper which the words reflect. It is, as his lordship insists, an undignified one, but we are by no means sure that it is un-English. In fact, it strikes us as being eminently typical of the national temper. Perhaps the advantage of distance on our side enables us to judge the more dispassionately, but it has seemed to us that the homely phrase fits far better than a finer one the practical genius of the English nature. It is a nature without high skill of system or marked precision in performance, and yet one that has been accustomed to arrive, by a sort of instinctive affinity, at substantial power and possession.

Moreover, we are disposed to think it must arrive by its own ways, and may with much discretion be left to follow its

natural leadings. Though it partake of presumption for critics three thousand miles away to hint that Lord Rosebery, on his own ground and dealing with his own people, had missed the mark, we are fain to think that Englishmen will do well to spend no great pains in changing their instinctive ways of working, or in grafting upon their native and original excellences the qualities peculiar to other types of men. Their native powers are intertwined with failings and shortcomings among which is a marked tendency to blundering; but on this point, as on others, it is well to recall the remark of Captain Mahan in reviewing the South African war: if Englishmen have blundered into their present place in the world, they have blundered to good purpose. We may think ourselves well warranted to doubt whether Lord Rosebery could revise their ways to much advantage.

A SOUP GARDEN is a phrase of the French, too nice for America.

Salad. Our gardens are indiscriminate; enough distinction merely to have a garden. And indeed, for an American moved to express a further distinction, to assert himself against provincialism, better than a soup garden would be a salad garden. To soup, though it be accepted in too narrow a sense, America is largely converted. Even mountain taverns dispense a diluted tomato sauce that often has merit of heat. But salad is not even known except to the unrepresentative few.

That salad is gone but a little way, expresses a singularity, appears when American women that read book reviews are found to know it only as involving fowl or lobster, and to buy dressing even for these, as for their boots, by the bottle. She shall not learn the rudiments of this craft who will not forget the grosser mayonnaise. And since, under pressure of convention, as for what is by barbarism called a tea, she will hanker back after the fleshpots, it is oftener

he that learns. In matters of food, what moves through man alone stems a tide of skepticism slowly.

Nor is this without its worth in supporting the head of the table; but let the head keep a manly humility. Let that man alone turn to mayonnaise who has labored seven years without mustard, and used eggs as they were golden. It is a woman's dressing, at best offering satiety, like the sugarings of the sex; at less than best belying the name of salad by making what it touches less savory. The elements of all salads are oil and vinegar, with salt and pepper. Until these are his familiars, let no man try beyond. That the oil be French or Italian marks the fixing of personality. The vinegar may well add tarragon, the pepper be from Nepaul. But none of these is vital; the proportion of each to the material is all, and the happy hand.

The material is every green herb for the service of man. Fruit salads, though they open many inventions, are but toys to a serious return to nature. First let him explore all the greens of a large market, and combine boldly among the vegetables carried cold from yesterday's table. Lettuce, though alone among herbs it has vogue, is but ancillary. To use no other is like knowing wine only

as champagne. In fact, among herbs lettuce has least character. Therefore, after the delicacy of its first freshness, its use is in conjunction. But water cress and celery should be either very thick in the bowl or very sparse; for they pungently put down other savors. Beyond this frontier is a world without rule, where each man may be a discoverer and a benefactor, if he cast away prejudice. Prejudice cannot consist with salad. They that abjure cabbage are proud stomachs, and they that fear onion have given their souls to their neighbors. Salad without onion is like blank verse: it needs the master hand to prevail without the rhyme. Unprejudiced, he that finds not a salad for every day, or fails of happy solutions, is either improvident or dull.

More practical minds will see thrift as well as variety in the dispossession of flesh meat. Food without fire, pleasant ministry to digestion in despite of the cook, may yet win the mistress. Meantime our hope is for the master. By a knack at the bowl, be it but to use an old savory spoon, or to slice his radishes, or to insinuate garlic or cheese, he keeps his state. His digestion is not arrested by fear; his conversation is secure. Unless he be morose, he may reign at his table.